Jan. 18, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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I wish you were dead, Montina Corlon!

The men were at my feet, as usual, muttering things. "Glamorous." "Admirably constructed." "Thick." Thick? Using my best smiles, I demanded an explanation.

"It has vinyl chips that look like small multicolored stones," my admirers said. "What does?" I asked. "The floor: your Armstrong floor," they said. "What's it called?" they asked. "Montina Corlon," I answered, ready to say more. "Look," they interrupted, "at the way the chips seem to float in thick, translucent vinyl, to produce nubbly surface texture."

"Have an éclair," I said.

"Look how you can see between the chips," they said. "Cream and sugar?" I asked. "Look how ingeniously it's been installed. Almost no seams," they said.

Bored by all this, I moved away from the group, wondering what to do with a rival in Vinyl. Rivals in Red Velvet, in Blue Jeans, Incognito . . . I can handle. But Armstrong Vinyl Corlon is not in the rules.

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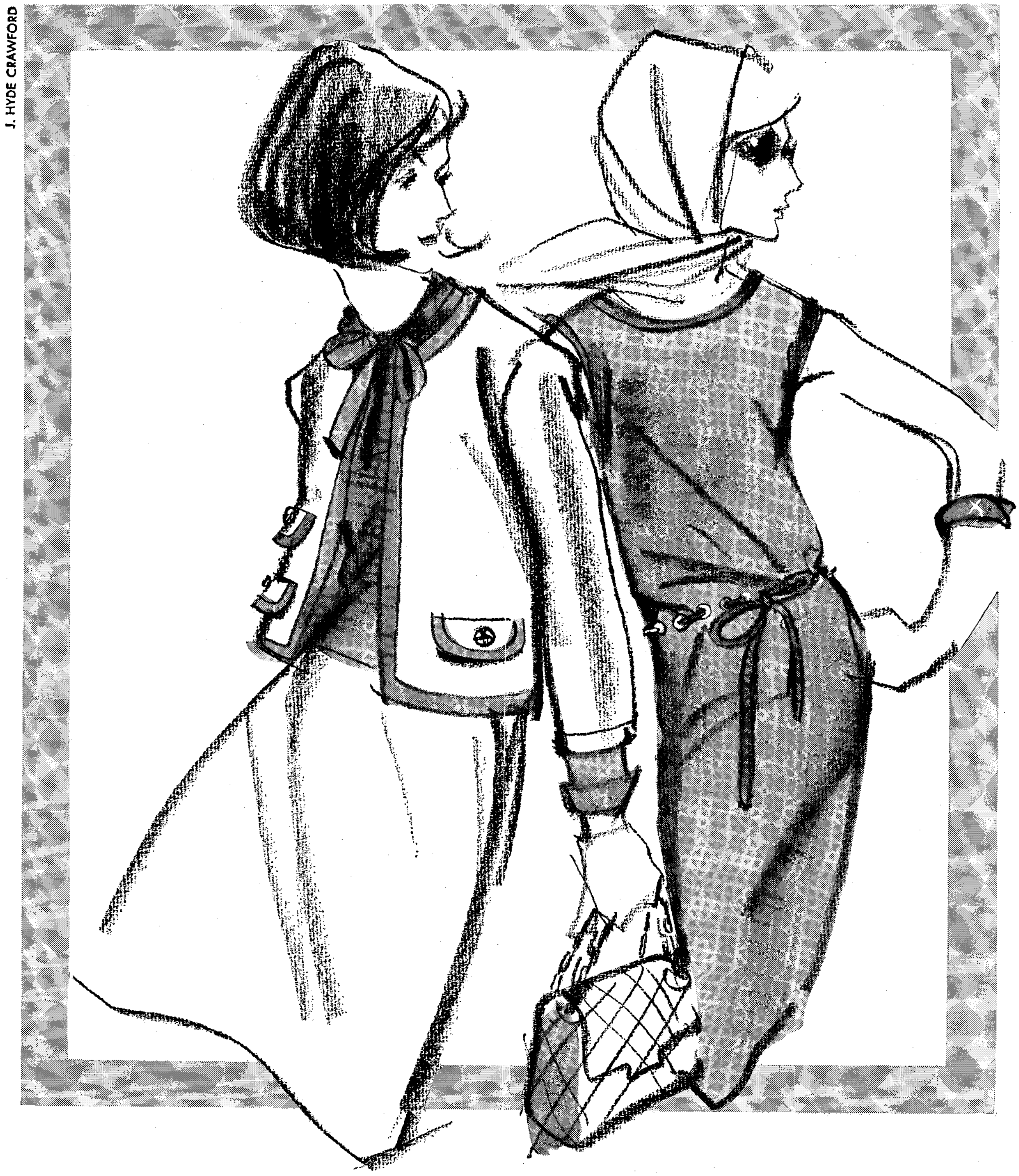

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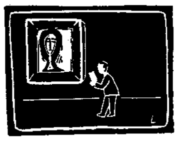
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Every so often, this play by Edward Albee, who adapted it from a novelette by Carson McCullers, comes up with a decisive scene, but on the whole it is a rather murky affair. Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Dunn, and Lou Antonio are splendid as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in the central roles. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Case of Libel—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—A lady just reaching seventy decides to give her children the back of her hand in this comedy by Enid Bagnold. Rather slow going, but distinguished by the performances of Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb and John Williams as assorted old-timers. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—A ramshackle drama by Arnold Wesker about an R.A.F. boot camp where the young men feel oppressed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—John Osborne's powerful reconstruction of the career of the great reformer. Albert Finney is outstanding as Luther, and the rest of the cast, under the direction of Tony Richardson, assists him handsomely. John Heffernan will succeed Mr. Finney on Friday, Jan. 24. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Marathon '33—One of the phenomena of the bad old days of the depression—the interminable dance contests—explored to no great purpose in a drama by June Havoc. Julie Harris plays the steely-thewed heroine with quite a bit of verve. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston, prancing about amusingly, is head man in this comedy about Hollywood television. The play was written by Ronald Alexander and directed galvanically by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—A fumbling attempt to find fun in an insane asylum. Kirk Douglas is on hand as an inmate. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—A pair of one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, the first of which is pretty dreary and the second of which has a bit of bounce. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964**: Four lively wits (Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue, now revised, with new material added. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ENTER LAUGHING**: A comedy about a Jewish boy (portrayed by Alan Arkin) who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY**: This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE**: A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 19.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**: Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

The Girl Who Came to Supper—A short order of schmalz having to do with a Middle European grand duke who gets involved with a Milwaukee hoofer in the course of the coronation of George V. The musical, which was adapted from the play by Terence Rattigan, has tunes and lyrics by Noël Coward and features Tessie O'Shea, Florence Henderson, Sean Scully, and José Ferrer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—Although not quite as stimulating as "The Rainmaker," from which it was adapted, this musical still has merit, mostly because Inga Swenson, as the heroine, is wonderfully beguiling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**: Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!**: Dickens' "Oliver Twist," more or less. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF**: Joel Grey and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Hello, Dolly!—A musical with a book (suggested by Thornton Wilder's comedy "The Matchmaker") by Michael Stewart, music and lyrics by Jerry Herman, and a cast headed by Carol Channing and David Burns. The director is Gower Champion, the producer David Merrick. Opens Thursday, Jan. 16. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dylan—Alec Guinness in a play by Sidney Michaels, taken from two books (by Caitlin Thomas and John Malcolm Brinnin) about Dylan Thomas. Directed by Peter Glenville and produced by George W. George and Frank Granat. Opens Saturday, Jan. 18. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The Athenian Touch—Marion Marlowe and Robert Cosden in a musical with a book by Arthur Goodman and J. Albert Fracht, music by Willard Straight, and lyrics by David Eddy. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt

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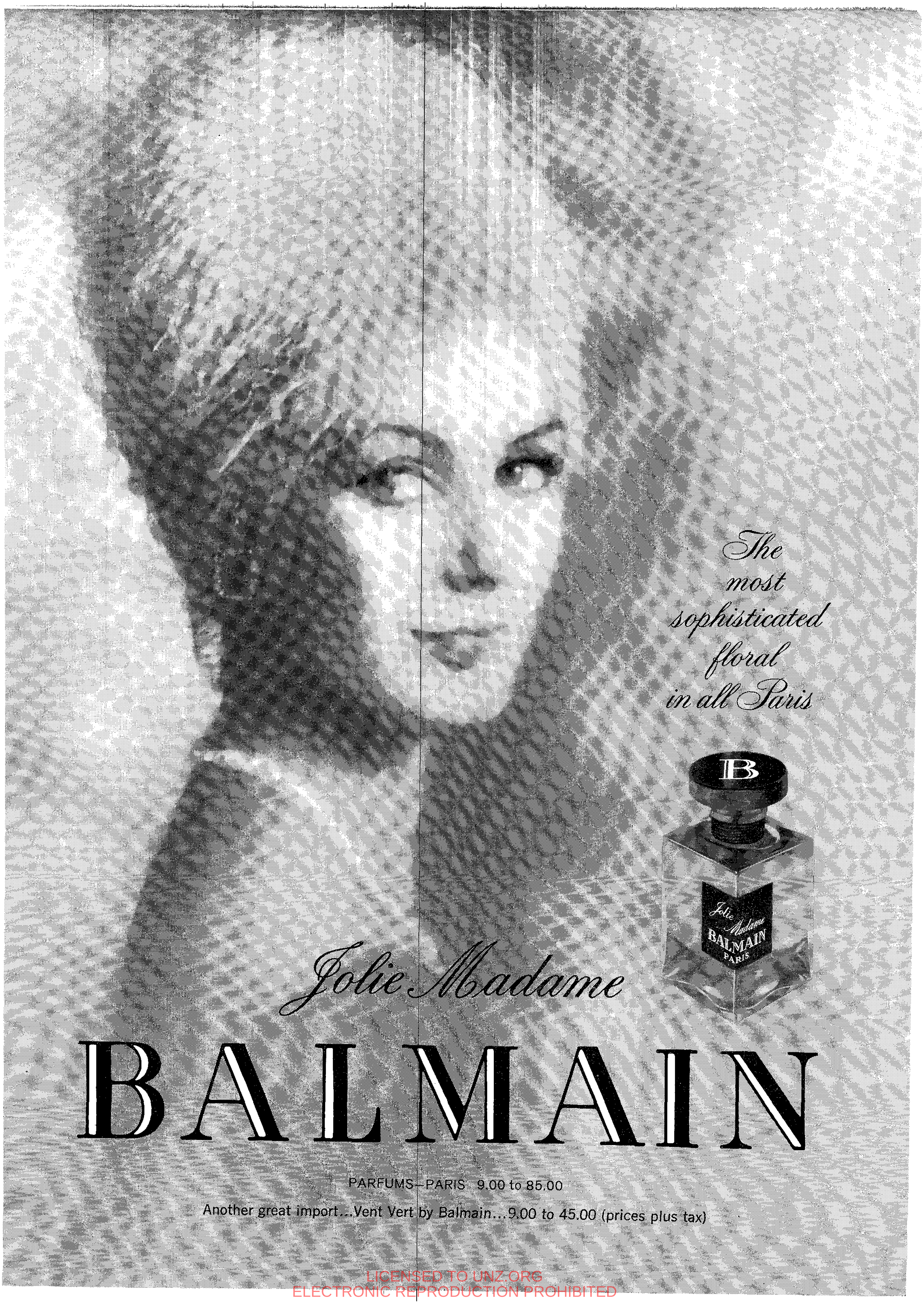
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Funnyhouse of a Negro—A play by Adrienne Kennedy. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 and 10, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six fine performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A musical play by Langston Hughes. Weekend performances only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30.)

The Pinter Plays—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.)

Play and **The Lover**—"The Lover," Harold Pinter's comedy, is part parody but mostly his own deadpan and very funny joke about an English suburban couple who spend their afternoons in the ritualistic seduction of each other. In "Play," by Samuel Beckett, three corpses in urns reminisce about their late triangular affair for approximately ten cloudy minutes. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Telemachus Clay—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Too Much Johnson—William Gillette's farce, adapted and staged by Burt Shevelove, with Nancy Berg and John McMartin. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

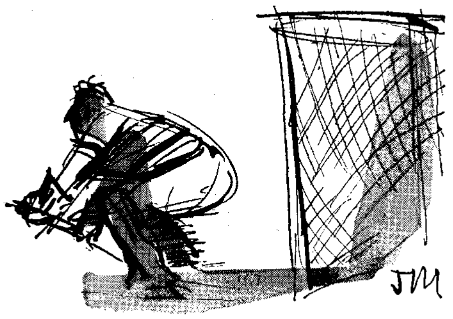
The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Will the Mail Train Run Tonight?—An annoying but harmless pastiche (with music) of old-fashioned melodrama. (New Bowery Theatre, 4 St. Marks Pl. YU 2-4946. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 16: "Agon," "Episodes," "Quatuor" (première), and "Gounod Symphony."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 17: "Donizetti Variations," "Orpheus," "Fantasy," and "Scotch Symphony."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 18: "The Chase," "Square Dance," "Tarantella," and "Fanfare."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 18: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Fantasy," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 19: "Swan Lake," "Four Temperaments," "Quatuor," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 19: "Divertimento No. 15," "Meditation," "Agon," and "La Valse."...¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 21: "Divertimento No. 15," "Donizetti Variations," "Waltz Scherzo," and "La Valse."...¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 22: "Swan Lake," "Quatuor," "Scotch Symphony," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 23: "Divertimento No. 15," "Quatuor," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 24: "Bugaku," "Apollo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 25: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Meditation," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 25: "Divertimento No. 15," "Bugaku," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 26.)



Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1964." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, there are dinner and supper appearances by Pearl Bailey, a wind that breathes defiance, demand, and don't-tread-on-me. She tempers this fiery compote with a just-below-the-surface pathos that should win all hearts. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Ever so fancy is the revised refectory of this Park Avenue watering place. Dickson Hughes plays piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty. A set of Cubans do dinner music from then until ten, when Charles Turecamo's dance band joins up. One o'clock is closing time. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Easy lessons in how to live in glass houses. Music for the ritualistic dances requisite to the course is provided by Freddie Jagels' orchestra, one of the best in this particular business, and by Freddy Alonso's rumba band. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, Renato Rossini plays guitar, brisk at dinner and more hand-kissing later on. He's absent Mondays, but a Ben Cutler band is in a good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinner and supper guest in the Persian Room is Juliet Prowse, one of the seven wonders of the modern whirl whose capital city is Las Vegas. Enriched by a superabundance of orchestration and choreography, she is making a contribution to the performing arts, but she owlishly leaves it up to us outsiders to guess what it is. Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's groups do dance tunes for the patrons. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic

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of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Peter Duchin's orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is in its old, easygoing state of mind—great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays for people who feared that tea dancing on Fifth Avenue had been permanently abolished. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—There are recitals in the Empire Room by Oscar Brown, Jr., a head-in-the-clouds but most persuasive young man given (and not wholly without reason) to songs by Oscar Brown, Jr. Another starter is Nancy Wilson, a young soprano full of whoops and de-doos. A more than usually jaunty Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz are also in action. Closed Sundays.

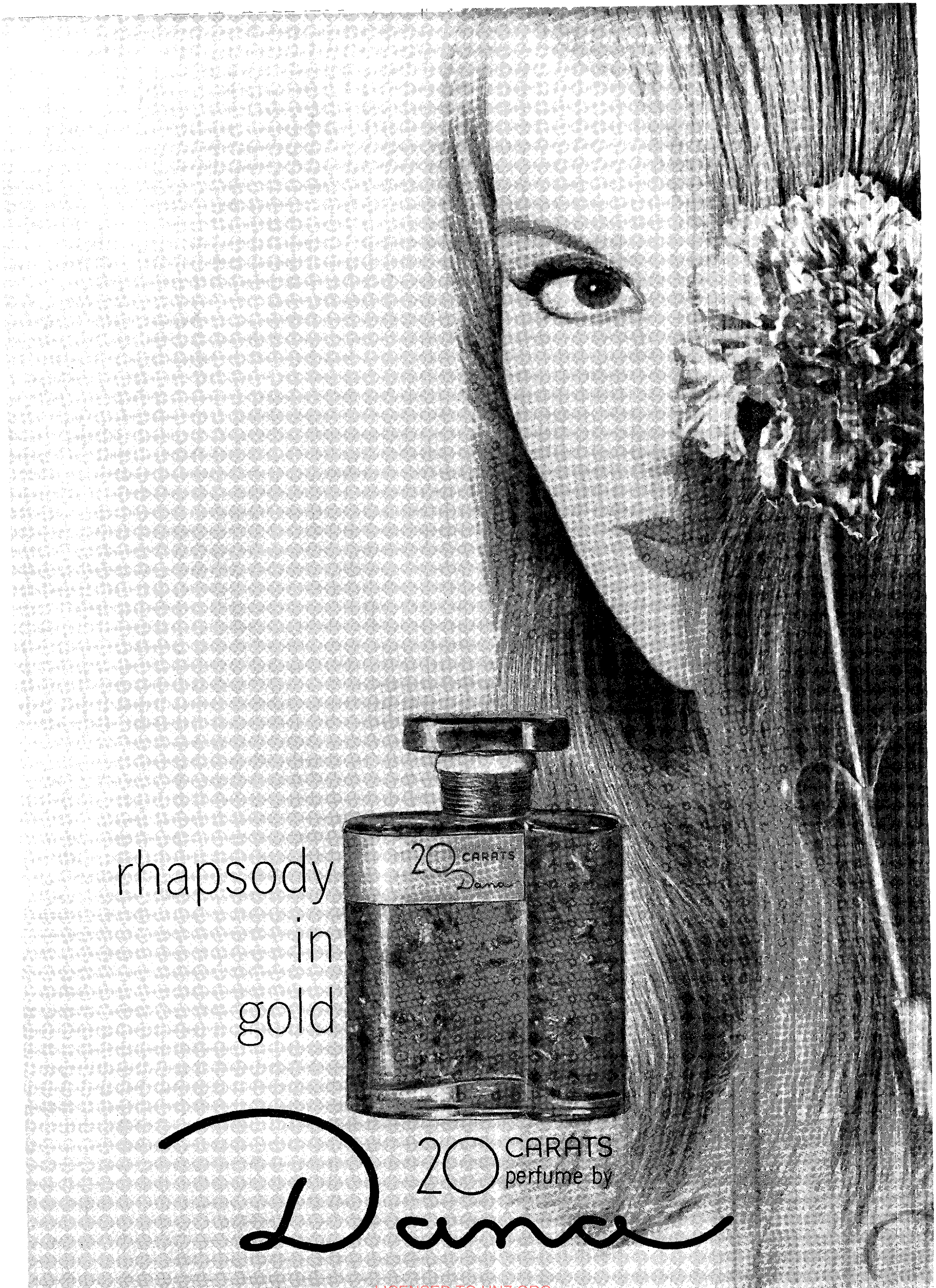
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): On an evening's stroll among the dinner tables in this Florentine garden, one can encounter not a few old-school musicians, Puccini and Leoncavallo among them. Right now, Verdi is the most active one. The baton man for the singers is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, Mr. B. expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **EMBASSY CLUB,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The spate of gay, play, and fey songs spouted by Bobby Short might come to an end on Sunday, Jan. 19. He and his trusty henchmen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, do ten-to-three soirées. Ray Hartley, an excelling keyboard man who begins at seven-thirty, will, at any rate, be staying on. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Piano in honor of the Blue Danube and tributaries takes place from six to nine every night but Sunday. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): A prankish glimpse of the nineteenth century, made festive indeed by Hugh Shannon, who gives his pianoforte a sturdy barroom bounce and his all-in-fun ballads a firm, round, fully packed tenor. Michael Burr's bass fiddle joins in the romp. The Downeys, of Eighth Avenue public-house renown, are the management. The music, not audible on Sundays, begins at ten. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little bower, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A wing of the Empress's palace that is more a monument to Napoleon than to Josephine. It is completely staffed—chef, barman, court musician, and all. The musician is Jules Kuti, whose piano discourses knowingly from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg, part of it is a smaller flock of accordionists. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio during the week; on Sundays, they find a jazz duo. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar of a restaurant that reminds one of dining in state in San Francisco or Sausalito, a full-fledged organ muses from five-thirty to seven and from eleven to three every night but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): This happy hunting ground for night owls has decided to put its small dance floor back to work, so a trio checks in at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the piano of George Feyer, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. The waves are tiny, but nobody seems to mind. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who's part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Home, home on the range where the gypsy and the zimbalon play. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which is often an Ivy League forum at the cocktail hour, Joan Bishop applies herself assiduously and calmly to her piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A potpourri of girlery is the basis of "Diamond Fair," a new revue, for aside from a few male acrobats, magicians, and dancers, all dressed to the nines, there's little but bloom-of-youth ladies, dressed to the threes, twos, and ones. There are, though, Giselle Szony, a ballerina who likes being all up in the air, and Bobby Breen, the cinema child who has grown up to be a vaudevillian. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The ingeniously interlaced sounds of the Duke Ellington band, which never waits until fourth down to contrapunt,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

come to an end on Saturday, Jan. 18. at which time the Ahmad Jamal trio ceases its minute tinkerings with the modern mode. On Monday, Jan. 20, a new assemblage opens fire: Miriam Makeba, every inch the African queen, doing her native Xosa tribal chants; the quartet of Stan Getz, off on a sentimental journey with his saxophone; and Bill Cosby, a news commentator still in his formative years. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

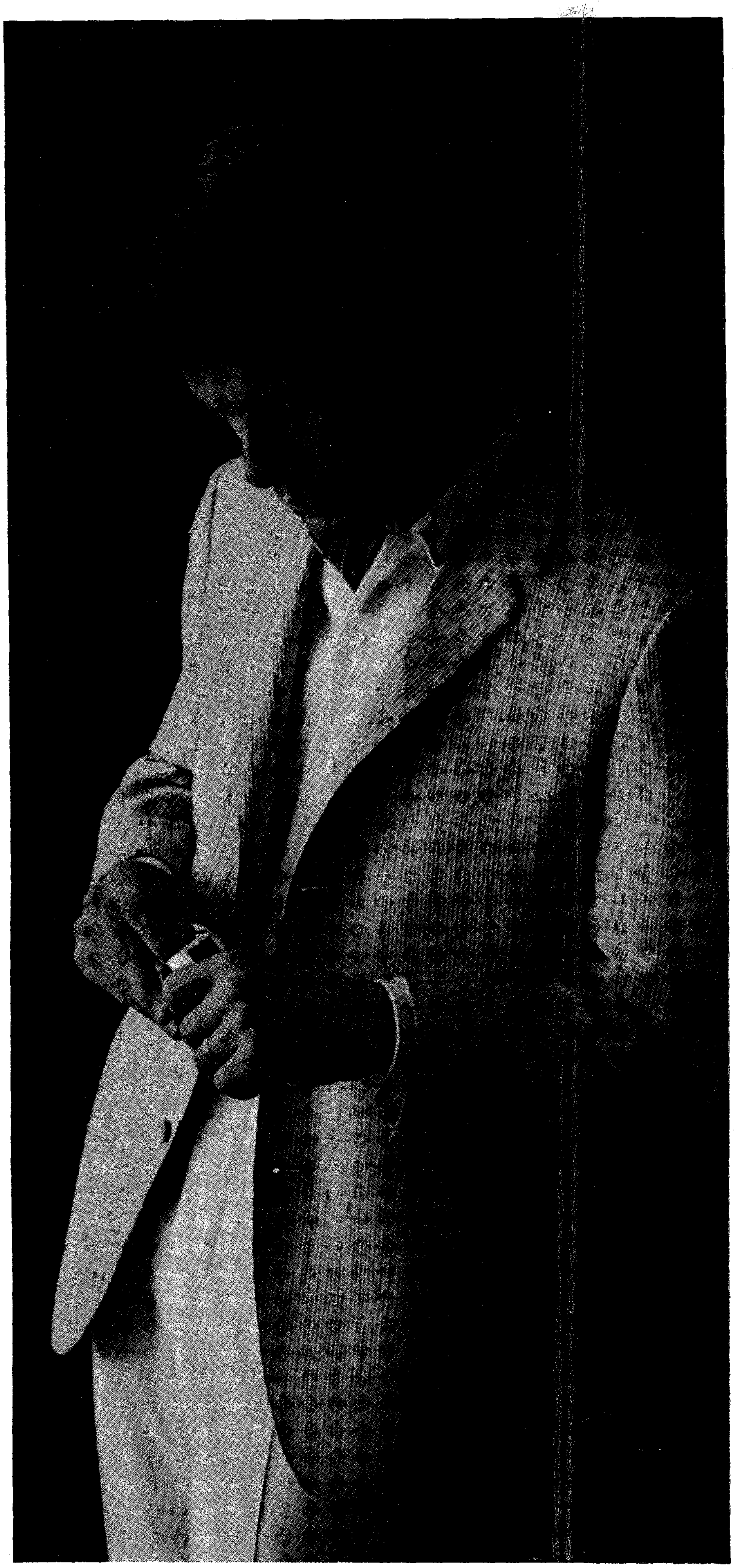
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Once again, in "Baker's Dozen," his new revue, Julius Monk is holding the mirror up to life, and once again, his imitation thereof is not the sincerest flattery. As befits the world panorama, its mood is more serious, but it's searing, as well. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Delphi Harrington, Jan Templeton, and Ruth Buzzi. The score, as good as we'll get in night life this season, is largely by William Roy; the nimble maneuverings were devised by Frank Wagner; the band is the pianos of Mr. Roy, Robert Colston, and Carl Norman. Exhibitions at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vaughn Meader in his new role of think-as-you-go itinerant philosopher (and just about the most ingratiating of the tribe), not to mention Fredricka Weber, a sunburst sort of oriole who likes to play the problem child, and the Free Wheelers, newcomers who have just discovered folk music. Dinner and supper are always part of the course. A trio rambles through the lounge from two until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A new edition of the Second City company's no-cow-is-sacred revue is being made up, right in front of the audience, against the official première, on Wednesday, Jan. 22 (when there will be only a seven-thirty showing). Severn Darden and Barbara Harris, who are enough to delight anyone, are part of it. Bob Dishy is the lead man in the supporting cast. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. The schedule: Tuesdays through Fridays at nine and eleven-thirty; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty and eleven. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment" is the third, and unsparing, round of a London charivari addressed to the removal of stuffing from the shirts of the mighty. Peter Cook is its eminent principal author and thinker. Except for the darkling and delightful Carole Simpson, the expert cast—Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby are the rest of it—is new. Miss Simpson's lyrics were invented by Stephen Vinaver. Hearings are held Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and on Sundays at four and eight. A rather British cuisine goes with all this, and so does Marian McPartland's semi-abstract American trio, which gets its second wind in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Some of "Twice Over Nightly," the Compass Theatre revue in progress, is midnight pranks in a coëducational dormitory; the rest is a well-put minority report on certain ingrained national habits. Mary Louise Wilson, MacIntyre Dixon, and Paul Dooley are the chiefs; Jane Alexander and Richard Libertini are the Indians. They take off at about nine-fifteen and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Mabel Mercer, a fountainhead of well-worded lyrics, is singing in her special bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton, it should go without saying, is her accompanist. Half past ten is when they begin. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The back room is peopled by the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España, whose trumpets speak the purest Castilian and whose drums are (watch it!) snares Andalusians. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Olga Guillot, a Cuban *apasionada* of limitless vigor, heaps eternal fire, and not a few sprigs of humor, on a set of ballads to which no one else seems to have access. The rest of the industrious little floor show is Cuban, too, and so is the dance music; the cuisine is worldwide Latin. Señorita Guillot and friends are there twice a night during the week, thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. On Monday, Jan. 20, she will be succeeded by Marcelo, another of those small, wiry, one-named, fifty-legged Spanish flamenco furiosos, plus his corps de ballet.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irene Reid, beguilery in her voice and manner, contributes the ballads, and a small band intent upon being non-representational muses behind her. Dancing. Sunday matinées, too, from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Fridays and Saturdays only is the current rule. Jan. 17-18, the amusement will be Sabicas, an Iberian guitarist of enormous repute; the squadron of Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, scat singers of enormous élan; and Judy Henske, a clamorous, not too serious folk singer who's rather fun. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffeehouse that sets the Village standard for its genre. The Serendipity Singers, who are vehemently country song and country music, hold the floor, along with an assortment of other talkers and chanters. They are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): The kind of beat that Damon Runyon might have patrolled. At that, it's a good spot for Matt Dennis, who writes and sings those boy-wants-girl ballads so cheerfully, casually, and commendably. Mrs. D. (Ginny), her soprano, and his piano also get into the act. Ernie Furtado's threesome is on hand, too. They all stay away Sundays, when Benny Golson leads a new-school band into action. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty, after which Marty Napoleon's fivesome and Red Allen's thunderers (the Allens are practically permanent participants) get rolling. Sundays visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Pieces of brass, thirteen of them, the most vigorous of which is Gerry Mulligan, producing a choir music of the most involuted sort. On Thursday, Jan. 23, a new cast will take over. Catch-as-catch-can sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is modernizing music in its pet green pasture. On Friday, Jan. 17, the quartet of John Coltrane, who loves nothing better than scaling the heights of his saxophone and then sliding back down, replaces the Sims-Cohn group. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The pilgrim's progress of the band run by Charlie Mingus, a pioneer if there ever was one, is on display in all its earnestness, fury, and iconoclasm. On Mondays, the place is assigned to the Upper Bohemia Six, which plays—rather unevenly—for listening and dancing, and to the quartet of David Amran, composer and seeker of the truth about the new music. On Sundays, there's a four-to-eight session for visiting artists. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Lawson in befitting fashion. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): An omnium gatherum, with an accent on youth, in a décor that could be part of the Hot-Stove League. The object is a revival of



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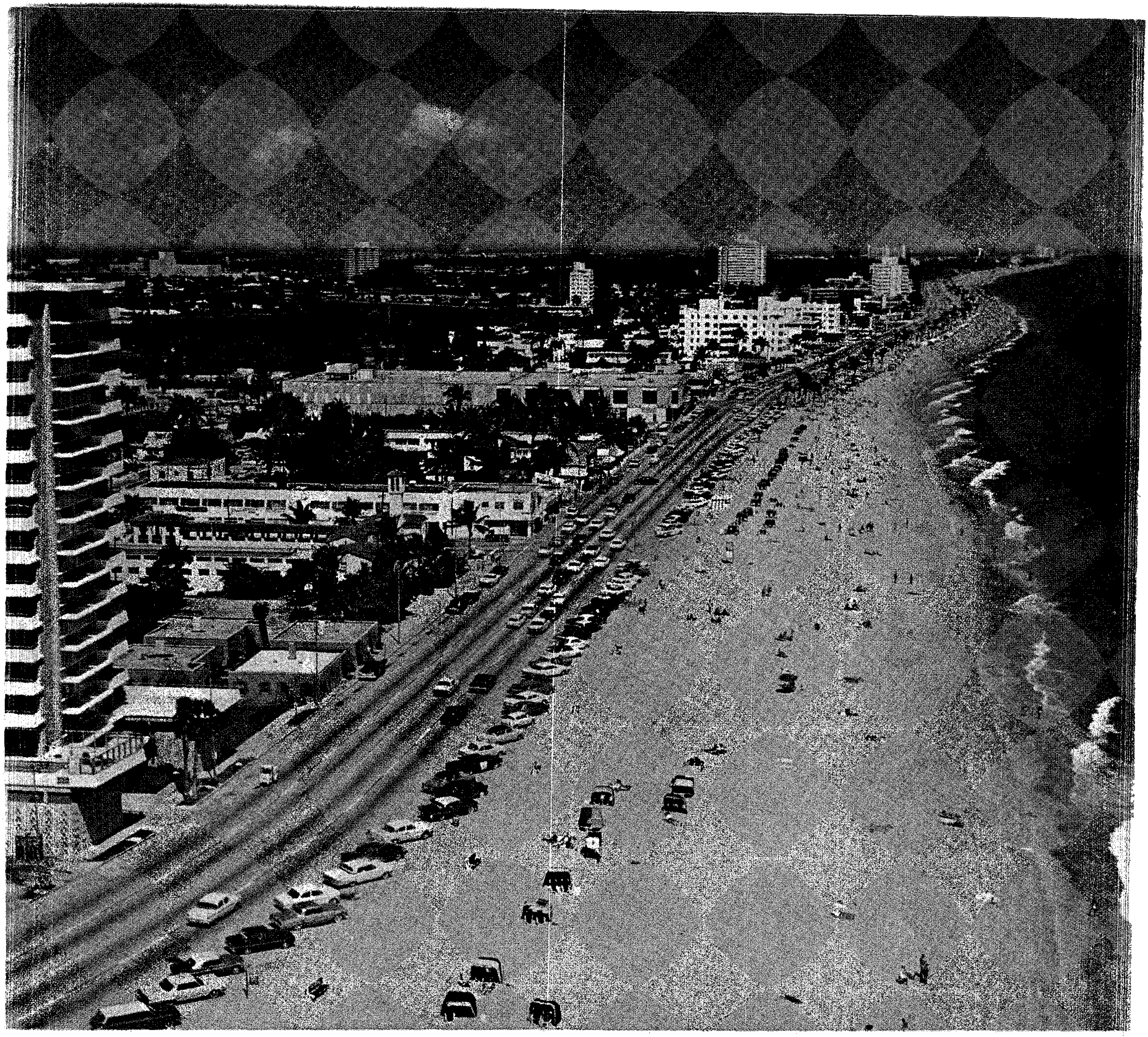

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the banjo and the washboard. The G-String Strugglers, six men strong, begin at eight and desist at two. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd, the quartet of Jonah Jones goes its own blow-by-blow way. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's quartet acts up in lieu of the regulars. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar now sits Mary Lou Williams, an intense, dedicated, and sometimes demoniac pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Marshall Brown's battering-ram trombone augments Mr. J. every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Thursdays through Saturdays, his aides are Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four Wednesdays through Sundays, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and come-as-you-are devotees. Mondays and Tuesdays, a counterpart known as the Red Onion Minstrels works out.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN (1899-1949)—Large oils and small water-color figure groups and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Abstract sculptures, in plaster and bronze; through Feb. 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BRODERSON—Paintings of birds, beasts, and myths; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN BROWN—Still-lifes and figure paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Feb. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BURLIN—Abstractions; through Feb. 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID BURLIUK—New oils by this eighty-one-year-old artist; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Brush drawings, gouaches, and pastels; through Feb. 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—Assemblage "boxes" and collages; through Jan. 31. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, except Monday, Jan. 20, from 9 to 7; Sundays, noon to 7.)

LEONARD DELONGA—Semi-abstract metal sculptures and constructions; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LAMAR DODD—"Rhythms" is the theme of a showing of water colors, ink drawings, and oils; through Jan. 30. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

MICHEL ELIA—Marble sculptures, semi-abstract in style; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PETER FORAKIS—Hard-edge paintings and two constructions; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

EMILE GILIOLI—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Still-lifes; through Feb. 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY AND ALFRED H. MAURER—Still-lifes; through Feb. 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY JACKSON—A large painting, "The Range Burial," together with its preliminary drawings, oils, plasters, and bronzes; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

BEN KAMIHIRA—Landscapes done in Spain, figure paintings, and small still-lifes; through Feb. 1. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

HENRY KOERNER—Figure paintings, landscapes, and portraits; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris School; through Jan. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

SAUL LISHINSKY—Figurative and Impressionistic paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Braverman, 23 E. 67th St.)

TOM MORIN—Abstract cast-aluminum sculptures; through Feb. 1. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Drawings, etchings, and early sculptures, shown for the first time; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings by a Japanese-born artist; through Feb. 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

A. SHELDON PENNOYER (1888-1957)—Water colors painted here, in Central America, Spain, Portugal, and North Africa; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—Early, representational works; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.). . . ¶ A benefit loan exhibition tracing his development from the early figurative paintings to the all-over abstractions of his later years; through Feb. 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

REGINALD ROWE—Oils mainly; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

MORTON L. SCHAMBERG—A memorial exhibition of paintings by one of the pioneering American abstractionists, who died, in his late thirties, in 1918; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

CHARLES SHAW—Abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

HERBERT SIMON—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

FRANK STELLA—Geometric paintings; through Jan. 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—Non-objective oils; through Feb. 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

ART OF TUSCANY—Paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Jan. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

CHINESE ART—Paintings and calligraphy by masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS—Their twenty-eighth annual, containing paintings and sculptures by nearly fifty artists; through Thursday, Jan. 23. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, except Monday, Jan. 20, from 9 to 7; Sundays, noon to 7.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Water colors, caseins, pastels, and the like, by Arthur G. Dove, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Joseph Stella, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Four "environments" by four leading pop and hard-edge artists mixed—Jim Dine, Claes Oldenburg, James Rosenquist, and George Segal—who have been given a room apiece to have their way with; through Feb. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Water colors by William Thon, Edward Betts, and Jason Schoener; through Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, John Sargent, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NORDNESS,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rico Lebrun, David Aronson, and Milton Hebald; through Feb. 1. . . . **PACE,** 9 W. 57th St.: Seven young pop artists, mainly satirizing cheap "cover art" in a show called "First International Girlie Exhibit;" through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: An exhibition of American folk arts from the Stony

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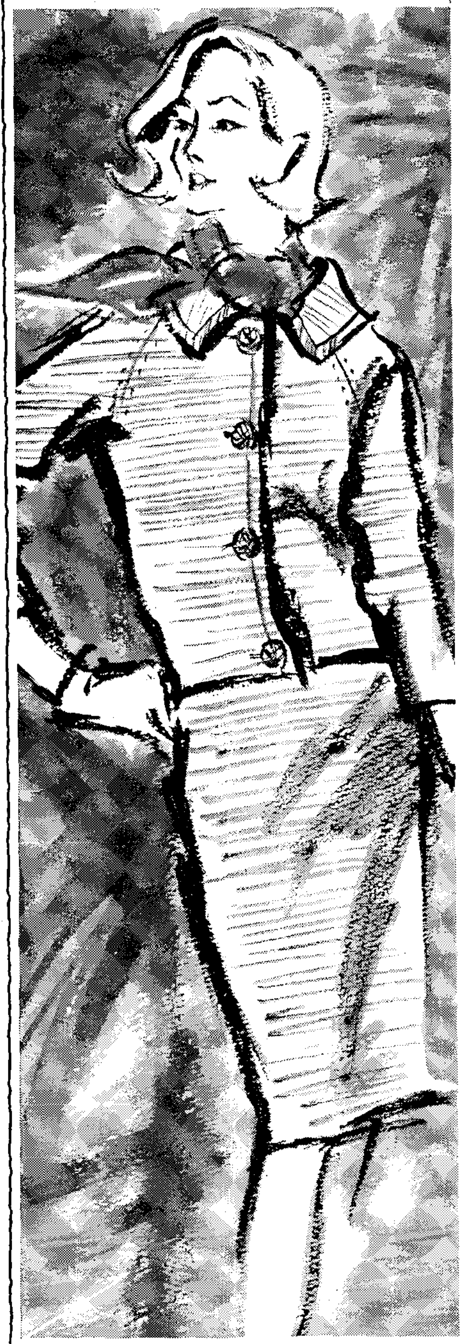

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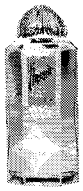

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Point Folk Art Gallery, in Stony Point, New York. On view are (for instance) stone sculptures by William Edmondson and life-size images made by Clark Coe of Killingworth, Connecticut. Through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BODLEY**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: The opening exhibition at the gallery's new location is made up of works by six Surrealists, among them Matta, Victor Brauner, and Thomas Chimes; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Among the exhibitors in a showing of white-on-white paintings, sculptures, and intaglios are Chryssa, Josef Albers, and Antoni Tàpies; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: "For Eyes and Ears," a display of sound-producing works by Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Jean Tinguely, Larry Rivers, and others; through Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Philip Guston, Salvador Dali, Kurt Schwitters, and other modern artists; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Karel Appel, and Philippe Hosiasson; through Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Alexander Calder, Aristide Maillol, and Jules Pascin (to mention a few); through Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Agam, Len Lye, and José de Rivera are three of the dozen participants in "On the Move," a selection of mobile constructions; through Feb. 1.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Vieira da Silva, Jean Arp, Pierre Soulages, and other twentieth-century painters; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **IOLAS**, 15 E. 55th St.: A sizable collection of oils and drawings by Ernst, Léger, Braque, Magritte, Miró, and Picasso; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Renoir, Monet, Cézanne, and other Impressionist painters; through Feb. 1. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Egon Schiele, Oskar Kokoschka, and Gustav Klimt are three of the artists represented in a showing of water colors, drawings, and prints by nine Austrian Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan. 25.

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Prints by forty-five artists from eleven countries; through Feb. 8. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including items from every century since the fifteenth by such artists as Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Thirty-five purchase-prizes (by Will Barnet, Robert Conover, Antonio Frasconi, and others) from the Museum's past print biennials; through Feb. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal Dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of sixteenth-century Venetian paintings by, among others, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists from twenty-four countries, who were invited to participate; through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings in black and white by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, and others; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Liturgical manuscripts and books (of the eighth to the eighteenth centuries) for the Mass and the Divine Office; through March 21. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of recent French handbookbinding; through Feb. 23. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Toys and Amusements," a display of objects from the early nineteenth century—large circus and carrousel animals, circus posters, paintings, handmade articles, and manufactured toys; through March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru," an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, composed of silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1963 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, comprising paintings by a hundred and forty-five artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Hans Hofmann, and Andrew Wyeth; through Feb. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Jan. 16: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Gianna d'Angelo, Lynn Blair, John Alexander, David Ward, Theodor Uppman, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 17: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Marcia Baldwin, Flaviano Labò, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 18: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 18: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Lucine Amara, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Teresa Stratas, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 20: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Jean Fenn, Laurel Hurley, Jean Madeira, Gabor Carelli, Theodor Uppman, Frank Guarrera, and Jack Gilford. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 21: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Marcia Baldwin, Richard Tucker, and Vladimir Ruzdak. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 22: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Biserka Cvejic, Flaviano Labò, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 23: The American première of Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Nicolai Gedda, George London, Morley Meredith, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 24: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 25: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Gianna d'Angelo, Lynn Blair, George Shirley, Walter Cassel, Cesare Siepi, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 25: "Il Trovatore," with Luisa Malagrida, Biserka Cvejic, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and John Macurdy. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—*At Philharmonic Hall*, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 17, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3 (all with Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg, guest conductor, and Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 24, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3 (all with Pierre Boulez conducting one of his own works and with John Corigliano, violin).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; and Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30, a Bach-Bruckner program.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the first in a series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of Schoenberg, Webern, Stockhausen, and Nono. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band—Noah Greenberg conducting. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Friends of Live Music Orchestra—Eric Simon conducting a program of music by Richard Strauss, with Norman Kelley, tenor, and Lucy Brown, piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Interracial Chorale—Harold Aks directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing a Charpentier-Vivaldi program, with an orchestra and soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

John Ogdon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Vlach Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Donald Gramm—Bass-baritone, assisted by a string quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—With Adele Addison, soprano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Janos Starker, cello, and Gyorgy Sebok, piano. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

New York String Trio—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time—The first in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Charles Russo, clarinet; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and composers Milton Babbitt, Mario Davidovsky, David Davis, Lawrence Moss, and Charles Whittenberg. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 5:30.)

Mario Braggiotti—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Juerg von Vintschger—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Virgil Fox—Organ. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

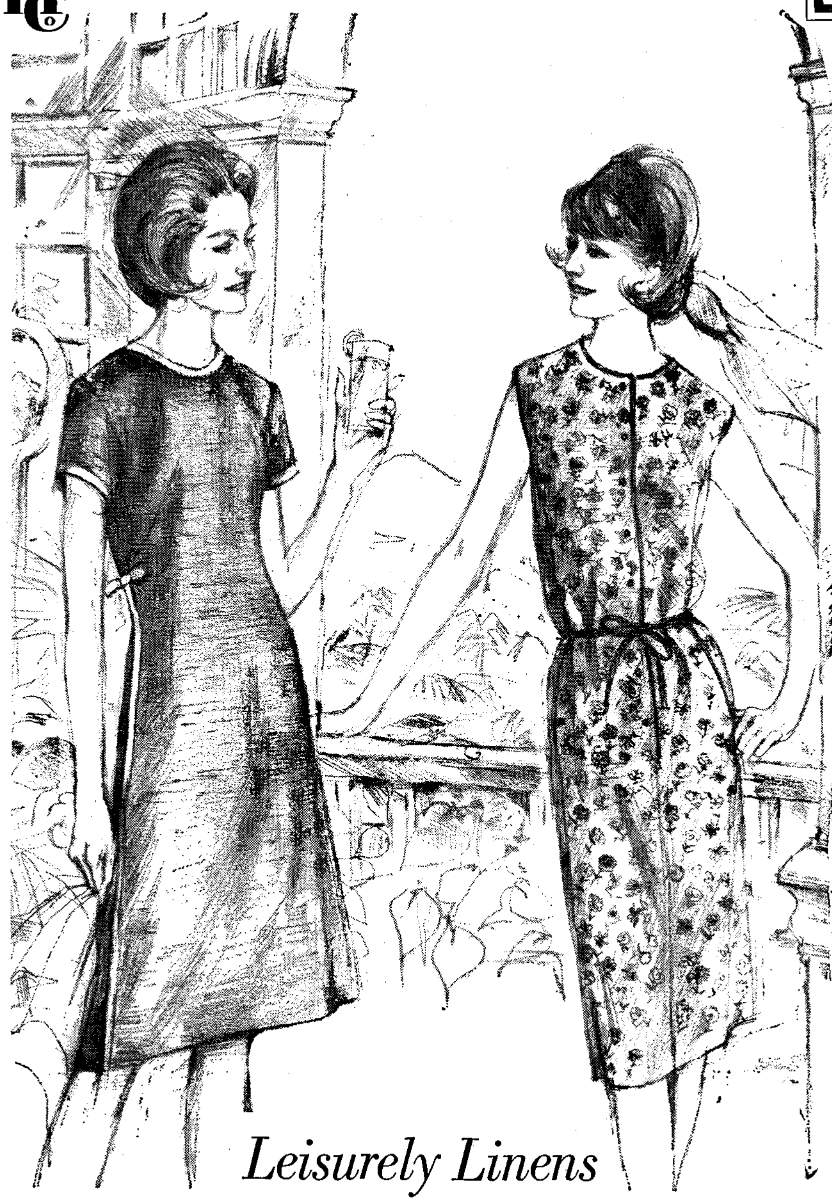
Olegna Fuschi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano, in a sonata recital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:40.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Ronald Turini—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth



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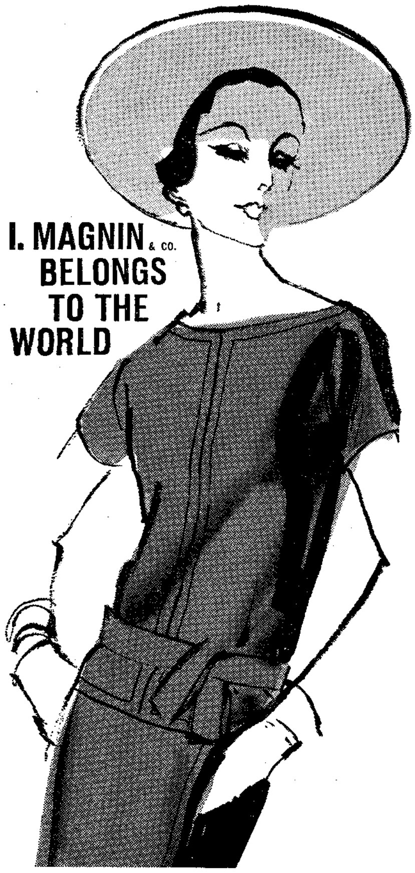

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Norman Shetler—Piano, with the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Elizabethan music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Gérard Souzay and Gold and Fizdale—Baritone and duo pianists, in a program of music by Francis Poulenc. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Note—The Marlboro Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 20, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. Philadelphia and Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Boxing—Gregorio Peralta vs. Wayne Thornton, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, Jan. 17, through Saturday, March 21.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 7. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—**concerts for young people:** The fourth in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Brahms, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 25, at noon.) . . . **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "Aida," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 2.) . . . **children's theatre wing:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **explore, inc.:** "Androcles and the Lion." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **gramercy arts children's theatre:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7738. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **harnick-adams productions:** "Young Tom Edison." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **maxi-million productions:** "Gabriel Ghost." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "Pinocchio," Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ "Firebird," Saturday, Jan. 25. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Performances at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **merry-go-rounders:**

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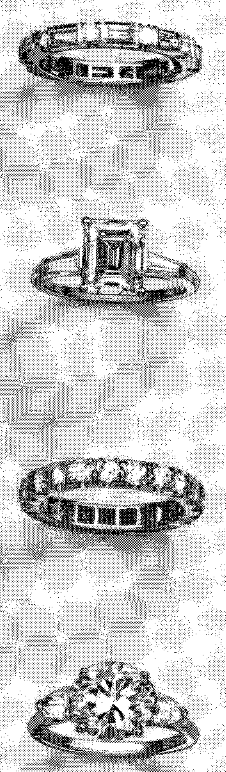

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"The Snow Queen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:30.). . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.). . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box-office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.). . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Aesop's Fables." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.). . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Long, Broad and Quick-Eye." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.). . . **UNICORN PLAYERS:** "Robin in the Enchanted Forest." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Galileo and the Stars," demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Gulliver's Travels," a full-length cartoon. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

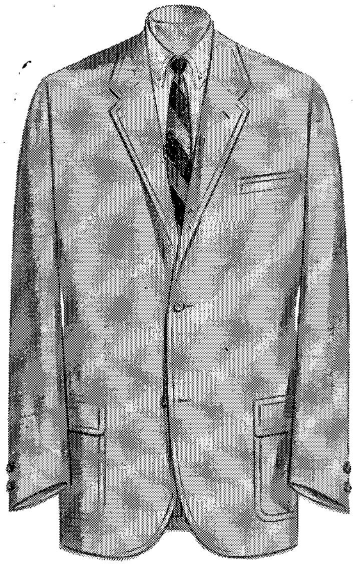
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Stephen Spender reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—About five hundred craft will be on hand for the annual winter jamboree. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 18 and 25, from 10:30 to 10:30; Sundays, Jan. 19 and 26, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 20-24, from noon to 10:30.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—American, European, and Asiatic furniture and objects of art, as well as historic paintings and documents, jewelry, and silver, displayed by a hundred dealers in a benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, from 1 to 11; Sunday, Jan. 19, from 2 to 7; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 20-22, from 1 to 11; and Thursday, Jan. 23, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture and bronze *doré*, French and Georgian silver, table porcelain and silver, Meissen and other old porcelains, Russian icons, paintings and drawings, sculptures, chandeliers, sconces, lamps, and Savonnerie and Oriental rugs; the property of Mrs. Thorneycroft Ryle and others. . . . ¶Friday, Jan. 24, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 1:45: Oriental Lowestoft porcelain; Staffordshire, Leeds, and other wares; Georgian silver and Sheffield plate; Early American glass, brass, copper, wrought iron, and wood carvings; and eighteenth-century American furniture, needlepoint, and hooked rugs. From the collection of George Frelinghuysen. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 18.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A leisurely, touching account of a young Greek who aspires to come to America and, like a good Greek, does so. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Billy Liar—A born prevaricator gets himself into many a Walter Mitty mess and at last fails to get out. Starring Tom Courtenay and a beautiful girl named Julie Christie. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An acting out in human terms of the fierceness of the queen bee's desire for motherhood and the fate of the drone who dares to satisfy her. Unlikely as it seems, an extremely comic picture. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 22.)

Dr. No—Ian Fleming's James Bond pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Wonderful nonsense, with Sean Connery as Bond, and Ursula Andress as his sullen blond plaything. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 22.)

The Easy Life—A funny and shocking study of an aggressive charmer, whose vitality brings with it death as well as joy. Starring Vittorio Gassman and directed by Dino Risi. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Heavens Above!—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 21.)

Hud—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A harsh comedy of middle-class life behind the Polish end of the Iron Curtain. Superbly directed by Roman Polanski. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 21, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 22.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell make this sentimental tale of young love in old London seem perfectly true. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 21.)

Point of Order!—A fine documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings, starring the late, very frightening junior senator from Wisconsin. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives an astonishing performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero, and Rachel Roberts is redoubtable, too, as a widow who doesn't love him back. David Storey adapted the good script from his own novel; Lindsay Anderson, the director, seldom lets you forget that he's around. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 22.)

Albert Hubbell

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—An exceptionally attractive film, in which Alberto Sordi does his gentle best to find out if it's true that Swedish girls dote on Italian lovers. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Jan. 22, tentative.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 22.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 21.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 21.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 17-20.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Male Animal (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 17-18.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 22.)

Mississippi (1935)—W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 21.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—Still more Marx Brothers, here cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 21.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize winner. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 16.)

A Raisin in the Sun (1961)—Lorraine Hansberry's story about a Negro family in Chicago, with Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Ruby Dee. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 21.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 16.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 21. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Jan. 21: "Love on a Pillow," Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.
From Jan. 22: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Doll" (in Swedish).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Jan. 21: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From Jan. 22: "The Comedy of Terrors," Vincent Price, Peter Lorre.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Bandits on the Wind" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Jan. 21: **WEST SIDE STORY**, revival; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Jan. 22: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 21: **THE CONJUGAL BED**; and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.
From Jan. 22: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "The Man from Galveston," Jeffrey Hunter, Preston Foster.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 21: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.
From Jan. 22: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 21 (tentative): **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

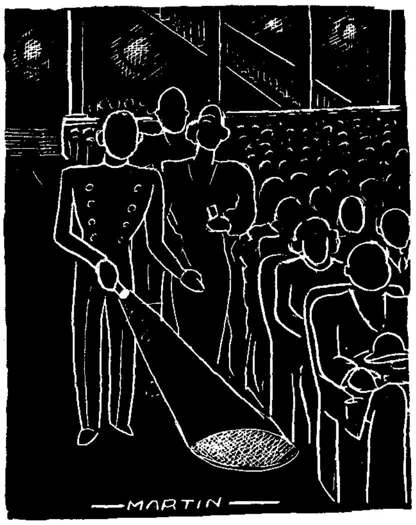
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 21: **THE CONJUGAL BED**; and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.
From Jan. 22: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "The Man from Galveston," Jeffrey Hunter, Preston Foster.



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Moderato Cantabile" (in French), Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Jan. 22 (tentative): **CITY LIGHTS**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
BILLY LIAR.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Ladybug Ladybug," Christopher Howard.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
POINT OF ORDER!

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
HUD.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 21 (tentative): "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 21: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Jan. 22: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 21: **THE CONJUGAL BED**; and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.
From Jan. 22: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "The Man from Galveston," Jeffrey Hunter, Preston Foster.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 21: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Jan. 22: "Strait-Jacket," Joan Crawford; and "War Is Hell," Tony Russell.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 16: **THE THIRD MAN**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
Jan. 17-20: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
From Jan. 21: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz; and "Eve Wants to Sleep" (in Polish), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 21: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**; and **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**, revival.
From Jan. 22: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and **DAVID AND LISA**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 21: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**; and "Women of the World," a documentary film.
From Jan. 22: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hallelujah the Hills," Peter H. Beard.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 21: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Jan. 22: "Strait-Jacket," Joan Crawford; and "War Is Hell," Tony Russell.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon; and "Time Out for Love" (in French), revival, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Jan. 21: **THE CONJUGAL BED**; and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.
From Jan. 22: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "The Man from Galveston," Jeffrey Hunter, Preston Foster.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 19: "The Three Lives of Thomasina," Patrick McGoohan.
From Jan. 20: "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 21: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Jan. 22: "Strait-Jacket," Joan Crawford.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The War of the Buttons" (in French), with a cast of children.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 16: **THE OLD MAID**, revival; and "Colleen," revival, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.
Jan. 17-18: **THE MALE ANIMAL**, revival; and "The Finger Points," revival, Richard Barthelmess, Fay Wray.
Jan. 19-20: "42nd Street," revival, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1935," revival, Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert.
From Jan. 21: **MISSISSIPPI**, revival; and **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 21: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.
From Jan. 22: **DR. NO**; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 16: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.
Jan. 17-20: "Devi" (in Bengali), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
From Jan. 21: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

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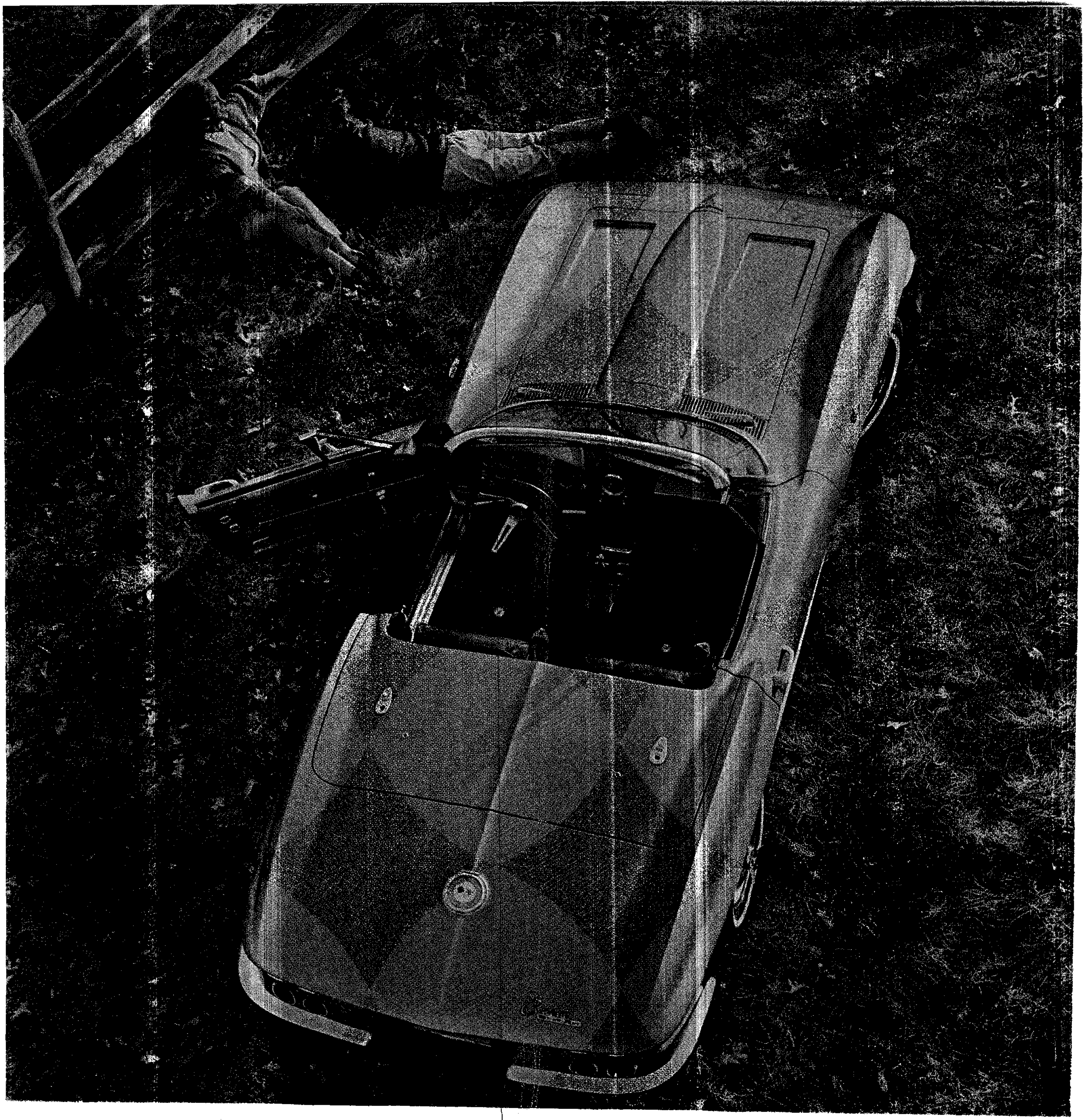

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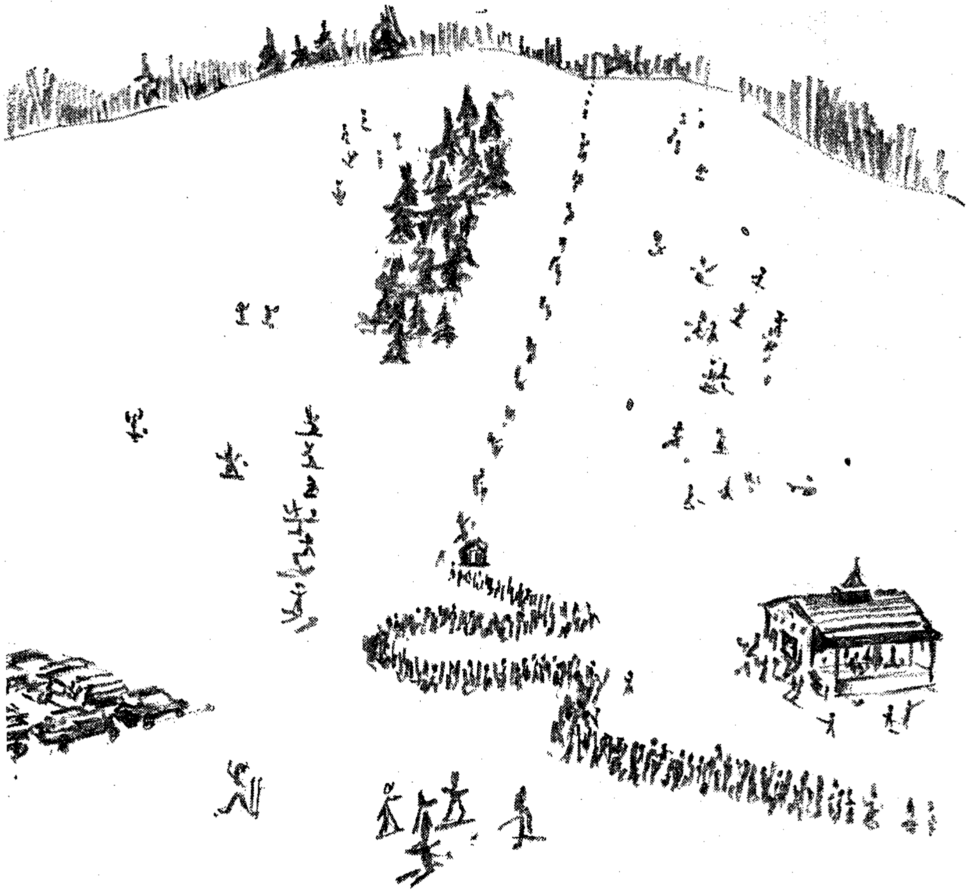

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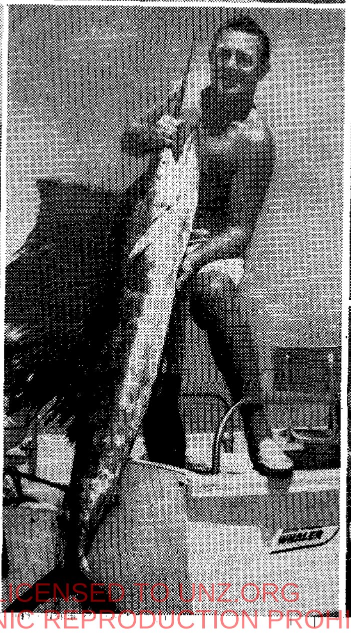

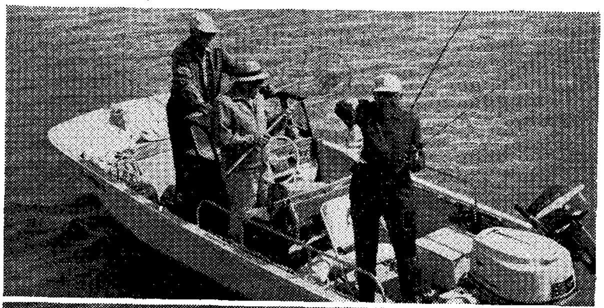

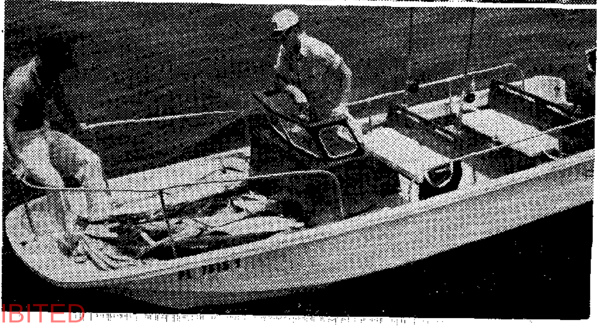

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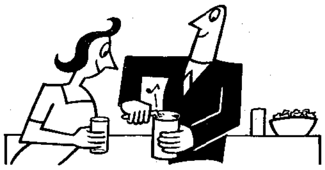
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

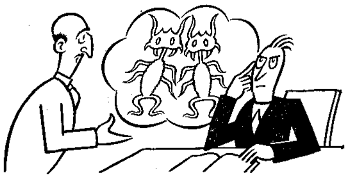
THIS seems to be an era of gratuitous inventions and negative improvements. Consider the beer can. It was beautiful—as beautiful as the clothespin, as inevitable as the wine bottle, as dignified and reassuring as the fire hydrant. A tranquil cylinder of delightfully resonant metal, it could be opened in an instant, requiring only the application of a handy gadget freely dispensed by every grocer. Who can forget the small, symmetrical thrill of those two triangular punctures, the dainty *pffff*, the little crest of suds that foamed eagerly in the exultation of release? Now we are given, instead, a top beetling with an ugly, shmoo-shaped "tab," which, after fiercely resisting the tugging, bleeding fingers of the thirsty man, threatens his lips with a dangerous and hideous hole. However, we have discovered a way to thwart Progress, usually so unthwartable. *Turn the beer can upside down and open the bottom.* The bottom is still the way the top used to be. True, this operation gives the beer an unsettling jolt, and the sight of a consistently inverted beer can makes some people edgy, not to say queasy. But the latter difficulty could be cleared up if manufacturers would design cans that looked the same whichever end was up, like playing cards. Now, that *would* be Progress.



Termites

TALK of windfalls! Thanks to Dr. Alfred E. Emerson, professor emeritus of zoology at the University of Chicago and one of the nation's leading authorities on termites, the Museum of Natural History has just been made richer by a million of these destructive isoptera—enough to demolish the whole Museum but, as luck would have it, all safely pickled in alcohol—and we have just been made richer by a talk with the donor. This took place in the office of Dr. Jerome G. Rozen, Jr., chairman of the Museum's department of entomology and associate curator of hymenoptera. Hymenoptera are bees, wasps, ants, sawflies, and the like; the termite, often called a white ant, is rarely white and never an ant, but the Museum has no isopterous curators. Dr. Rozen told us that the Emerson gift has swelled the Museum's insect total to thirteen million. Dr. Emerson observed that the smallest of his specimens is a mere three millimetres long, while the largest is a hundred and one millimetres long and thirty-one millimetres wide—approximately four inches by an inch and a quarter. "An unusually large queen from the Congo," he explained. "Termites run to several castes, including kings and queens, workers, and soldiers. I've collected them all over the tropics, where they abound. Some eighteen hundred living and fossil species have been identified, of which I've obtained around sixteen hundred. Only one species is known to exist in the New York area."

Dr. Emerson, who hails from Ithaca, where his father was professor of archeology at Cornell, became termite-oriented in 1919, when he visited the New York Zoological Society's Tropical Research Center, in British Guiana, with the late William Beebe. "My sister, Gertrude Emerson, who was then associate editor of *Asia*, was lunching with Dr. Beebe, who told her he was about to go to British Guiana," he said. "I'd graduated from Cornell the year before and was just getting demobilized from the Army at Fort Meade, and she said to him, 'I have a kid brother who'd love to go along on a trip like that. Why don't you let him join you?' Beebe said O.K., if my family would pay the passage, and she wrote me a letter, but I didn't get it. The first thing I got was a wire from her, saying 'Why don't you answer? Passage engaged.' I wired back 'Will go. Where am I going?' and within a couple of months I was on a ship headed south. Beebe showed me a nest of Guianan termites, and I was launched. I went back to the Center twice, and became assistant director there. I'd studied at Cornell under J. G. Needham, head of the best entomology department in the world, and worked with old John H. Comstock, its previous head, but I had intended to go into psychology, rather than insects, until Beebe turned my thoughts to termites. Social insects—ants, termites, and a minority of bees and wasps, *most* of which are solitary—have fascinated me ever since; I wrote the article about them in the Encyclopædia Britannica."



Dr. E. went on to say that some groups of termites have a complex organization in which an adult worker caste takes charge of nest building and trophallaxis, or mutual feeding, and in which soldiers are specialized for protection and kings and queens for reproduction. "Termite mounds are up to thirty feet high," he said. "Some queens lay eight thousand eggs a day continuously for many years. The sociality of termites shows certain parallels with human life; study of it has led me into social fields, and even into religion. The vast majority of termites—soldiers and workers—are sterile: a sort of built-in death. The meaning of death in the life process is significant. Death is just as natural as birth, though most of us don't like to think so. It would be a catastrophe if we all lived forever. The whole question of teleology and purposiveness is reflected in termites."

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Incidental Intelligence: The Indian blankets sold at Buckskin Bill's, in Standish, Michigan, bear the label "Guaranteed Made in India. S. Charra, Inc., Calcutta."

Town House Revisited

THE Radcliffe Club of New York, to benefit its scholarship fund, ran one of those art tours of local stately homes the other weekend, and we stopped by while the Cliffies and their supporters were exclaiming over the town house of the John Hay Whitneys, on East Sixty-third Street. We had a double reason for calling at the Whitneys'; one was that it seemed especially gallant of Jock Whitney, a true-blue Yale man, to be opening his door to Harvard's sisters, and the other was that several years ago, while the Whitney establishment was a-building, we had been taken through it by the owners' decorator, Mimi Rand, who told us that when it was finished there would be a storage bench in the front foyer, because Mr. Whitney had begged for a handy place to keep ice skates and galoshes. You never know what's going to happen to people's dreams about their own houses, and we wanted to see if his modest wish had been granted.

On revisiting the house, we were pleased to spot a utilitarian white-painted wooden storage bench, with three compartments, just inside the front door, but as we reached toward one of the compartments, we were stopped by a stern, do-not-touch glance from a Pinkerton man guarding the entrance. A pert blond woman with a name tag identifying her as Mrs. Cranston Jones diverted us by calling our attention to a couple of cardboard ice buckets that were serving as umbrella stands. "When the weather looked bad this morning, we got these from an ice company," said Mrs. Jones, who proved to be the chairman of the benefit committee. "I think they're rather good-looking. We also got some paper garbage bags for overshoes. We thought of that once before, when we had the Harriman house." We looked over at the Pinkerton man, who was watching us. "He's the Whitneys'," Mrs. Jones said. "We used to get private detectives ourselves, but we've found in eleven years of these tours that husbands do just as good a job. We have two of them stationed downstairs now." She remarked that her own husband—a Harvard man, we later learned—wasn't on duty at the moment. "But over the years he's been quite helpful," she added. "He's become very good at operating elevators."

We followed Mrs. Jones into a stairwell hall, its walls sheathed in a rich red material she described as velvet flock—a handsome background for the paintings on display. A woman without a name tag came up, and Mrs. Jones presented her as Mrs. Esther Clement, Mrs. Whitney's secretary.

"I see you brought your own 'No Smoking' signs," Mrs. Clement said to Mrs. Jones. "I told Mrs. Whitney I was sure you wouldn't allow smoking. That's one reason we removed all the ashtrays. Also, people have a way of—ah—nudging little things."

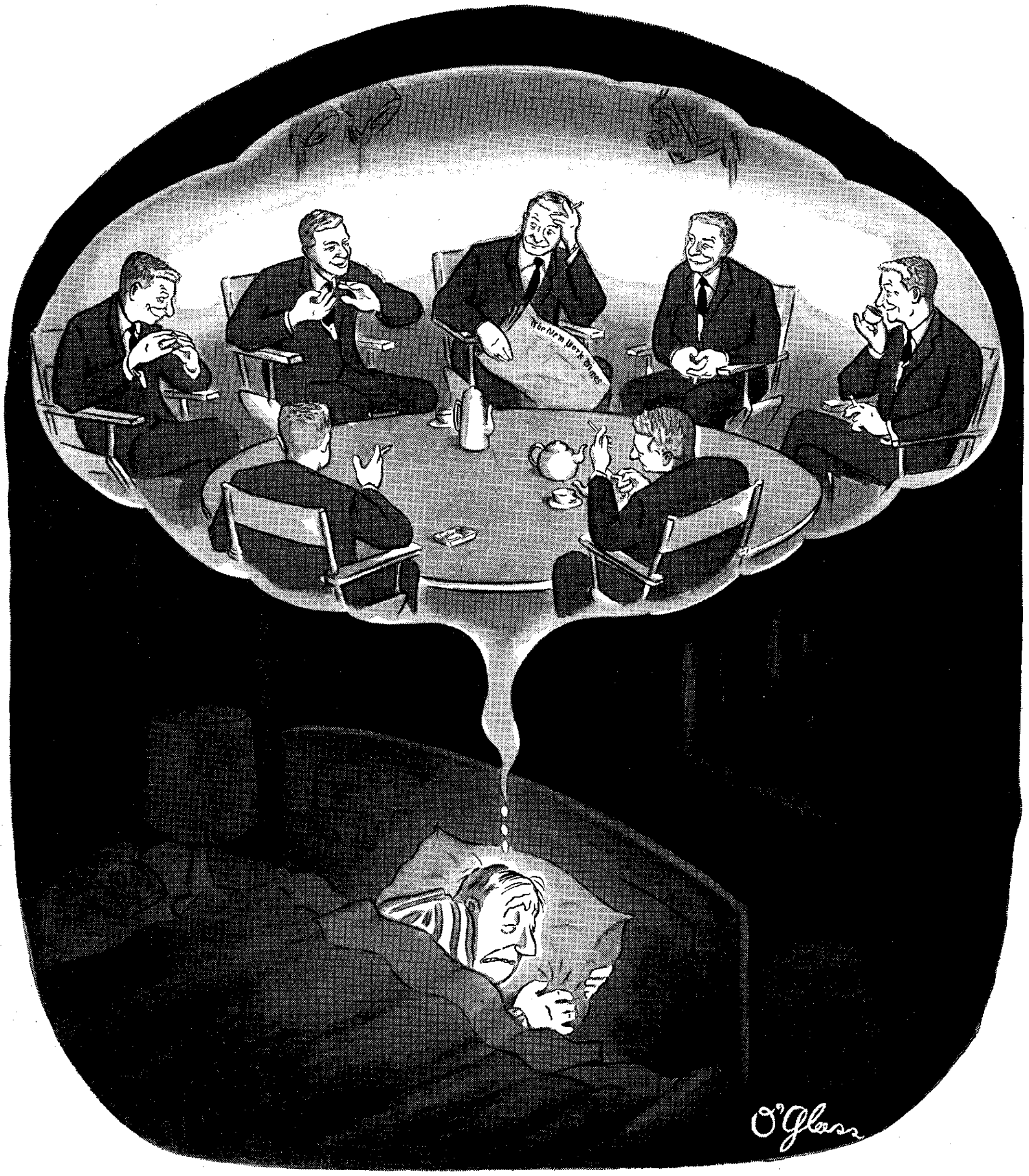
"Oh, we don't even let them sit down," said Mrs. Jones reassuringly.

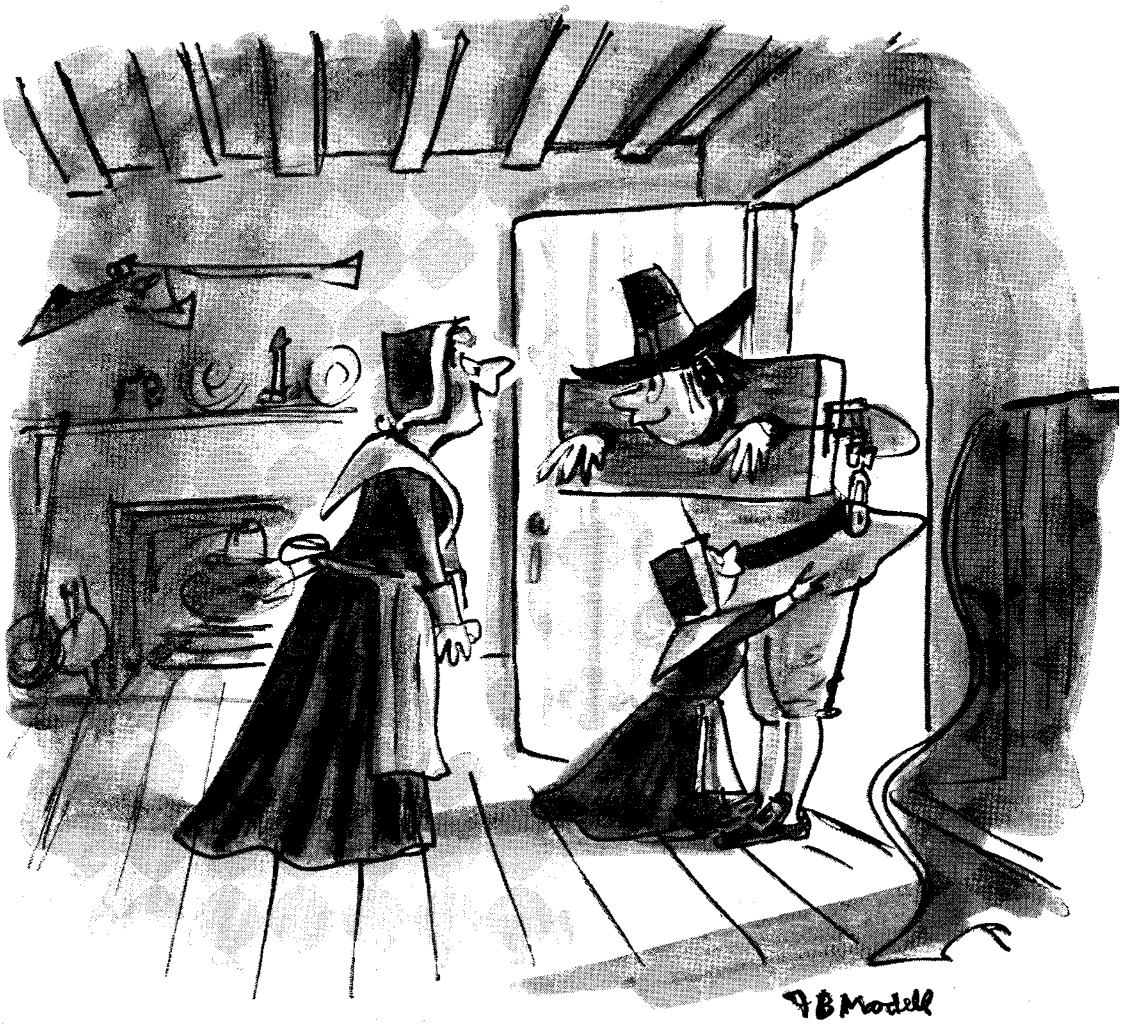
"All your people are so quiet," Mrs. Clement said.

"It's a very discreet audience," said Mrs. J.

"I wish Mrs. Whitney could see it," said Mrs. C. "It would relieve her mind greatly."

Leaving the two ladies, we began our tour of the premises—of the few rooms, at any rate, that were not closed off. At the bottom of the stairwell, we stopped before a couple of Rembrandts and a dashing John Singer Sargent portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. Then we moved into a panelled library containing two Picassos, a Monet, and several photographs of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Two Radcliffe functionaries were straightening out some plastic runners that had been laid protectively over the library carpet. A man who looked much too distin-





"You're home, dear! That's all that matters."

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guished to be a mere Radcliffe husband, and who turned out to be the Whitneys' butler, William, was in there, too. He was talking to Mrs. Isabel Hill, *Mr.* Whitney's secretary. We joined them, and two touring women nudged all three of us as they strove for a closer look at a garden beyond a picture window. "I tried to find out how many were coming, but they never told me," Mrs. Hill said.

She excused herself to sneak into the kitchen for a smoke, and we entered the dining room, where a feast of French Impressionists awaited us. A man and a woman had Mrs. Jones backed against a Cézanne. They wanted to know where the Whitneys were. "In the country, naturally," said Mrs. Jones. "We don't tell the owners they *can't* be present, but most of them would rather not be. It's embarrassing."

We proceeded upstairs, passing en route a spectacular stairwell gallery that ran the gamut from Michelangelo to Wyeth, with stops in between for Rubens, William Blake, and Walt Kuhn. The only upstairs chamber open to traffic was a spacious, bright, and elegant drawing room, with crystal chandeliers.

"It's a cozy room," a woman was saying to a man alongside a Seurat.

"Fantastic," said her escort.

"Beautiful," she countered.

"Gorgeous," he came back.

"Exquisite, *thrilling!*" she cried.

"Yes," he said, letting her win.

They stepped back to admire the Seurat—"L'Ile de la Grande Jatte"—and she nearly came a cropper over a length of buckling plastic runner. A hovering Radcliffe Club lady dropped to her knees and wrestled the plastic into submission.

We moved back downstairs, and in the foyer, while the Pinkerton man was momentarily distracted, we peeked into all three storage compartments. They were empty. Not a skate, not a galosh, not even an odd mitten in the lot of them.

The Whitneys' butler materialized quietly, and we explained that we were just wondering where the household skates and galoshes were kept.

"In a closet, I presume," said William imperturbably, and we departed.

Driving Problem

A FRIEND of ours has told us of a taxi ride he took the other day. The driver was going uptown at frantic speed, and our friend, as is his custom, told him that he would be tipped twice as much if he would go half as fast. The driver turned around, glared, and said, "What do you want me to do when I got Napoleon in front of me, Brutus to my right, and Octavius on my left?" Our friend suffered in silence for the duration of the journey.

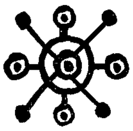
Father

A LOW, persistent susurrus of the type that heralds major avant-garde events in this city lured us to the Hunter College Playhouse one evening last week to attend a "lecture-recital" by the young West German experimental composer Karlheinz Stockhausen. The lecture, although it was somewhat forbiddingly titled "The Development of Musical Form Since 1951," consisted merely of a few brief remarks by the composer, who urged us to "only listen" to the music, preferably with our eyes shut. The music, however, was so oddly stimulating, with its richly various interaction of electronic, pianistic, and percussive sounds, and the atmosphere of the occasion so heady (the small auditorium was bursting with members of the musical, artistic, and intellectual *haut monde*), that we felt impelled to seek further enlightenment. A call the following morning to The Composer Speaks, Inc., an organization recently formed by two enterprising young ladies, Alice L. Everitt and Judith Blinken, to sponsor tours by modern composers, Stockhausen among them, resulted in our being put in touch with Stockhausen himself. After a moment's thought, he cordially suggested that we accompany him on a bus ride out to Kennedy International Airport—he was leaving for Chicago and points west, he explained—and we accepted with pleasure.

Herr Stockhausen, who, though he is only thirty-five, has been described as "the global father of music made without instruments," proved easy to spot at the East Side Airlines Terminal, being tall, solidly built, fair-haired, and given to corduroy clothing with impressively wide wales. It struck us that, despite a moderate chin stubble, he looked far too young to be a global father. "I haven't shaved today, because the plug of my machine won't fit your sockets," he explained, in fluent, lightly accented English. "Of course, I should know about such things. I have been here twice before—the first time in 1958, when I gave thirty-two lectures on electronic music in six weeks. Fantastic! And then I spent six months here last year, but that was very secluded. I stayed in a private house on Long Island and composed the whole time—no lectures or concerts. Excuse me while I weigh in." David Tudor, the pianist, and Max Neuhaus and Christoph Caskel, percussionists, who had performed with Stockhausen at Hunter and who were going with him on tour, arrived a few minutes later, and Stockhausen doled out tickets and typewritten itineraries to each of them and oversaw the weighing of their baggage, which, miraculously, was within the weight limit. Stockhausen explained that twelve hundred pounds of percussion instruments had gone on ahead, and that he was counting on the concert authorities in each city to furnish the necessary electronic equipment.

Once aboard the airline bus, Herr Stockhausen quickly set us straight on his relationship to music made without instruments. Although he is widely known for his pioneering in the use of electronically generated sounds, he also does a great deal of composing *for* instruments. During his Long Island sojourn last year, in fact, he composed a large work for three full orchestras, and an even larger choral work for four choirs and four orchestras—all playing at the same time, under four conductors. The musical concepts involved were too vast for our comprehension, so we brought the conversation around to the concert at Hunter. Had the reception of his work here surprised him? It had. "Composers, conductors, painters, even architects—some of them famous names I have known since years but never met—came to the concert and to the party afterward, at the home of Judith Blinken, that angel. I talked with Edgard Varèse, Frederick Kiesler, John Cage, Leonard Bernstein—with people from France, Italy, Japan, everywhere! You know, before the recital Norman Singer, who runs the concert bureau at Hunter College, was afraid that no one would come. Now he says so many people were turned away we may have to give another concert in the spring. And there is talk of concerts elsewhere in the city. It's really something phenomenal, considering that the reaction to my music in Germany is as violently hostile as ever. Last year, for example, when I conducted my 'Momente' in Cologne, the audience made so much noise I just gave up—stopped the performance. After about five minutes, I started again, and went through to the end, although they were yelling so that even *I* couldn't hear anything. At home, it is always that way."

We asked about Stockhausen's background and musical training, and he obliged with these details: A country boy, raised near Cologne, he began studying piano when he was six, devoted a year to intensive study when he was twenty, and then completed the rigorous four-year music course at the State Music High School in Cologne. During his year of intensive study, he supported himself by serving as an accompanist for a touring magician ("I improvised on the piano, and distracted the audience at crucial moments"); while he was at the State Music High School, he supported himself by playing jazz in Cologne bars. He had his eyes opened to modern composition in 1957 by a score of Anton Webern's, studied in Paris with Olivier Messiaen, worked with magnetic tape in the Paris studio of Pierre Schaeffer, the inventor of *musique concrète*, and returned to Cologne to join, as resident composer, the studio for electronic music at the local radio station, of which he is now artistic director.



Although Stockhausen is recognized internationally as a leader of the postwar musical revolution brought on by the development of magnetic tape and electronic manipulation of sound, he is, as he indicated, a far more controversial figure in West Germany than he is in New York. Did he have any theory to explain this? He did. "In foreign countries, the people are always more objective," he said. "It is harder for me in West Germany because so many people are against me on grounds that have nothing to do with the music, just as in America people are probably less objective about your composers. So perhaps when I travel here, giving concerts and talking about American composers, it will help them, don't you think? In any case, it is a kind of measurement that is important, to go out from your own country to places where you are judged as to the music and nothing else. Actually, we are making not just one tour this time but three. As soon as we get back to New York, we go out again—as far as Texas—and then in May we give five concerts in Ohio, and in between I will teach some classes at the University of Pennsylvania. Ah, the airport already."

Disembarking, we said goodbye to Stockhausen and his colleagues, and wished them good luck. He wished *us* good luck. As we saw him off, the huge roar of two jet engines warming up suddenly sounded like music.

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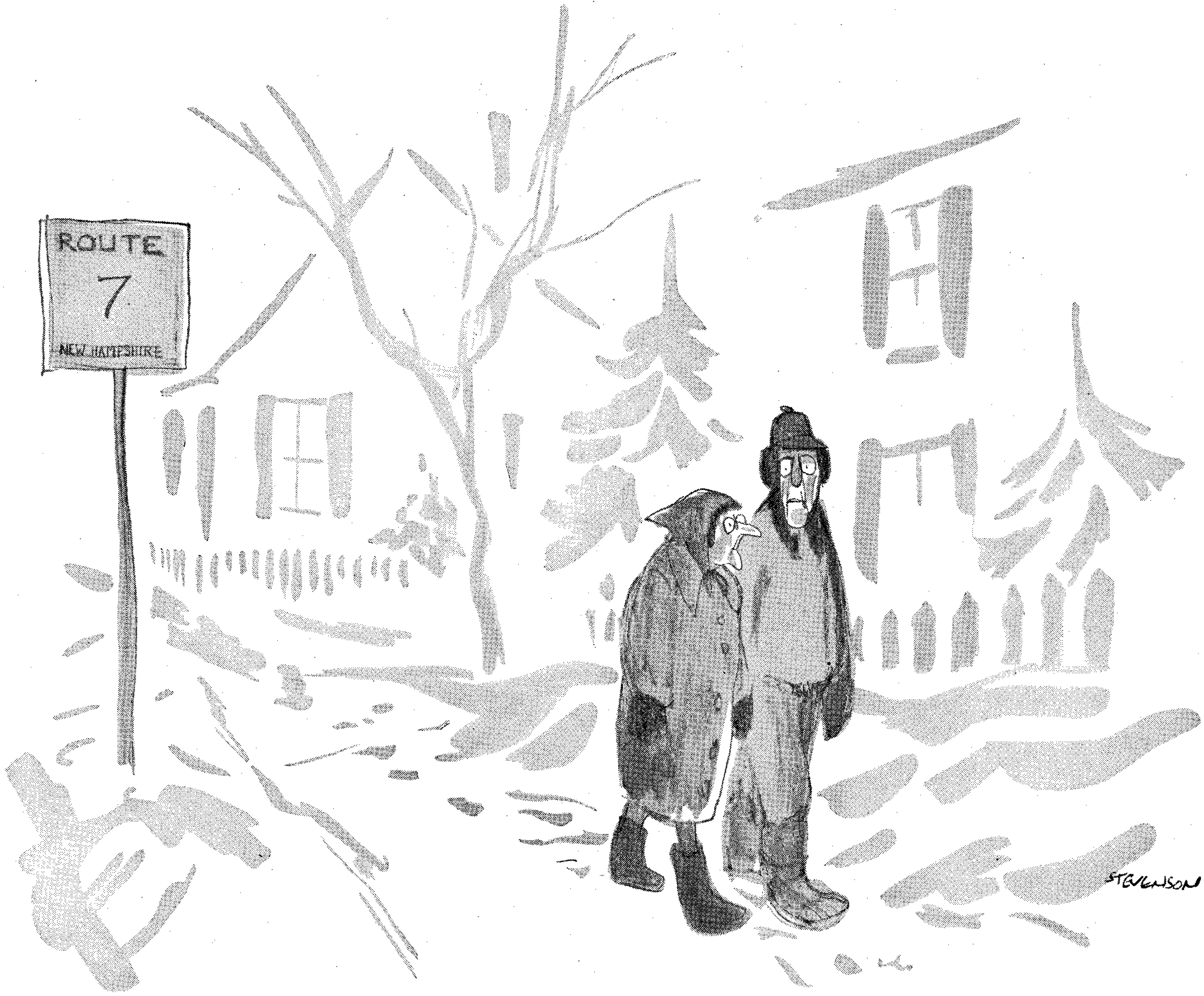
NOTICE on a postcard received by one of our neighbors the other day: "Sidney Wellons (Formerly with Internal Revenue) Announces the Opening of the Tax Season."

Phantom City

FOR years, in the course of trips to central New Jersey and beyond, we've found our attention caught by the Humble Oil & Refining Co.'s Bayway Refinery, which straddles the New Jersey Turnpike at Linden, a few miles southwest of Newark Airport. Being consistently malodorous, and frequently surrounded by a miasma of smog, the refinery can hardly be called prepossessing by daylight, but at night, when the shapes of its tanks and towers (though not the tanks and towers themselves) are made visible by a great number of small electric lights attached to them, it takes on the appearance of a city rising out of the surrounding meadows—and a triumphant city at that, since there are often plumes of fire flaring from the tallest towers, as if in announcement of some industrial equivalent of the victory at Marathon. On our most recent jaunt to Jersey, we stopped and visited Bayway, and discovered that in a sense it *is* a city, though one whose population has been declining lately at a rate that any municipal government would find alarming. It was opened in 1909, it is now the largest oil refinery in the Greater New York area and the eleventh-largest in the United States, and it is equipped to process a hundred and seventy thousand barrels of crude oil a day. All this crude oil arrives by tanker from either the Gulf Coast or Venezuela, and about half of Bayway's output is automobile gasoline, the rest being mostly heating fuels, industrial fuels, and petrochemicals. As for population, ten years ago Bayway had forty-eight hundred employees, all told; today, with approximately the same output of oil



"I was kind of partial to how Mr. Goldwater looked me straight in the eye, but I thought Mr. Rockefeller seemed darn friendly when he called me 'fella.'"

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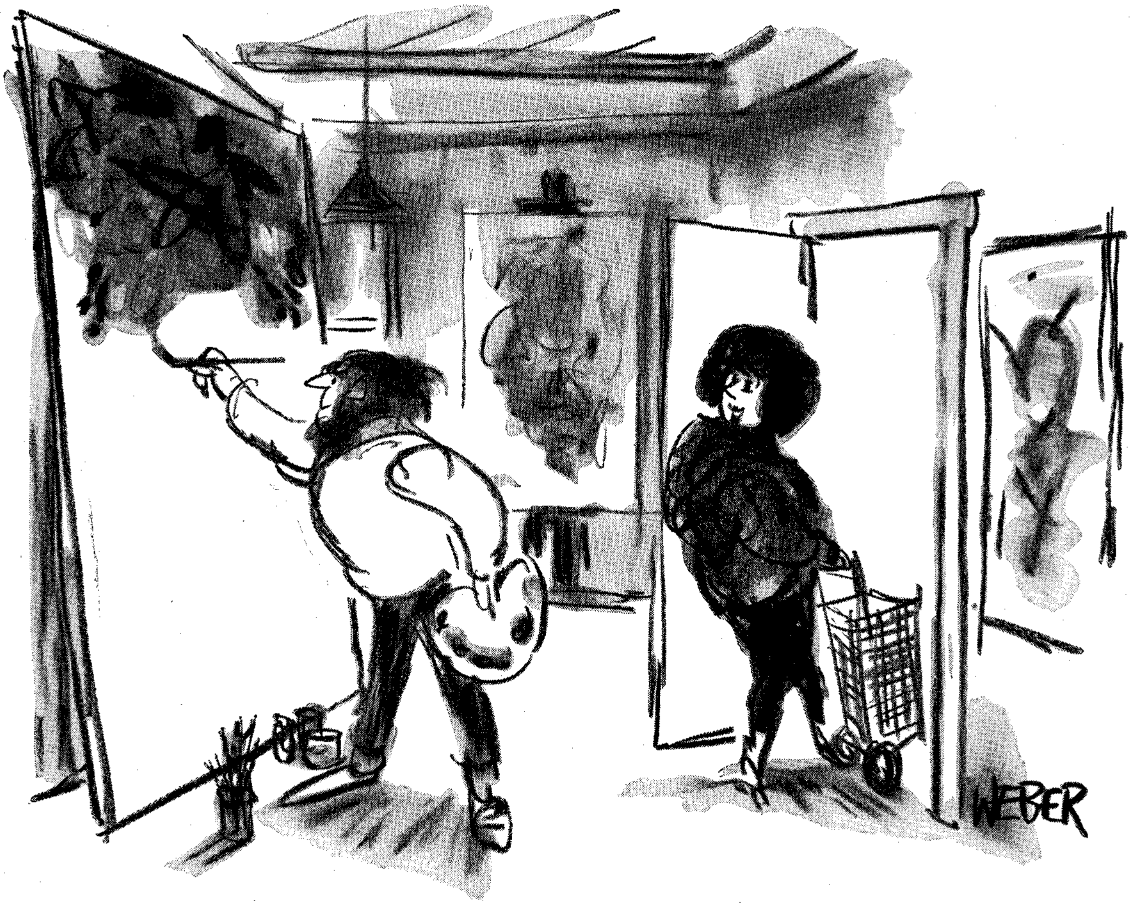
products, it has eighteen hundred, or hardly more than one per acre. The reduction has been brought about by better organization, the introduction of more advanced instrumentation, and the use of computers, the chief of these being an IBM 7080, which keeps accounts, solves engineering problems, and figures out production schedules.

We learned all this, and more, from an old Bayway hand named Arba S. Taylor, who has been working there for a quarter of a century. Mr. Taylor met us in the reception area of the administration center, a low-slung brick building, and as we followed him down a long corridor, we noticed through open doors one empty office after another. "The building was designed, eight years ago, for four hundred and twenty-five people, and now there are only three hundred of us in it," he explained. "But we don't anticipate further substantial cuts in employment, in either staff or line work. The whole place is pretty well down to rock bottom."

Once we had reached Taylor's office, we asked him to explain the functions of the pieces of equipment that are so luminously visible from the Turnpike. "The tall cylinders—most of them painted in various pastel colors, as you may have noticed—are pipe stills, catalytic-cracking units, and fractionating towers," he replied. "The pipe stills initially prepare crude oil for further treatment. The job of the catalytic-cracking units—or, rather, of the one cat-cracker unit we have in service at present—is essentially to divide oil into its gasoline-oil and heating-oil components, and the fractionating towers, which are those real high ones, do a further job of refinement. It takes four men, working in shifts, to run the cat-cracker unit on a round-the-clock basis." The units are lighted so spectacularly at night, Mr. Taylor continued, to enable the crewmen to see what they are doing when they go on their periodic inspection rounds. As for the flares, they are to burn up gas that is escaping from a malfunctioning unit. When everything is working right, each tower should have only a small pilot flame on top; a wild, heraldic flame means there's a leak somewhere.

Mr. Taylor, having equipped himself and us with goggles and metal hats as protection against flying sparks and debris, took us on a tour of the refinery in his car. Passing between pipe stills and fractionating towers on paved streets with names like Central Avenue and Refinery Avenue, we saw here and there, presumably one to an acre, a lonely, not yet automated figure, and we noticed a point of resemblance between the refinery and a city that we hadn't known about before: the many small pipes connecting the units



"Bye-bye. Don't go cutting off any ears while I'm gone."

• •

cross the streets and run above them on struts some twenty feet high, evoking memories of the vanished Sixth Avenue and Third Avenue "L"s. At the refinery's eastern, or waterfront, edge, where a huge tanker named the Esso Baltimore was tied up, we remarked on a particularly strong smell that came our way, and Mr. Taylor said, with mild chauvinism, "Oh, I think that's from Phelps Dodge Copper, over yonder. We do have our own smells, though." He drove back to the center of things, and we climbed out of his car in the shadow of the functioning cat-cracker unit. Steam was issuing from what seemed to be appropriate vents, the air was filled with a deafening hiss, and nobody was in sight.

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FOUND in a fortune cookie at the Peking Restaurant, on Second Avenue: "No man can tell what the future may bring forth."

Matinée Day

ON a matinée day recently, we walked west on Forty-fourth Street, past a store window occupied by a gypsy fortune-teller, and past a truck loaded with rolls of newsprint outside the Times Building. We stopped for a minute to watch a television camera and a crowd of people concentrating on some members of the cast of "Marathon '33" who were dancing across the street, at the end of Shubert Alley, and then we went into Sardi's to meet a press agent, Bill Doll, and two producers, Dick Button and Paul Feigay, who had promised to provide us with exhaustive information about the "Ice-Travaganza," an ice-skating show that will be put on in the arena of the New York City Building at the New York World's Fair.

When a waiter had led us to a table, Mr. Doll pointed out celebrities, and Mr. Feigay said that he wanted something like Scotch, and ordered a Bloody Mary. Mr. Button, who became a producer after obtaining a law degree from Harvard, winning two Olympic figure-skating championships, and skating professionally, said that he had always enjoyed seeing poodles and dachshunds run out on the ice during an ice show, and intended to include some in the "Ice-Travaganza."

"Don't their little feet get cold?" asked Mr. Doll, who had a cold and wasn't eating his lunch.

"No," Mr. Button said. "They run right off."

Mr. Feigay said that he had always liked the Spangled Clown in Billy Rose's "Jumbo," and planned to include a similar mammoth creature, made of plastic, in the ice show. Speaking alternately, Mr. Button and Mr. Feigay discussed legal and financial aspects of their business with the Fair, remarked that they dealt with Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris rather than with Robert Moses, said that they believed an ice show should have a theme, and informed us that their theme, in line with the trend toward increased leisure time, would be the pleasure in leisure. There is to be a number, done in silent-movie style, dealing with the invention of the light bulb, with girls representing a bulb and a switch. Another number will start out with thunder and lightning, and then girl-birds whose wings have got wet in the rain will swoop down from the ceiling of the arena.

Mr. Doll said that one of his clients was a diving horse, and when we looked surprised, he explained, "There's a certain kind of horse that likes to dive."

Mr. Feigay said he had almost forgotten to tell Mr. Doll that Mr. Button had been chosen to be Mr. Action, representing a stretch fabric. "Yes," Mr. Button said. "I'm a symbol." That reminded Mr. Button that he had a date to meet a young woman who, for commercial reasons of her own, wanted him to install a large clock in the New York City Building, and after one more cup of coffee everyone shook hands and left.

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CONVERSATION overheard at the conclusion of a Friday travel lecture at the Metropolitan Museum, one dowager to another:

"I'm sorry Elizabeth wasn't here today. She would have enjoyed the color slides—especially the ones on Greece."

"But Elizabeth is in Greece right now."

"I know, but it's still too bad. I'm sure she would have enjoyed them."

A DESCRIPTION OF A PRESUMPTION

I AM in receipt of twenty packs of sweet, dark Mexican cigarettes called Faros; three cents for sixteen, I'm told. They are, in that sense, a bargain, but I really have no use for them. The illustration on the package, however, is queer and compelling. It shows, in orange and blue, with a great deal of black hatching, a seacoast. The shipping lanes thereabouts must be hazardous, for not one but three lighthouses are pictured—hence "Faros," Spanish for "Lighthouses." One rises in the right foreground, partially cut off by the rectangle of rope, with several fancy knots, that frames the lurid and melancholy scene. Another lighthouse is situated on a small island in the middle ground, and the third is in the distance, near the horizon and imperfectly descried. Although the time is day—the sky is a screen of blue dots, while the sea is solid blue, and consequently darker—the lights of the two nearest lighthouses are shining. The artist has portrayed the effulgent beams by a sequence of orange dashes reminiscent, in a way, of the radiant gaze of Felix the Cat. The far lighthouse and some rocks about it are obscured by a man's hat, and it is not clear whether the artist intended its light to be lit.

Two steamboats are passing in the channels between the lighthouses, and there is an equivocal wind. Dark columns of smoke from the funnels of the inshore ship are billowing abaft, while the pennants on the mast tops and a flag at the bow are blowing in the opposite direction. The shore is barren and rocky, perhaps volcanic, and the sea is rough; there are whitecaps beyond the middle lighthouse, and next to the shore the turbulence is indicated by black smudges that represent waves or their shadows. The illustration may depict an actual view on the Mexican coast, or elsewhere, but here I have no knowledge.

The man in the hat stands in the left foreground, cut off at the back by the rope frame and at the waist by the words "*Cía. Cigarrera.*" In this respect, he is like a ruined bust recovered by divers from the sea, but he was never a hero or a statesman. He is in profile, and his face, which is colored a vivid orange, as though he were looking into a furnace, is similar to one on a playing card: a sulky mouth and several stiff, romantic lashes radiating from a single, inflexible eye. He is facing the first lighthouse but is staring beyond it, fashionably dressed in a jacket, a vest, a necktie, a white shirt, and a jaunty fedora with a turned-down brim. A small cigar or cigarette protrudes, at right angles to his jaw, from the center of his mouth, and he is touching, with his left hand, the brim of his hat. Is he about to tip it to someone or is he merely holding it down against the wind? I would say he is in his early thirties—my age and years of indulgent sorrow.

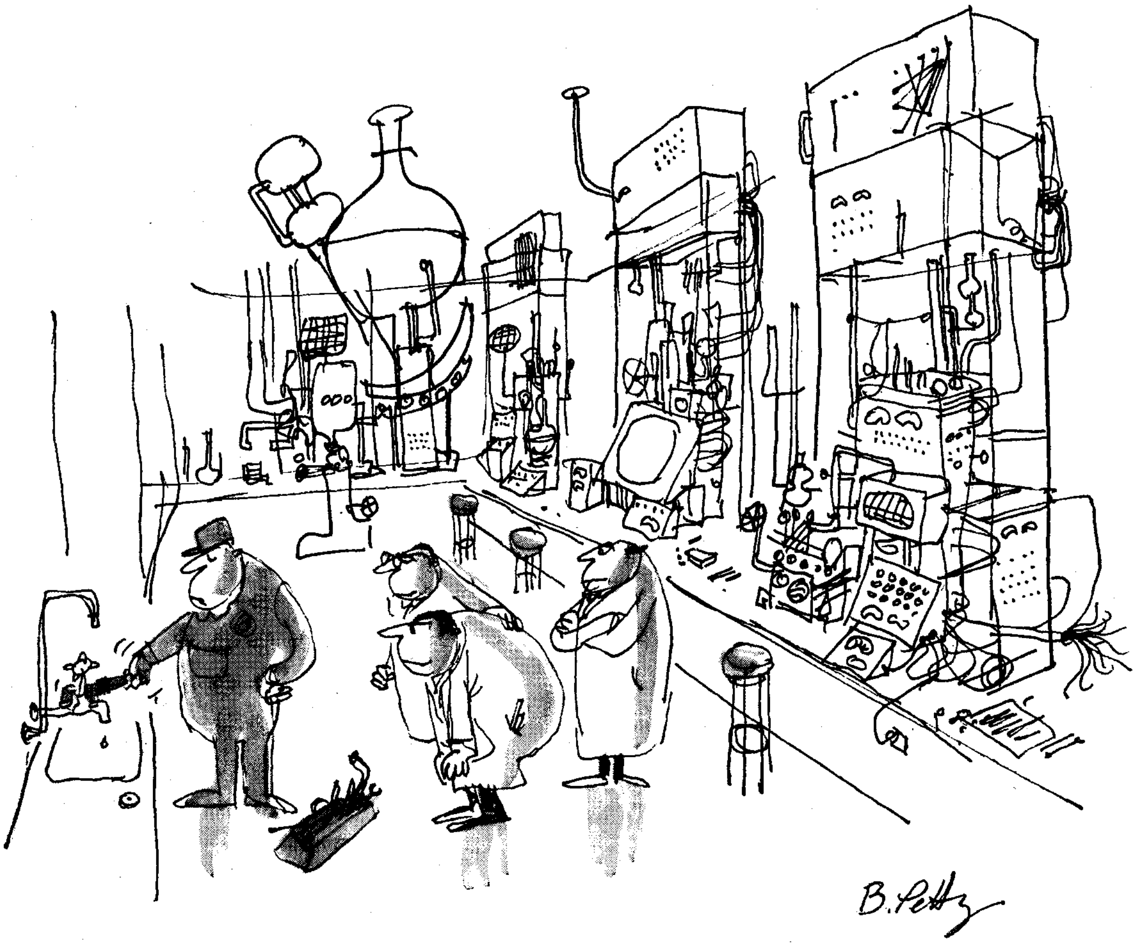
Is he the keeper of the first lighthouse? He is too elegant, and there is a softness to his round cheek. Is he, rather, a minor official who has the maintenance of all three lighthouses in his trust? The artist has made no connection between the man and his work—the way, for example, in English paintings of the eighteenth century, a keeper or stableboy handles or regards his dogs or horses. The man is a visitor to the coast.

An idle and impatient resident of a large city near the lighthouses, he has often come out on Sundays to this headland to consider the sea and the shipping. The forces of tide and strong winds, the departure of ships, the gift and pledge of the horizon have acted upon him. Today he left forever his apartment—high ceilings, high blue mirrors—that overlooked a square and an ornate fountain where water gushes prodigally from the astonished mouths of stone dolphins with the sound of adoration. His trunks are labelled and a taxi is waiting; he will sail upon the last tide. He knows he has wasted his life: flattered and shielded by women, his easy talents shedding light, like the lighthouses, on that which was already illuminated. Calling upon the coast for the last time, he faces the city and tips his hat in an intransigent salute of farewell.

But this morning he stood at the foot of my bed in the place of drowned men, hat in his hands. I saw him for a moment in the unendurable revelation of full face. He was older than I expected—worn down, too, and full of regret.

"What right do you have," he said bitterly, "to put yourself in my place?"

—GILBERT ROGIN



THE SECOND TIME AROUND

IN most college towns in America, there are widows of professors, and even retired female teachers, who hold on to their emptying family homes by renting suitably discreet lodgings to other people in their own strata. As far as I know, though, France has a much better social climate than the United States for people who must find lodgings with another congenial family. On every level, board and rooms are offered. Almost any empty room in no matter what kind of dwelling, hovel or mansion, is put to use; it helps pay the taxes, of course, and it salves the instinctive guilt any good Gallic citizen feels about waste of food, space, energy, and waste, most of all, of what can be called the sense of humanity, or, more plainly, the basic and instinctive need of people for people.

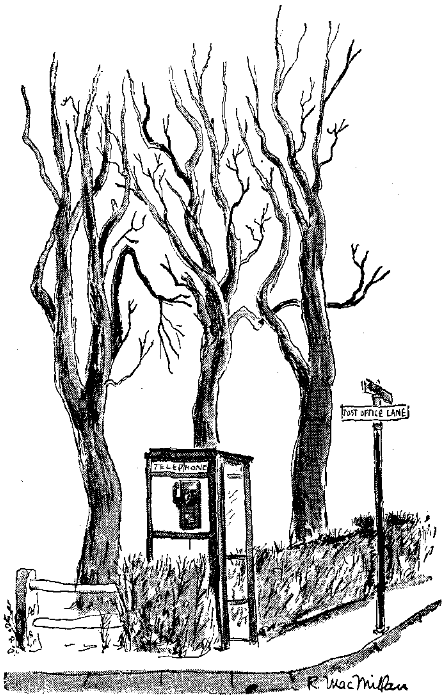
I have lived with several families in France. More often than not while I was with them, I fretted and even raged at the strictures of sharing my meals and my emotions and my most personal physical functions with people almost as strange to me as spiders or nesting egrets. In retrospect, I understand that they shaped such strength as may be in me as surely as ever did my inherited genes and my environmental mores. Of course, they had these to build on, for I did not meet my first landlady until I was in my early twenties. She was a born Dijonnaise, who lived down the street from the university because she liked to rent rooms to students—not because the rooms she rented were beautiful or otherwise desirable to them. She *liked* students. She liked to feed them and talk with them and play Chopin for them and occasionally sleep with ones that pleased her enough. She did all this with ferocious amusement. She was a kind of explosion in what had been until my first meeting with her a safe, insular, well-bred existence. From then on, I was aware.

She has been followed by decades of less robust but equally subtle relationships with French landladies. Now I know that I can live almost anywhere, with almost anyone, and be the better for it. I also know that every landlady I ever met was part of preparing me for Mme. Duval, of Aix-en-Provence. My mother would understand and accept my feeling that this old lady had almost as much to do with my development as did she, and would not ask for any explanation. It is at once an admission that I matured very slowly and a proof that people can grow at any stage in their lives. My mother would be pleased that I could still grow.

I was nearing fifty when I first met Mme. Duval, and well past it when last I saw her. It is improbable that I shall be with her again, for she is old and seven thousand miles away, but I feel serene and sure that if that happened I would be stronger to surmount the admiration, exasperation, impatience, ridicule, and frustration that she has always fermented in me.

The first landlady in my life happened as swiftly and irrevocably as a bullet's flight: I went to the students' office at the University of Dijon, the small elderly secretary gave me a list of boarding houses, I walked two hundred feet down the first street on the right, I rang a doorbell, and I became part of a household for two shaking and making years of my life.

It was very different in 1954. I went to Aix for six weeks, or at most three months. I was alone in Europe for the first time in my life really; always before, I had been the companion of someone well loved, who knew more than I did about everything, even things like tickets and moneys. I had been younger, too, and full of confidence. Now I was single, with two small daughters, and a world war and some private battles had come between the two women of myself, so that I felt fumbling and occasionally even frightened. Perhaps it was a little like learning to walk again. I must try hard to trust my weakened muscles, my halting tongue, and, most of all, the dulled wits in my graying head, so that my children would not suspect me and lose confidence. I went at it doggedly. Instead of the three months I had planned, I stayed in Aix well over three years, in two or three periods, and partly it was because of Mme. Duval, and I have been back since, partly because of her. I found her in a roundabout way—not at all bulletlike.



In my first interview with her, she taught me the French meaning of the word "neurasthenic," which American friends in psychiatric circles frown upon, so that I am careful not to use it anywhere but in Aix. I had not spoken French for several years when I sat in the autumn sunlight in her drawing room on the top floor of 22 Rue des Forges. I shaped my words carefully, listening to my rusty accent with resignation. "I have been told, Madame, that occasionally a room is available in your home," I said.

"Who told you, may I ask?" Her seeming question was politely direct, like a police query.

I told her, and her firm, rounded old face was as impassive as a Hindu postcard of Krishna.

"Why do you not stay in a hotel? There are many pleasant small hotels in Aix," she said, without any real interest—not asking me anything for her own information but as if she were telling me to question myself.

I took my first lesson, there in the thinning but still intense September sunlight, in speaking the kind of French that Mme. Duval expected of anyone who addressed her. It was a test I met passionately whenever I saw her during the next seven or eight years, and, even this long since, my accent in dreams is better when I am dreaming of her. "Madame," I said, "I am very well installed in the Hôtel de France, where I was sent by M. Bressan, the concierge of the Roy René—"

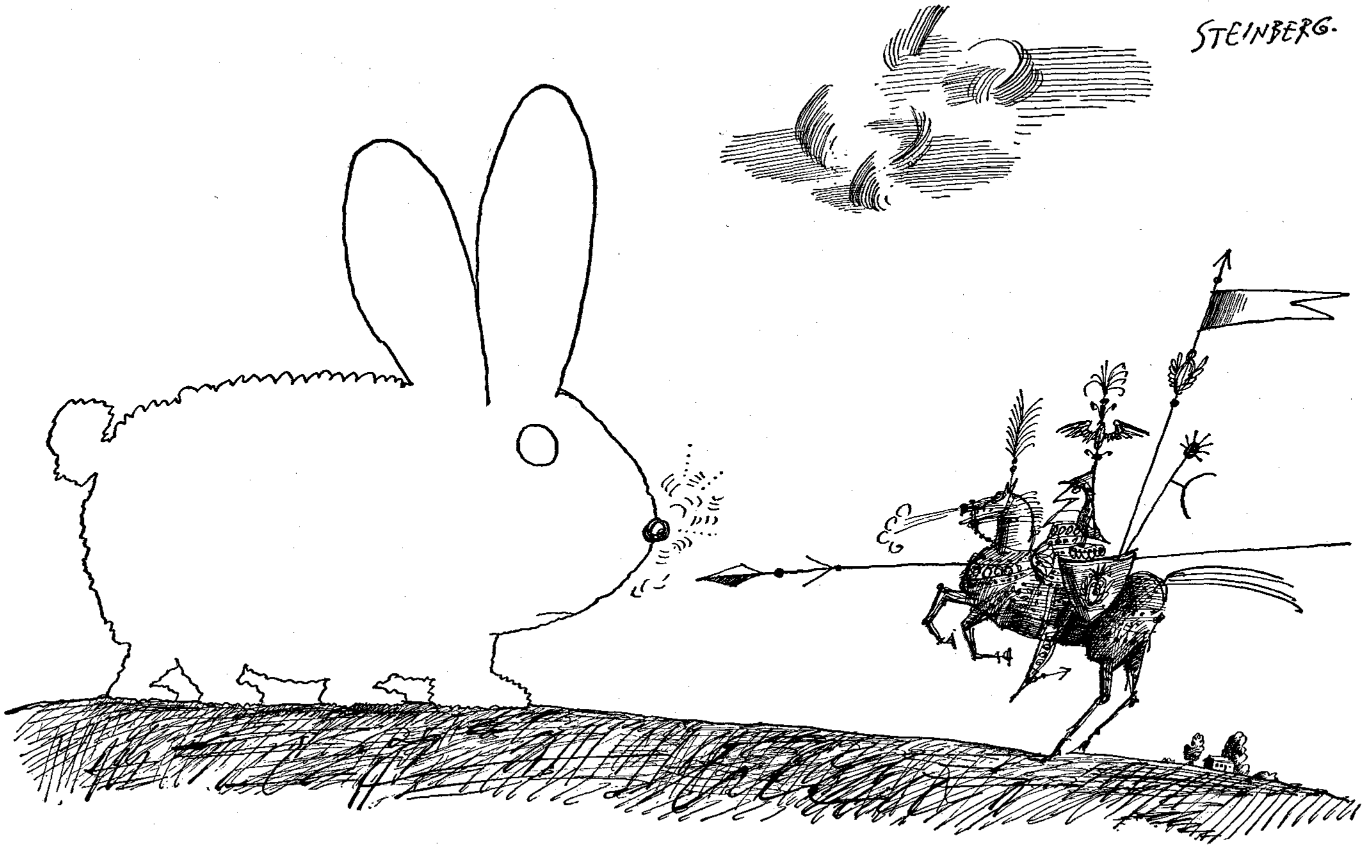
"I know him well," she interrupted. "A good man. A very reliable, courageous man."

"He seems so. He saw that I did not like to keep my children in a hotel—"

"It is not the life for children. It is also expensive."

"Yes, Madame. So we went to the Hôtel de France until the children could go stay with Mme. Wytenhove and her family, apart from me, while they get firmly into the language."

"Yes, I know her. Her sister-in-law's mother occasionally comes to my Afternoons. Your children will be subjected to a fairly good accent, vaguely Alsatian but better than Aixois. Mme. Wytenhove has had a sad experience. Her husband died of cancer. Unfortunately, her children speak like Spaniards after living in Spain while their father was an



engineer there, but basically they are fairly well bred."

"I do not like living alone in a hotel," I plowed on. "It is too impersonal. I miss my children. I hate the sound of the Vespas revving up in the garage on the Place des Augustins. I have no place to be except in bed. I hate to eat alone in restaurants. I feel unreal when I walk down the Cours at night from a movie, where I have gone because otherwise I would have to go to bed." All this suddenly sounded very voluble but logical and necessary to me, and my accent was forgotten in the relieving gush of words.

Madame looked dispassionately at me. We were sitting across from each other at a beautiful small table piled with her account books, bills, and correspondence, which I soon learned was cleared every night for cards or games. I do not know where she put all the papers, but they were out again in the mornings. "Madame," she said as coolly as any medical diagnostician but more frankly, "you are neurasthenic. Your surroundings are making you so."

I protested, for the English connotation of the word was not at all the way I thought I was. I thought I was bored and lonely, but not at all neurasthenic in the dictionary sense: worried, disturbed in digestion and circulation, emotionally torn, tortured by feelings of inferiority. "Oh, no, Madame," I said. "I am very stable. I am very healthy."

"You are not mentally ill," she said. "You are simply moping. I have a small room—cold, ill-heated, formerly for a maid during the time when Mme. du Barry used this as her town house. I will show it to you. It is now occupied. But until it is free you may lunch and dine here."

I followed her across the tiles of the drawing-room floor and down the long dim corridor that split her apartment into halves, one sunny and spacious and elegant, the other small, with low ceilings and cramped space—made for servants, and filled with people like me, who lived there more happily, perhaps, than any varlets had.

TEN years after the Liberation, French people were still steadying themselves. I became increasingly conscious of this the first time I lived in Aix. Anecdotes—some half laughing and apologetically tragic—came willy-nilly into almost every conversation, and little marble plaques saying things like "To the Memory of Six Martyrs Shot Down by the Invaders" still looked very new on the street walls. People were defeatist, and basically exhausted.

When I returned, some five years later, there was a feeling of comparative easiness of spirit, in spite of the mounting anxiety about the Algerian problem. Women who had seemed harried to the point of masked hysteria in 1954, no matter what their social level, were relaxed and younger looking. This was true of Mme. Duval. She was on guard when I first knew her, wary but conscious of the fact that she had survived the Occupation (which was really three: German, then Italian, then American) and had escaped trouble in spite of being a staunch worker in the Underground for all its duration. She was remote and hard. She fought jauntily a daily battle against poverty and rising prices and inefficient servants and inconscient boarders. She was like a tired aging professional dancer who would not dare stumble. When I saw her next, in 1959, she was younger. A year later, she was younger still. She permitted herself to smile with a real gaiety and to make mischievous but gently amusing comments, which before had been only malicious.

Part of this, I think, was that her daughter, Josephine, after some forty years of grudging residence at home, had moved permanently to Paris. Most of it was that she had accepted the new stresses of postwar existence, and had recovered a little from the strains of war itself. She moved somewhat more slowly, for she must have been well into her seventies, and she used a graceful little silver-headed cane on the streets, but she still supervised the marketing, and paid her calls on other ladies on their Afternoons, and went with composure and no apparent shortness of breath up the beautiful stone stairs, with their wrought-iron balustrades, that rose from the

"What am I celebrating this time? It happens that I'm celebrating Rutherford B. Hayes' birthday."

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street level of the Rue des Forges to her top-floor apartment.

Generations of boarders had flowed in and out since first I met her, and instead of the cool acceptance, the remote calculation, that I had sensed in her then, she seemed the second time around to feel a deep enjoyment in them. She was warm, and I could remember—with no regret, and with real delight that she had changed—my early despair at ever having her like *me*, Mary Frances, the person who was me-Mary-Frances.

Often during the first stay there, I would write home about this unaffrontable detachment. I would talk with my few friends in Aix about how I wanted Madame to accept me as another woman, and not as one more outlander who paid for her food and lodging and took as her due the dispassionate courtesy of the household that was forced to welcome her. Perhaps because I, too, was having to adapt my former ideas of the world to new necessities, I was oversensitive to this attitude of Mme. Duval. I knew that she approved of me as a person of some breeding, but there was always present an overt amazement that any American could really know how to hold a teacup, how to tell the difference between sixteenth- and seventeenth-century sideboards, how to say "*si*" instead of "*oui*" at the right places. I would fight hard not to show my helpless hopeless rage when Madame would introduce me as the only American she had ever known who did not talk through her nose. "Of course, you must have taken many difficult lessons in voice placement," she would say blandly, and when I was fool enough to deny this and to say that both my parents were from Iowa but that I had never heard them speak with nasal voices, she would smile faintly and with heavy-handed tact change the subject. I would go to my room in a fury, and swear to leave the next morning.

This tumultuous resentment of my status lasted as long as I stayed with Madame. I never accepted the plain truth that I myself could hold no interest, no appeal, for the cool, gracious old lady. It was a kind of rebuff that perhaps Americans, very warm, generous, naïve people, are especially attuned to. I explained it to myself. Spiritually, we are fresh children, unable to realize that other peoples are infinitely older and wearier than we. We do not yet know much world-pain, except vicariously. Europeans who grow bored or exasperated with our enthusiasm are not simply feeling superior to us; there is also tolerance and understanding, which we are as yet incapable of recognizing. This is the way I talked to myself, in an almost ceaseless monologue, while I lived with Mme. Duval. It was good for me. Many things I should long since have known, about both outer and inner worlds, grew clearer to me as I learned that no matter how long I lived or how many other lives I might be able to cram into my span, I would never be as old as one of the children in the streets of Aix. I was the product of a young race of newcomers to a virgin land, and must accept every aspect of my racial adolescence.

It was soon plain that I would stand a better chance of the acceptance I craved with Mme. Duval than with any other of the people of her education and breeding who took boarders like me. They were more violently cynical and exhausted than she about the changes in their ways of living and the wounds of Occupation. Some of them were openly resentful of my ambiguous state. I was too old to be a student, yet obviously not qualified to be a scholar or a professor. I called myself a writer, but what did I write and for whom, and even why? I was obviously middle-aged, and yet the mother of two young girls, whom I did not even live with. Neither fish nor fowl.

MME. DUVAL, in spite of her deliberate detachment from her boarders as people, was unswervingly courteous and thoughtful. She remained unruffled through the maddest domestic upheavals, which occurred more frequently in her house than in any other place I have ever lived. She remained in full control of herself, a real lady, even at midnight with a maddened serving-girl whooping through the hall and down the corridor, her brain wild with nightmares of what the invaders had taught her. There was never any feeling of hidden frenzy in the old lady.

This was not true of other women I met, that first time in Aix. In a kind of insane denial of reality (many of them saddled with senile husbands or horribly mutilated sons or unfortunate grandchildren kept as much as possible out of sight), these exhausted women, much in background like my own aunts and their friends, tried to keep their homes running for "paying guests."

They tried, and doggedly, to pretend that it was really intimates they were sharing their homes with, bathed in an utterly false atmosphere of well-being and charm and interesting meals. One, a Mme. Perblantier, was their archetype. Her name was given to me by the head of the Girls' High School, a friend of an old friend from Dijon. Mme. Perblantier would take two or three guests into her home. Perhaps I could rent a better room there than the cubbyhole at Mme. Duval's. I should arrange an interview with her. I did.

Mme. Perblantier lived on the Avenue Ste.-Victoire, in a big house, nondescript from the outside, flush with the bleak street—very much like Spain. All the living rooms, the bedrooms, and the dining room faced toward the southwest onto a beautiful garden that descended gently to the edge of a little tributary of the Arc. Inside, the house sparkled with that particular waxen clutter of the upper French bourgeoisie—varnished cabinets filled with Sèvres teacups, fans spread out in crystal cases, embroidered footstools from faraway military campaigns, a few minor etchings in recognizable styles from the eighteenth century, speckled in their heavy frames. There were flowers. The sunlight poured in through the beautiful windows and stripped Madame's face like a scalpel, seeing viciously into the essence of her, the skin within the skin. She was, like most of the other women of her class, used to a much easier life and was accepting bitterly, bravely, with muted noisiness, the new ways. Probably she had been raised as the child of a high official of landed, if small, gentry. She had inherited or been given as dowry this large, elegant, undistinguished house, with fireplaces and back stairs and all the other necessities of well-run domestic slavery, and now the rooms were almost empty of family, thanks to death and taxes, and there were no more slaves.

Mme. Perblantier invited me to come to dinner, for a kind of mutual and of course unmentioned inspection: perhaps I would *do*? I arrived (Mme. Duval had approved my invitation in a discreetly noncommittal way, in which I could sense a tinge of professional curiosity) bolstered by an armful of flowers, which were accepted almost absent-mindedly, as if anyone would have known enough to bring them.

The evening was ghastly, because Mme. Perblantier, like all the other women of this level whom I had met in Aix, was incredibly stubborn and brave and wearied. The dinner was, in its way, as elaborately presented as was every meal at Mme. Duval's—plates changed from four to six times, with the gold fruit knife laid this way and not that way over the steel cheese knife and the pearl-handled fruit fork, even if it took some three hours, twice a day, for the retarded or deformed little maid of the moment to stumble around behind us and then finally serve the beautiful, artfully mended bowl of grapes and pears. After the endless ritual of coffee, Mme. Perblantier sat like a death's-head, her eyes frantic and her speech witty and stimulating, and she and I knew that she had been up since before daylight, dusting the countless opulent gimcracks and waxing the beautiful tiled floors; and that she had gone halfway across town to the open-air markets and carried home heavy baskets of carefully chosen and delicious fruits and vegetables, and flowers for the sparkling rooms; and that she had supervised a laundry and had done all the planning and part of the cooking. She was dying, literally dying, of fatigue, I thought—and years later she would still be dying of it, although much less plainly as the strain of the war faded.

There we all sat in the lustre of this insane bright shell—her pettish elderly husband, sneering with thinly veiled ferocity at something she twittered about Montaigne or Voltaire to the young American engineer; the two English girls, tittering over their cigarettes behind the Directoire writing table; the old poodle, going desperately into the corner and making a mess on the tiles because there had always been a *valet de chambre* to trot him out before bedtime and now Madame was simply too bone-weary to do it (and dare not ask it of her embittered, feeble old husband, who had never been himself since his legs had been broken in several places in the course of an "interrogation" during the war); the sound of the slavey's feet shuffling heavily between dining room and kitchen with piles of dirty dishes down the long corridor, toward the last-century sink; the beautiful flowers—there we all sat, and I felt a child's fear and dismay. I was caught with a blind woman fighting with courage and stupidity to hold on to shadows.

I returned with eagerness to the imperturbable remoteness of Mme. Duval and her pattern, which suddenly seemed less mad to me, although still criminally wasteful of her spirit.

Just as this spiritual extravagance in the upper-class landladies of Aix depressed me, so did their deliberate self-dramatization exasperate me. Screams, shrieks, vituperation, tears, passionate embraces of reconciliation were the daily music at Mme. Duval's—over a broken cup, a few sous' cheating on the coal bill, a letter that did or did not arrive when expected. Through all the hullabaloo, Madame herself was the storm center, impassive and impregnable, and as I found myself growing fond of her in spite of her detachment toward me, I decided that she deliberately collected about

her a group of near-maniacs whom she used as tools; they would scream in substitution for her, and haggle in her place, and strike people she would like to punish with her own whip. I also came to believe that one reason she kept me at a safe distance was that on the surface, at least, I, too, had been schooled to maintain something of her own calm and detachment.

All the time I lived there on the Rue des Forges, I floated on a hysterical flood of personal clashes, which involved the boarders, the servants, the tradespeople, Madame's one child—Josephine—and even her two cats, who were perhaps the only creatures in the apartment with whom Madame permitted herself to be openly tender. They slept with her in the salon on the couch, which she made up at night into her bed after we had all decorously left her; that way she could rent one more room. Sometimes I would hear her singing and murmuring to them, when she thought she was alone, as she attended to her accounts at the card table by the windows.

They were very handsome, big cats, always lazy except when Minet would yowl for a night or two of freedom. This excited Josephine and the maids, who obviously felt more desirable in an atavistic way at the direct approach to sex of the tom. He would pace in front of the wide windows that opened onto the garden far below, and then, practiced as he was, he would station himself by the carved wooden door to the apartment and at the right moment evade every effort to catch him and streak down the great stone staircase and into the staid street. In a few days, he would return, thin and weary, and revert to his cushions and his voluptuous naps.

This blatant maleness, a never-ending titillation to the younger females of the house, interested neither Madame nor Louloute, the other cat, and they seemed oddly free and happy when Minet was on the town. Often Louloute would care for Minet after one of his escapades, and wash him gently and play with him as if he were a kitten. He accepted this as his due, plainly. Once, he returned with a bronchitic cough, and everything in the apartment—conversation, bickering, dishwashing—would stop while he wheezed and hacked. Another time was the most dramatic, for all of us: Minet came home drenched and shivering, and that same night developed pneumonia. A vet was called. For three weeks, the tomcat must be confined to quarters—not just the apartment but one small cupboard that led off the seventeenth-century toilet of Josephine's room. It was straight melodrama. Conversation at meals hinged largely upon Minet's temperature, his chest rattle, and his appetite. The three weeks seemed longer than usual.

SUBURB HILLTOP

Withdrawn from layers of upper air, ice-blue and clear,
the city wrinkles down under its mist
as if in fear,
as if it wished to hide
under those smoky threads which twist
up in the winter afternoon.
They've spun a huge, bruise-colored cocoon
with all the city's larval movements there inside.

I watch a trolley like a worm explore,
halting, over the valley floor,
the lice of traffic and, far away,
black-feelered freighters squatting on the bay . . .
The smoke's cocoon, half curled
back, shows me this new wriggling world,
framed
where my eye has aimed
and pinned it to the valley floor,
visible through my metaphor.

My urban larva, bared to the sharp view
of such iced weapons and the skies,
what will we do
now? Flutter into butterflies?

—Richard Moore

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But everyone was relieved to find that the big tom's illness acted as a kind of release for Josephine's neurotic world-anger; she became for that time as serene as a young mother with a puling infant.

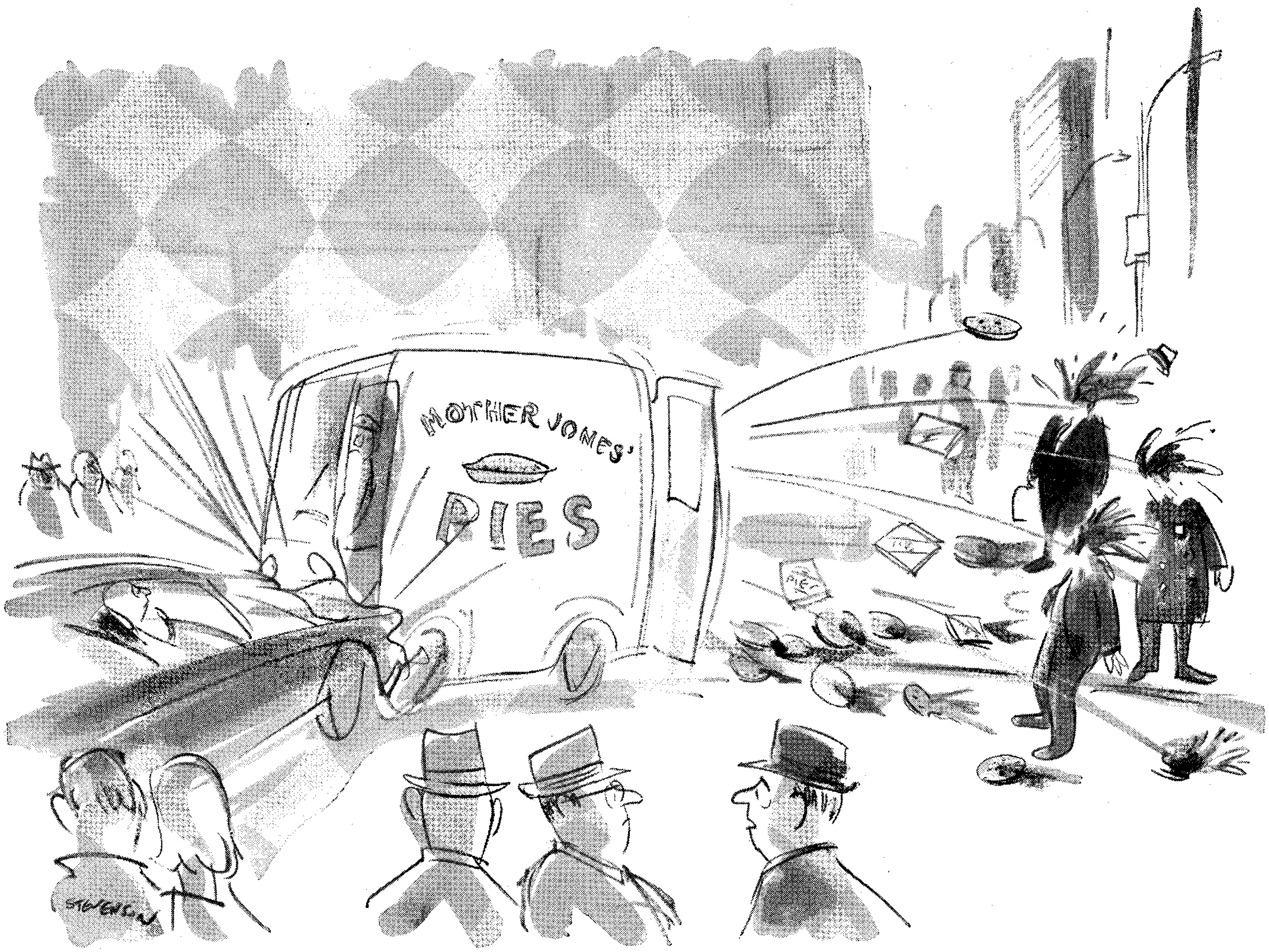
THE head of the Duval household, after Madame herself, was Blanchette—a tall, firmly stout woman of perhaps twenty-eight, who looked much older. She had a big stern face and a pasty skin that periodically turned bilious and yellow. Her position was strange, as only that house could make it; she was the servant in charge of everything, and yet she was accomplice, personal maid, and almost confidante of Madame. She was dictatorial about the continuous changing of charwomen, laundresses, and slaveys, and for the most part she was embarrassingly, mockingly servile with the boarders.

Blanchette and Josephine were violently jealous of their somewhat similar dependence on Madame's tranquillity, and had dreadful rows, screaming and cursing each other behind ineffectually closed doors. Madame would speak nonchalantly of nothings, with not a wrinkle on her round, noble little face, while the wild yells pierced the clear air of Aix. At the next meal, both ferocious, unhappy women would be bland and released—for a time, at least—from their helpless rage.

A good custom in the Duval house was that breakfasts were always served in our bedrooms. This made it simpler for Blanchette, even though it meant ten or twelve trips with trays down the long corridor, and I always thought that it gave Madame a fairer chance to turn her narrow little bed back into an elegant couch again in the salon.

Now and then, Blanchette would talk with me as she knelt in front of my minuscule tile stove to start a morning fire with the five-inch kindling it would hold. Once, she was open and without real bitterness, and showed only resignation. That was when she told me how she never went to church any more, because of the day of cease-fire, when everyone flowed helplessly into the chapels and cathedrals of France to thank God and she cursed Him instead. "It was all a lie," she said, without obvious emotion, "and now I am damned with the rest of us. But I am not damned for being a hypocrite."

And that morning she told me that she had once had a real gift for music, and had been considered very advanced in piano when her town was invaded,



"You could live a thousand years and never see a thing like that again."

* * *

early in the war. Her family was killed, but she was kept on in what must have been her well-appointed home by the commander of the invaders, who chose it because of the fine concert piano in the salon. He heard that Blanchette missed her music, so, with what she called relish, he permitted her to sit for hours to listen to him play. Orders were given that if she even touched her piano she would be shot, but as one music lover to another the officer let her silently enjoy his own technique.

I came to know Blanchette as a person so far beyond normal despair that she was magnificent. She did not even walk through the town like other people; she strode with a kind of cosmic disgust from market place to meatshop and wine merchant, a fierce frown on her dark-browed face, and her firm breasts high. She got a certain amount of money each day from her mistress for all provisions for the table, and if she could buy what was ordered for less than her allotment she was allowed to keep the difference. She marketed honestly, and we always ate well, although with an insidious monotony after the first interest wore off.

Blanchette had a good taste for style, and often made Josephine's clothes when she made her own. She also saw to it, in a tactful way, that Madame at her Afternoons or on her formal calls to other old ladies' Afternoons was neatly turned out—in a way unique to places like Aix, and perhaps Paris, where such rituals are still followed. Madame's Afternoon was every third Thursday, and on those days Blanchette was the perfect domestic, plainly revelling in her characterization. She was deft, silent, attentive, almost invisible in her correct black-and-white uniform—which was somewhat like seeing the Victory of Samothrace in livery—but not at all ridiculous. The little cakes were delicious. The tea, one of Madame's few self-indulgences, was of the finest in all Europe, or even China.

And usually the supper that followed an Afternoon was pure hell, with sulks, screams, and general bad temper from Josephine, Blanchette, Minet, Louloute, and a few of the boarders. Madame remained aloof, a pleased little smile on her lips to remember that the old Countess de Barzan had taken two sandwiches, and that little Hélène de Villiers was finally engaged to an elderly diplomat from Istanbul.

Now and then, Blanchette would cry out that she could not stand her life any longer, and that she would kill herself unless Madame let her run away. These were tense moments, no matter how often they arrived. Madame would become pale and stern. Josephine would hide in her room and clutch at passersby in the corridor, to whisper about how evil and dangerous Blanchette could be in one of her crises, which were decorously referred to as "liver spells" but obviously came at monthly intervals and involved violent headaches, nausea, and tantrums. They grew very dull, in a noisy way, but I always felt ashamed of my ennui in the face of such overt fury, and stolid and undemonstrative and therefore unfeeling.

One time, Blanchette got so far in one of her threatened escapes as to dress for the street—which was very correctly—

"To life!"

• •

in hat, gloves, and high-heeled shoes. (She always looked more like a young astute madam than a respectable whore.) She was leaving. The household held its breath. We all heard her come down the narrow stairs from her tiny room in the attic, which she once showed me, and which she had painted to match a postcard of Vincent van Gogh's room in Arles. We heard her go firmly down the corridor to the toilet and then come back and stop at the salon, where Madame was waiting, at her accounts.

Josephine sent the maid of the moment slipping into my room. The trembling little halfwit held a big stylish handbag under her apron. She motioned me to be silent, and without a by-your-leave hid it under some papers on my desk.

I felt like a hypnotized hen, too dazed to protest, and when the door opened after a perfunctory knock, which I did not even bother to answer, and Blanchette stood stonily inside the room, I sat numbly, watching the little maid pretend to dust the top of a table with her apron and observing that Blanchette was puffed out like a maddened turkey, with a face as yellow-white as frozen butter. She was handsome.

"Where have you hidden my purse, you filthy sneak?" she asked the maid in a menacingly quiet way.

I felt that she was very dangerous, and was glad my girls were not there, for I did not think their presence would have stopped this, even though she showed them more affection than anything else. When they visited me, she was always gentle with them.

The little slavey lied too volubly, and Blanchette turned to me and said flatly, "Perhaps you will help me. I must flee this. I am desperate. I will stop at nothing. If these beasts keep me from taking what is mine—my own money, my wages—I shall kill myself. Here. Now."

It is perhaps as well that I have forgotten what I said, but I know it was ambiguous and basically weak—something about not knowing enough of the true situation to permit myself to be involved in it.

Blanchette shrugged, looked once at the maid as if she were a slug under a board, and went out. I gave the purse to the maid, for Mme. Duval.

By suppertime that night, Blanchette was back in her black serving dress, and she had cooked an omelet with fresh chopped mushrooms that was superlative, along with the rest of the evening ritual of soup and salad and a delicate pudding. I noticed a kind of awed constraint in Josephine and her mother. The little servant trembled more than usual as she changed the plates endlessly.

The next day, Madame said in an aside to me when I paid my monthly bill that the household was quite used to Blanchette's crises. They were the result of the Occupation, she said. They were frightening but unimportant. Blanchette was a courageous soul if one came to know her. "And I cannot go on alone," she added, almost absent-mindedly.

IT is understandable that a woman fiercely enough disillusioned to curse God, as was Blanchette, would find the human beings she must work with beneath her contempt. This complicated the extraordinary difficulties Mme. Duval faced in trying to find domestic help in Aix in 1954. Many people had died. Many more were maimed in one way or another. The children born during the war years were not yet old enough to work. Worst of all, from an employer's point of view, the few adolescents whose families were willing to have them go into service, as they had done for decades, were handicapped by malnutrition and worse, and were unfit for anything demanding normal wits and muscles. Many of them were displaced persons, who had been shipped here and there to labor camps all over Europe, and who—perhaps mercifully—hardly remembered who they were or what language they had first mumbled.

The procession of these human castoffs was steady in the beautiful, enormous apartment on the Rue des Forges. Sometimes a maid would last for two or three days. Then the orders of Madame about what plate to pick up and from which side, or the ill-tempered and loud mocking of Josephine, or the patent disgust of a boarder over a ruined dress or jacket would send her with hysterics to the kitchen, and she would vanish into her own swampland of country misery again.

Once, there was a feeble old Polish woman. She spoke almost no French. She crawled slowly up and down the great staircase, carrying buckets of ashes to the trash cans on the street and loads of coke and kindling up from the cellars. I had to set my teeth to pass her, but if I had tried to help her she would have cowered against the wall in a hideous fear of my motives or my madness. She did not stay long. She was too feeble even to dry the glasses without dropping them.

There were many Spanish refugees in Aix then, and one of them, Marie-France, lasted long enough for me to remember her as a person instead of a sick symbol. She was sturdy and almost gay, and she and Blanchette alternated laughter and passionate hatred in their relationship, for they had to sleep together in the van Gogh attic, and eat together in the dark, dank kitchen, and in general cope in the most primitive way with the exigencies of living in an ancient house with several other people, archaic plumbing, and gigantesque rooms heated by drafty marble fireplaces or tiny porcelain stoves, which were set up like teapots every late autumn after everyone was either in bed with severe colds or wrapped in all available shawls, sweaters, lap robes, and tippets. (For dinner, Madame often wore a finger-length cape of thick, long monkey fur, which her husband had given her in Monaco in 1913.) Marie-France was cursed with eyes so near blind that finally they were her undoing. She stumbled willingly about the apartment, knocking over little tables and leaving a thick film of dust and crumbs, which, fortunately, Madame herself was a little too nearsighted to notice. Blanchette stormed after her on the bad days, and yelled jokingly at her on the others, and between the two of them there seemed a general air of fellow-endurance, until, on one of her days off, the little Spanish maid ran her bicycle straight into a large truck—perhaps seeing it as an inviting continuation of the highway she felt fairly sure she was on—and a car, in trying to avoid the zigzag truck, hit it and then her, so that she was badly crushed. We felt sad. Her weak eyes were blamed on the hardships of her refugee childhood, and the motorists were dismissed as men whose driving undoubtedly had been influenced by the liberating Yanks and Tommies in '44.

There was one very strong, coarse woman who, for a time, had at least physical energy to give to the ménage, although Blanchette shuddered often and volubly over her foul language. She was completely of the streets—not necessarily in her morals, which were as blunt and sturdy as she was herself, but in her skill at survival. Every city evolves such people, in its most evil districts. They are built in a special way, with bodies like brick walls, and with cruel eyes and mouths, and stunted, bowed arms and legs. They are as tenacious of life as it is possible to be in this world, and after plagues, famines, and wars they reappear from the holes in which they have managed to exist. They are not loyal or sincere, the way cats are not that. They are capable of unthinking devotion and tenderness, though. And, unlike the more sensitive and highly organized people, they seem almost incapable of being hurt in their spirits. If they have not bred out their own spiritual nerves, they have, at least, developed through the centuries of travail a thick skin to protect them from weakness and, above all, from fear. Claire was one of this breed.

I had never lived so closely with her kind, and I was glad to, for she was not at all unpleasing. Her manners were not uncouth with me, any more than a dog's would be, or a parrot's. Once, she asked me if she might take my mending home, and I agreed gladly, but she would not let me pay her. Like many charwomen in the world, she lived alone in a mean room in one of the ghettos that every old town hides. Perhaps Aix could admit to more than its share of these sores, many of them sprawling behind some of the world's most elegant and beautiful façades, and I knew the quarter where Claire slept. It was miserable, with litter in the doorway and from far down its dank hall a sickening whiff that drifted out almost as tangible as sulphur gas into the street.

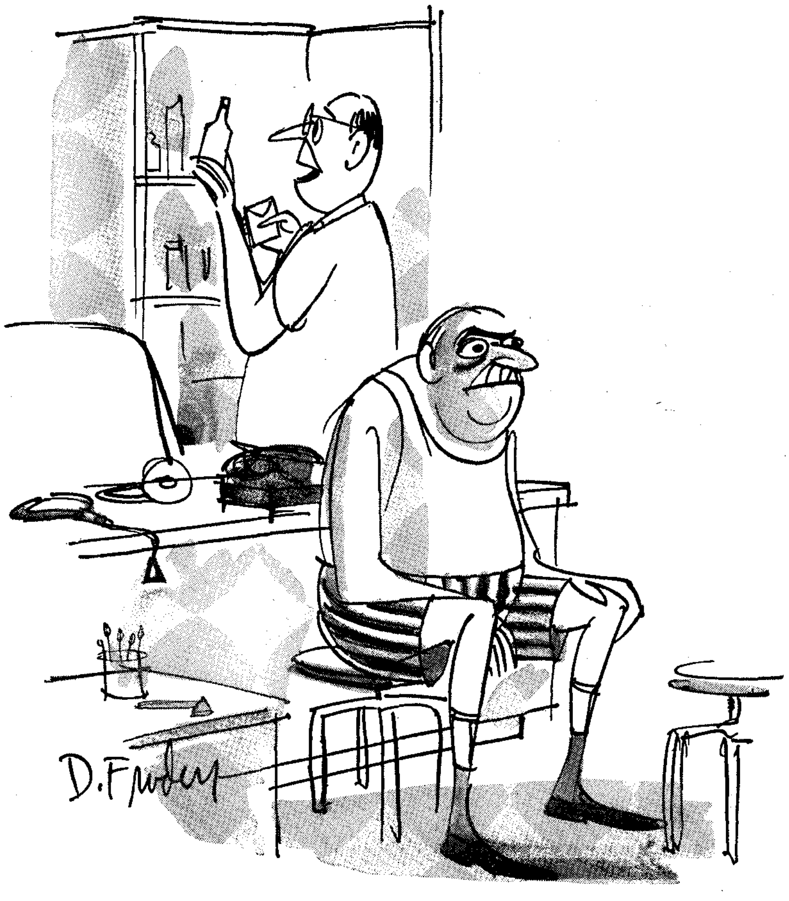
Claire admitted to being sixty-five, Blanchette announced mockingly the morning there was nobody to help her serve the trays. Where was she? On her way to Spain with a man. She had left a note. Blanchette read it harshly: "Hi, old girl . . . I'm off on a *voyage d'amour* . . . he's young and handsome . . . see you in Barcelona? Wow!"

Madame reached automatically for her list of domestic last resorts and said mildly, "Perhaps a proof that while there is life there is hope."

Blanchette shrugged bitterly and closed the salon door without a sound behind her, but slammed the one into the kitchen with the report of a cannon.

The maid I remember most sadly in this procession of bedraggled, broken women was the first I met there. Her name was Marie-Joseph, and she walked with the shuffle of an old, weakened, exhausted person, although she could not yet have been twenty. Some of her teeth were gone. Mostly, she was unconscious of the world, so that she had to be told several times to pick up a dropped fork, or close a door. She used to exasperate Josephine to the explosion point, but Madame never allowed her daughter to scream at the little maid as she did at her own mother, and often Josephine would leap up from the table and run down to her room, sobbing frantically. Marie-Joseph never blinked at these outbursts, but they left the rest of us less interested in the amenities of the table, which were observed to their limits by anyone in Madame's presence.

One night, perhaps a



"My advice to you, Mr. Weston, is that you relax your vigilance against Communism just a wee bit."

WELCOME WAGON

WELCOME WAGON

few weeks after I had moved into my little *chambre de bonne* in the beautiful old house, I was propelled out of deep sleep and bed itself, and was into the dim hall before I knew that a most terrible scream had sent me there. It still seemed to writhe down toward me. Two American girls who were staying for six weeks on their way to the Smith College course at the Sorbonne came stumbling to their door. One was weeping and chattering with shock. There was another long, dreadful scream. It came from up in the attic, where Blanchette had to share her bright décor with the current slavey, and already I was so imbued with the sinister spirit of the big woman that a logical sequence of unutterable crimes, crises, attacks flicked through my mind as I stood waiting. The door to the salon opened and Madame was there, calm in a gray woollen dressing gown and the kind of lacy headgear I had not seen since my grandmother died in 1922. I think it was called a boudoir cap.

There was a great crashing of heavy feet on the wooden stairs to the maids' room, and Marie-Joseph ran out into the long tiled corridor. She was almost unrecognizable. Her eyes were alive and blazing, her hair stood out wildly instead of lying dull and flat, and she moved as fast as a hunted animal down to where Madame stood. She threw herself on the floor there, sobbing, "Save me! Help me!" and a long babble without words.

The American girls were crying.

Madame frowned a little. "Tell them to calm themselves," she said to me. "Get up, Marie-Joseph. Stop that noise. Blanchette, come down at once."

Blanchette was halfway down the stairs, pulling her hair up with pins. She seemed as forbidding as ever, but not upset. She looked at Madame with a bored shrug. "Here we go again. This is the last time, you understand?" she said, and gently picked up the half-conscious girl and carried her, as firmly as any strong man could, up into her garish room.

Madame sighed. "We must retire. Thank you for being patient. That poor soul was cruelly tampered with when she was a child during the Occupation, and she stopped growing. Now and then she comes alive and remembers, and it is terrible. Good night."

In spite of myself, I reached out my hand to her arm. Perhaps it was because I was still hearing the first scream and then the second and I, too, was shocked. Mme. Duval moved away from me with almost imperceptible reproof, and I turned from her with a polite good night and went along to my room, feeling chastened, reduced to clumsy childhood at my ripe age.

Marie-Joseph was sent back to her farm; Madame respected her family as one sorely tried by the state of their daughter, but she knew that no patience from her could make the poor thing into even a slavey, and we started the long stream of nitwits, sick old whores, and dipsomaniacs again.

All this intimacy with the raw wounds of war was doubly intense with me—perhaps because I was alone, and middle-aged, and scarred from my own battles since last I had lived in France. At times, I felt myself almost disintegrating with the force of the incredible vitality of the people I was with. They were wasteful and mistaken and hysterically overt, and yet, buffeted as I was by all the noise of their will to survive, I could not but admit in my loneliest hours that I was more alive with them than I was anyplace else in my known world. I was apart. I was not accepted except as an inoffensive and boringly polite Paying Guest. But the people who blandly took what they needed from me, which was openly nothing but money, were teaching me extraordinary things about myself and my place in this new knowledge. I learned much from the warped, malnourished drudges of Madame's household that year.

THE physical climate of the Duval apartment was almost as erratic as the emotional, with dramatic fevers and chills from everyone and at unexpected times.

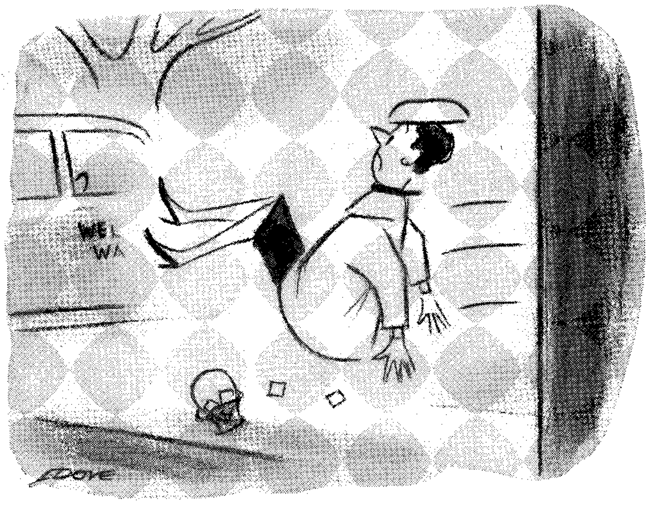
One night, Minet the tom would let out a gurgle from his suppertime position on the dining-room sideboard and flip off onto the floor. Josephine would scream and rush to pick him up. Blanchette would dash from the kitchen across the corridor and cry out, "No, no, do not touch him, I implore you! He is plainly mad! He will bite you!"

Madame would look in a mild way over her shoulder and say, "Leave him alone, both of you. He has perhaps a small stomach ache. Blanchette, you may serve the caramel custard."

Minet would lie on the floor, while Josephine gobbled viciously at her pudding, her eyes red with tears and anger. We all knew that after dinner she would slip out of the house to the Deux Garçons, the nearest public telephone, and call her vet. While she was thus secretly away, Madame would carry Minet to her couch, and give him half an aspirin.

Josephine herself was, inevitably, a mass of neurotic symptoms. They were, of course, unknown and inexplicable to any of the countless doctors she had consulted in her forty-odd years of

WELCOME WAGON



world-sickness. They involved mysteries as yet unplumbed—at least, by the medicos—and her fear of psychiatric help was almost frantic. She had monumental hiccups now and then, which called for deep sedation. She had fits of dreadful weeping. She had dolorous shooting sensations in this or that part of her fundamentally very strong body. All of these attacks were as close to the rest of us as this morning's coffee, and as inescapable, and her medical pattern added a kind of rhythm to our lives.

So did Blanchette's periodic "liver crises." They usually meant that for at least one day we made short shrift in the dining room. This was basically agreeable—Josephine became helpful and almost pleasant, and Madame seemed to be less graciously remote. The laborious and genteel clatter of changing plates and silverware diminished, and we lingered over two or three courses instead of five or six.

Now and then, Madame herself succumbed to human ills, and they always seemed especially poignant to me, for, except in dire trouble, she insisted upon continuing the serene pattern of her privately frenzied efforts to keep the family head above water. She would walk slowly to the table at noon, her face suddenly small and vulnerable under her carefully combed white hair, and the conversation would lag a little in her general apathy, but when she finally walked away we would know that she most probably would be there again in the evening, ignoring boldly the fact that Dr. Blanc had told her to keep to her bed.

Once, she had to stay there with a bad pleurisy. For the first and only time, the salon was openly admitted to be her bedroom, since there was no other place in the big apartment to put her. I wanted to offer her my room, and finally did so, but I was snubbed with exquisite tact for such presumption: it was a family problem, not to be shared with an outsider.

Any such illness was complicated by Madame's insistence that the household try to function as it would have done fifty or a hundred years before, when there were five servants or even ten. It was insane. But it served to bring all of Blanchette's ferocious courage into full splendor, and we ate in muted satiety while, in the beautiful room next to the long airy dining room with the crests over the doors and mantelpiece, Madame lay wheezing as quietly as possible.

Once, she had a bad attack of sciatica. She hobbled gamely about, but gave up her trips to market. My room was next to the bathroom, and one day I heard her sitting there in a steam tent made of old towels, trying to warm her poor aged muscles, and she was groaning without restraint, although I had seen her a half hour earlier looking almost as always, if somewhat preoccupied.

It is very hard to listen to an old woman groan, especially when that is not her custom. I had to fight my instinctive feeling that I was in some way her daughter and that I must try to help her. I stood impotently in my little room. Finally, I went down the corridor and knocked at Josephine's door. "Please excuse me," I said, "but Madame is in the bathroom and she seems to be in considerable pain."

Josephine looked coldly at me. "Please do not worry yourself," she said. "She is quite all right. She is simply making a little scene."

I went out for a dogged fast walk through the streets, and stood listening to several fountains to get the sounds of the old woman, and even more so of the young one, out of my head.

One time, John Sorenson and I, two boarders for the time being, met a decrepit old nanny trying to push an empty perambulator up to the first landing of the house; one of Mme. Duval's guests was entertaining a niece with a young baby. John insisted, in the firm, simple way of most Anglo-Saxon men, that he and I help carry the pram on up. The old woman cringed, and scuttled ahead, and for several weeks we were somewhat testily teased by Madame about this breach of etiquette; a person of a certain class—and John was unmistakably of the top level in his own country—does not assist in any way a man or woman of a lower class than his own.

This was a flat statement, made at dinner one evening. John had betrayed his background. I, on the other hand, as a relatively uncouth American, could not be blamed for my breach of breeding and manners, but I might perhaps have learned a lesson.

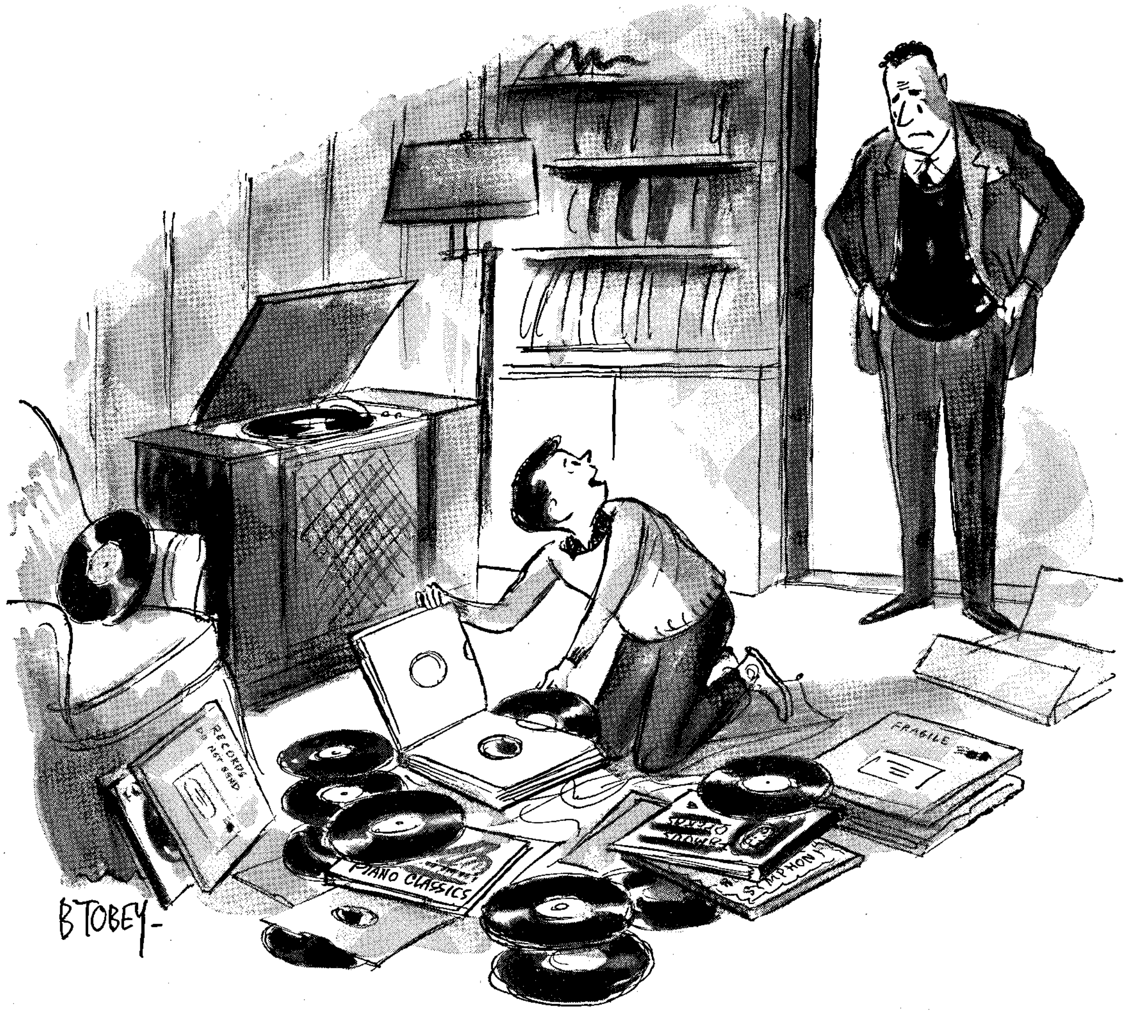
"But she was very old," John said.

Madame's reply I can still hear: "I shall never forget one time I was about to cross the Cours Mirabeau. I felt very faint. I leaned against a tree. A kindly woman, very ordinary, came up to me and helped me across the street. It was most good of her, but it was rude."

We said, "But Madame—did you need her? Could you have crossed alone?"

"Yes, I did need help, and I could not possibly have crossed without collapsing, but she was not at all of my station, and it was basically forward and pushing of her to offer to help me. I would have preferred to fall where I was, unassisted by such a person."

John could appreciate this in his own inverted way, but I was, and I



"Now, simmer down, Dad. All I'm doing is enjoying them for ten full days on approval."

remain, somewhat baffled and very much repelled by it. It was a conditioned reflex in the fine old lady, as natural to her as her need of a fish fork for fish and a dessert fork for the *tarte aux abricots*.

One more question we asked, before each in his own way pushed the matter into partial limbo. "Would you not have helped this woman if she had felt ill, just as we helped the old servant with her pram?"

"Never," Madame said simply, and we tackled the scallop of veal.

LETTERS from Madame between my two stays in Aix told of a series of ghastly operations, collapses, and maladies that afflicted Josephine in Paris, but never mentioned her own state of health, and when I saw her again in 1959 she did indeed look younger and less withdrawn.

She was, perhaps, encouraged by the fact that she, of all her old friends, was the one who had fought through the strange profession—come so late in life to her—of being a landlady. "They," she told me mockingly, lived in their moldy shawls, playing bezique and bridge and tattling over their teacups. She alone supervised her household, her table, and her social life, and she did it with a late but appealing jauntiness.

Blanchette was gone, in a cosmic huff. She finally ran away, convinced that Josephine had become the mistress of a man in Corsica for whom Blanchette cooked during one of her summer vacations. If it was not that, it was something equally fantastic, Madame said with a shrug. Life, she added, had been a dream of tranquillity since the big ferocious tyrant had disappeared, and now things progressed in seraphic perfection under the thumb of a sallow cricket of a woman, well-spoken and as sharp-eyed as a ferret, who "lived out."

It was this woman who hired the continuing but somewhat more palatable flow of maids of the moment, and took care of the meals, and the accounts. She coddled Madame. She put up with no nonsense from the boarders. One had the feeling that if it was her prescribed time of day to leave the apartment and return to her own home she would step neatly over any number of bleeding bodies and be deaf to no matter what cries for help but that up until that moment she would do all she could to be a devoted and well-paid savior. I did not like her at all, and do not recall her name, but I felt thankful that in the late years of Mme. Duval's troubled life she had fallen into the deft hands of this assistant.

I was glad for the look of relaxation in my friend's smooth old face—by now I could freely call her friend. At last, she had accepted me, perhaps for one of the rare times in her life, as a loyal and affectionate admirer, in spite of my lack of ancestral permanency.

"Madame is originally from Ireland," she would say defensively when I was the only American among her world-exhausted friends. "Her culture is obviously inherited."

I forgave her. She had accepted me for *myself*, in spite of any such protests. At last, with this adamant old woman, I was me-Mary-Frances.

The day before my last departure, we lunched together in a beautiful old converted château. She told me with laughing cynicism how it had been declared a Historical Monument in order to reduce the taxes, and refurbished by a retired chef and his rich wife in order to profit by the armies of hungry tourists who wanted real French cooking in the proper Crane-fixtured setting. Meanwhile, we ate slowly and delightedly, and drank with appreciative moderation, and savored the reward of our relationship.

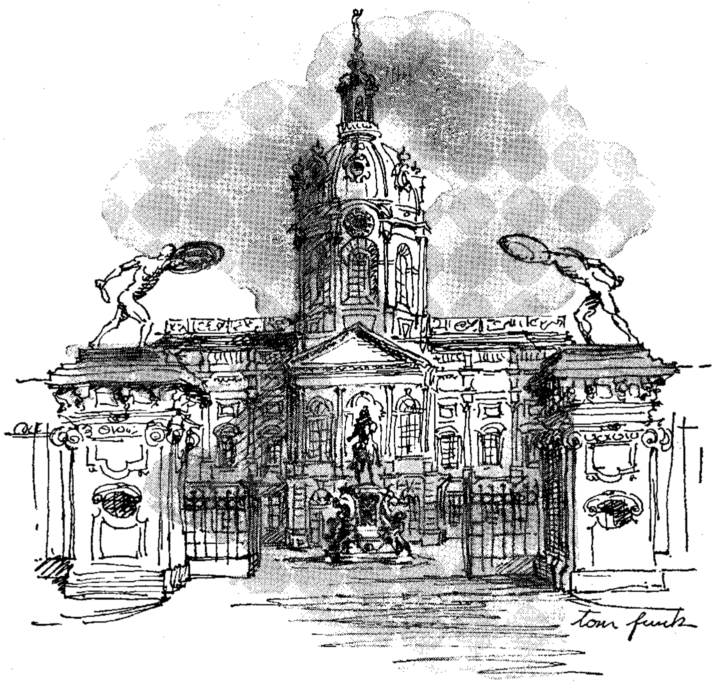
She took my arm as we walked down the long stairway of the château-restaurant, and when she next wrote to me, in far California, she began, "Dear and faithful friend." —M. F. K. FISHER

•

Stocks of the three carriers that raised their dividends all scored gains. New York Central rose xx, Northern Pacific added xx and the Chicago & North Western tacked on a net advance of xx. Coast Line went up xxx points, while the Seaboard rose xxx.—*The Times.*

But yyy?

LETTER FROM BERLIN



PROBABLY nowhere else on the Continent did President Kennedy's death give people the deep sense of personal loss that it did in West Berlin. To West Berliners, the President was more than a symbol of the protective power of the United States; he was the personal trustee of their future and their freedom. They have had to develop a sharp political instinct, and they trusted Kennedy personally more than they have trusted any other American, with the possible exception of General Lucius Clay. Nowhere else in Europe was Kennedy received with such genuine warmth during his tour last June. Though he spent only eight hours in the city, his physical presence affected almost everybody, and since then people have never stopped talking about it. Berliners are known to be tough and unsentimental, and if they don't like a man, they make no bones about it. Many of those in the welcoming throngs were not content with just one look at President Kennedy. As soon as the official cavalcade had passed by the place where they were standing, they jumped into their cars and hurried off to wait on some block farther ahead, like extras in "Aïda" who prolong the triumphal march after trooping once across the stage by returning behind the scenes to their starting point and crossing again. Lord Mayor Willy Brandt told the President, "We don't really have that many people here. They always seem to be the same ones." And Kennedy's words "*Ich bin ein Berliner*," at the end of his speech here, still cause a tingle in the spines of those who heard them. As far as West Berliners are concerned, he remains *ein Berliner*, and there was no false swelling of the crowd of sixty thousand people who carried torches through the streets on the evening of his death; nor were there repeaters among the thousands who put lighted candles in their windows, or among the more than three hundred thousand who signed a scroll of condolence.

In East Berlin, although the shock and grief were less visibly expressed, they were equally profound. Those who were in that sector immediately after the assassination report that it was not unusual to see individuals weeping openly, or strangers stopping each other for dazed discussion of the event. Few East Berliners dared to display lighted candles publicly, but in many cases the candles were there, in the darker recesses of rooms. The East Berliners paid little attention to the official Communist news announcements that spoke of "provocation" and cast the outlines of an elaborate Right Wing plot. They were bothered because they thought the real story was being withheld from them; they didn't know that it was withheld from everybody everywhere, and that no one will ever know it fully. Primarily, their distress stemmed from uncertainty as to the future. "Kennedy was a realist, and Khrushchev respected him," one of them was quoted as saying. "How will it be with Johnson? Will he talk to Khrushchev about us?"

One thing that West Berliners are grateful to President Kennedy for is the fact that he sent Lyndon Johnson to their city in August, 1961, a few days after the erection of the Communist wall, and they thus had a first-hand opportunity to meet the man who is now President. But they nourish their strongest gratitude toward the dead President because, it is now generally agreed here, his handling of the Cuban crisis in October, 1962, prompted a decisive upturn in the city's morale, which had sagged lower and lower ever since the building of the wall. After the initial shock, many young people complained of feeling locked in, and unhappily concluded that they would have to leave for the West. Cuba changed all that—although the reaction here was curious to the extent that it never seemed to occur to anyone that Berlin could still be next on Khrushchev's crisis list. Since then—as one indication of confidence—real-estate values have gone up thirty per cent. Signs of new prosperity are everywhere visible to one who, like myself, has been away for more than a year. Driving a rented car from Tempelhof Airport after my arrival on this visit, I soon became lost in a spiderweb of new *Schnellstrassen*—freeways. I was confused by new tall buildings that must have been mere blueprints when I was last here. High cranes rose against the sky, and all over the city still more skyscrapers were going up. In the past year, thousands of men and women, most of them in their twenties, have moved here from the Federal Republic, and for the first time since the war the city's population has actually increased.

Typical of the rejuvenation going on here is the new look of the Kochstrasse, which was Berlin's Fleet Street before the war, and which happens to run right next to the wall. Two years ago, the deserted, bombed-out area might have been taken for a lunar landscape. Then Axel Springer, West Germany's most powerful press lord, determined to revive the district, and built a vast aluminum-and-glass structure to house the offices of his publications. The Berlin edition of his influential newspaper *Die Welt* is now being issued from the new building, and the paper's editors have almost become accustomed to the depressing vista from their windows: the wall, the guards patrolling the East German "death strip" behind it, the barbed wire, the cold, dead ruins in East Berlin. All those who work in the structure have been insured through Lloyd's of London against being hit by stray bullets, and they also practice taking cover in regular drills, which secretaries and typists attend with all the enthusiasm of passengers on a liner attending lifeboat drill. Other businessmen have followed Springer's lead, and Kochstrasse has again become a lively thoroughfare, with new shops, houses, offices, and banks, and its own post office and taxi stands. The presence of the wall is fiercely ignored. But it is there, just the *same, emphasizing the contrast between* the busy life in the West and the ghostly silence on the other side, where civilian traffic is prohibited within three city blocks of the boundary.

THE rejuvenation of the Kochstrasse is small potatoes compared to a mammoth seventeen-and-a-half-million-dollar, three-level entertainment-and-shopping complex, with two office buildings, one of twenty-two stories, that is currently under construction on a five-and-a-half-acre site in the heart of West Berlin, behind the city's most photographed ruin, the Memorial Church, on the Kurfürstendamm—the largest postwar building project in all West Germany. Known as Europa Center, and scheduled for completion in 1964, the enterprise is almost exclusively a product of the visionary thinking and coolheaded financial skill of one man, a bright-eyed, soft-spoken Berliner of fifty-three named Karl Heinz Pepper, who says that the project "may change the face of this city the way Rockefeller Center changed the face of New York." One thing it has already done is to solve the problem, long a vexing one to the municipal authorities, of what should become of the property it is being built on—an area that was completely bombed out during the war and that has remained, until Pepper's excavators began moving in a few months ago, a wasteland of rubble, tenanted only by a low-class amusement park, a cheap circus, booths selling *shashlik*, and a cinema proclaiming that its films were "For Adults Only." The local newspapers called the whole expanse Berlin's *Schandfleck*, or shame.

The site has a romantic past. Older Berliners can remember when one of the buildings on it housed the Romanisches Café, a literary and artistic hangout that was as famous in the early decades of this century as Vienna's now defunct Herrenhof and Budapest's currently ailing Café New York. Now some of the old-time customers of the Romanisches will reluctantly admit that in reality it was rather a shabby place, situated in a dreadful building—half fortress and half railroad station—that emphasized the worst features of Wilhelmian "style." Furthermore, although the café's round marble tables and uncomfortable wooden chairs were occupied by various cliques, separated from one another by invisible walls and audible feuds, today's retrospective heretics concede with sorrow that some of the lucky people who succeeded in worming their way into the cliques were not authentic bohemians but hangers-on from the despised bourgeoisie.

At the end of the war, no one could figure out what to do with a site as large and valuable as this one, and the problem was made all the harder by the fact that ownership of the property was split several different ways. Pepper provided the answer. The son of a prosperous piano manufacturer, Pepper had built up a successful postwar business in radios, television sets, and electrical appliances, and had then branched out in several directions, including real estate, construction, and theatrical and motion-picture ventures. He had also begun to collect medieval madonnas and old tapestries, but from the start he had lived modestly and he continued to do so—driving himself around in a Volkswagen, for instance. Whenever he drove past the *Schandfleck*, the sight disturbed him. A few days after East Berlin built its wall, he decided to do something about it, and, through the Dresdner Bank, began buying up the land. The bank itself already held many of the parcels involved, but one, which was right in the middle of the site, turned out to have become the subject of a complicated lawsuit between two parties, each of which claimed to own it. Rather than wait for the courts to straighten things out, which might have taken years, Pepper agreed to pay off *both* litigants in full. The site cost him a total of ten million marks—two and a half million dollars, or about half a million dollars an acre—but since the Cuban crisis the cost of land in that part of the city has shot up to two and a half million dollars an acre. To people who compliment him on his vision, Pepper replies that he owes a lot to luck; he happened to pick the right time, he says, and he was also lucky in happening to live in devastated Berlin, for no other metropolis would conceivably have had such a large piece of undeveloped property right in the center of the city.

Werner Düttmann, an architect and city planner, helped Pepper work out the

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Germaine Monteil

specific plans for the Center. These call for housing its entertainment and shopping facilities on three levels—basement, street, and upper—linked by escalators, elevators, and stairways. In the field of entertainment, provision has been made for two cinemas, a small theatre, a large theatre, eleven restaurants, a cabaret, a flower market, a skating rink ("inspired by Rockefeller Center," Pepper says), a large sidewalk café, a variety of cafeterias and snack bars, a sauna, and a three-quarter-acre roof garden with trees, flower beds, pools, benches, modern sculptures, and so on. For shoppers, there will be a department store and more than a hundred other stores—"beautifully orchestrated, so that a jeweller's shop will not be placed next to a delicatessen," Pepper says. Some of the stores will do business on all three levels, connected by private elevators and stairways. A hairdressing establishment, for instance, will have a barbershop in the basement, a *parfumerie* on the street level, and a beauty parlor on the upper level. Pedestrians will be able to reach the buildings by means of a tunnel under the Kurfürstendamm and three bridges across surrounding streets; autos will enter the Center by means of a ramp leading to a fifteen-hundred-car parking lot. The twenty-two-story office structure—the highest building in Berlin—will be completely air-conditioned and, according to Pepper, "as beautiful as some of those lovely steel-and-glass dreams on Park Avenue." A bar on the roof will "make San Franciscans homesick for the Top of the Mark," says the entrepreneur, who has obviously been getting around a bit in recent years. One question Pepper doesn't feel capable of answering yet concerns whether the Center will include a new Romanisches Café. "You can't create a legend," he says. "A legend must grow. We plan to experiment with a tiny café in the basement, just to see if those beatniks who hang out along the Kudamm want a place where they can carry on the tradition of their spiritual forefathers by sitting around and abusing mankind."

ALL Berliners agree that a new and highly emotional chapter in their city's story was begun last month with the agreement between the West Berlin city authorities and Walter Ulbricht's East German government allowing West Berliners to make holiday visits to the eastern sector. West Berliners are violently divided in their estimates of the possible long-term consequences of

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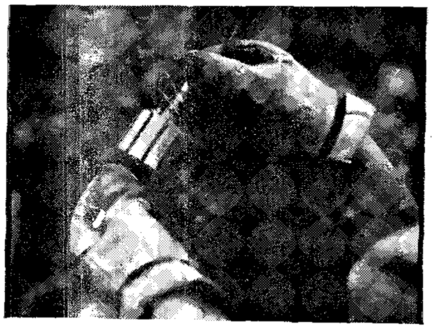

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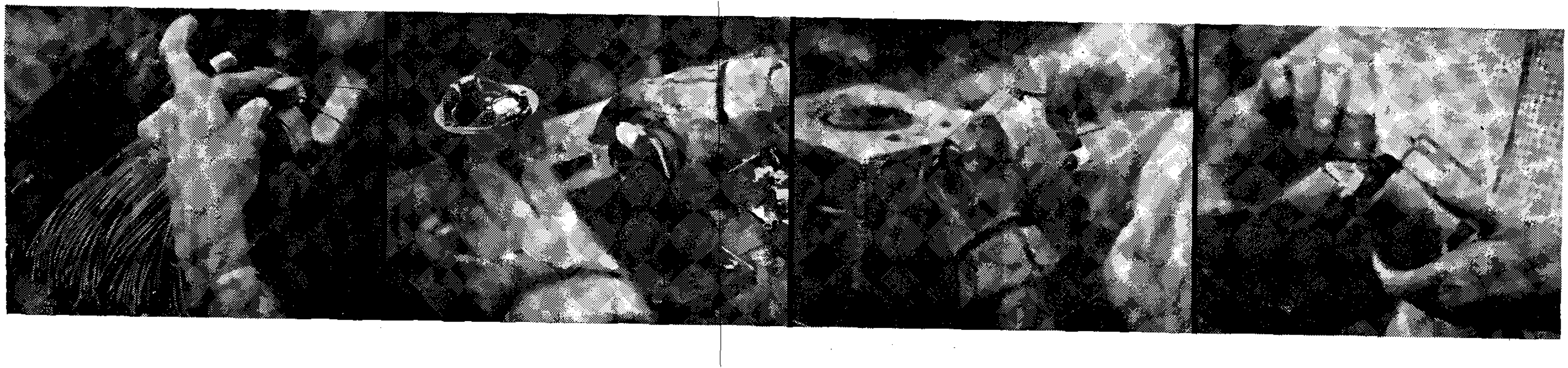

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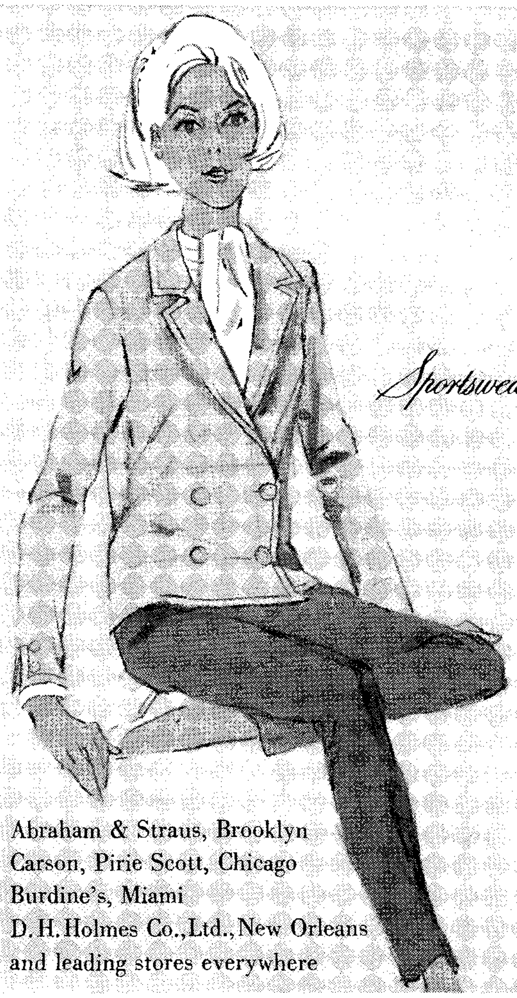

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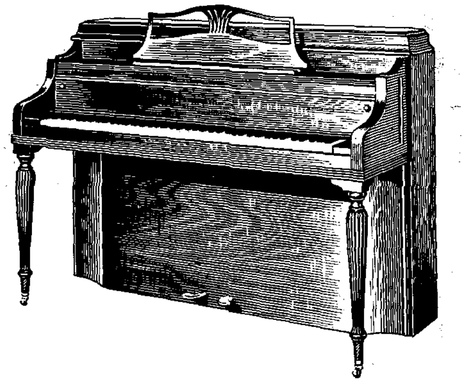

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this arrangement, which has allowed their fellow-citizens to make a total of a million and a quarter visits to relatives beyond the wall. Many of them feel that the visits will have drastic repercussions in East Berlin, where there are bound to be increasing demands for permission to visit the western sector—and where, in fact, such demands have already been made by some workers' groups, and branded as "unrealistic" by Party officials. Critics of Lord Mayor Willy Brandt, on the other hand, say that he made the worst mistake of his political career by permitting direct negotiations with the East German authorities at Pankow on a matter that was essentially political. This, some Berliners fear, might encourage the people—some of whom are in Washington—who talk of a change in Berlin's status, and might lead eventually to *de-facto* recognition of the German Democratic Republic. Certainly the move seems to encourage Ulbricht's own hopes of achieving a special status for Berlin. Also, the critics point out, the presence in West Berlin of East German bureaucrats who processed the applications for passes has further whittled away at the non-recognition policy. In any case, the emotional avalanche that was set moving at Christmastime will be hard to stop on either side. Having crossed the wall on this occasion, West Berliners will want to cross it again, and next time Ulbricht's price is bound to be stiffer. The critics say that despite humanitarian talk from the East, basically nothing is changed, which was proved when Communist Volkspolizei shot and killed eighteen-year-old Paul Schultz on Christmas afternoon, and when the Party paper *Neues Deutschland* officially defended the shooting.

The West Berliners entered and left the eastern sector—often with delays of several hours each way—through four hastily made and carefully policed apertures in the wall, and through a previously closed elevated railway station. Meanwhile, business went on much as usual at the rather unprepossessing intersection of Friedrichstrasse and Zimmerstrasse, in the American sector, which, under the seemingly amiable name of Checkpoint Charlie, has become famous throughout the world as the only break in the wall where foreigners may cross over into East Berlin. Since late October of 1961, when American and Soviet tanks faced each other at this tense spot with their engines idling, ready to go, Checkpoint Charlie has served as a sort of seismograph accurately registering the intensity of day-to-day East-

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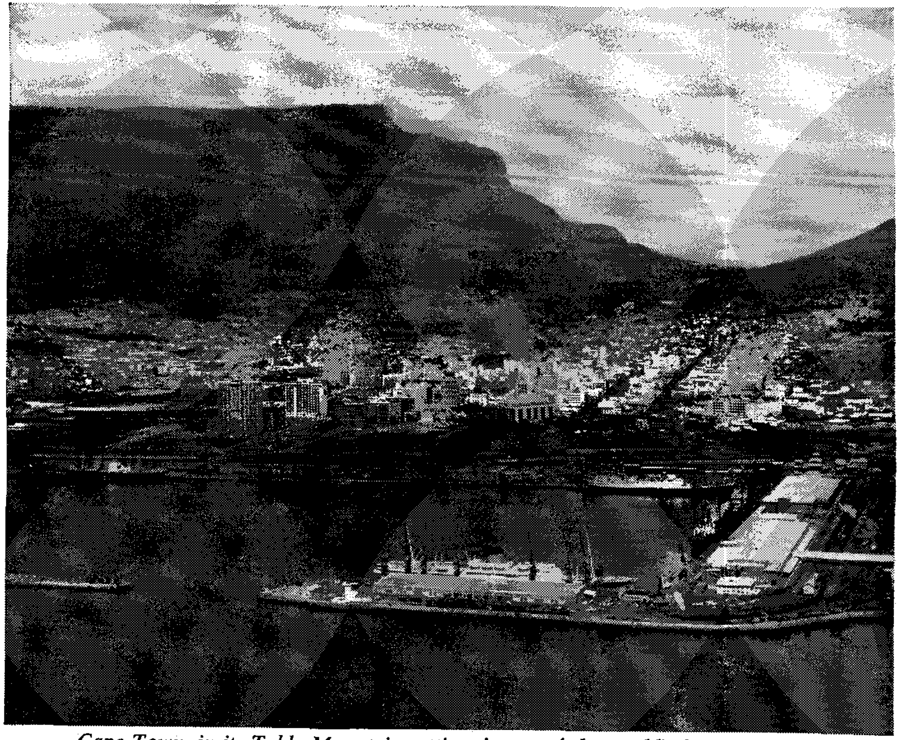
West disturbances, for probably nowhere on earth have the techniques of minor harassment and retaliation been more highly developed than they have been between East German Volkspolizei and American G.I.s. Checkpoint Charlie is also a barometer of future East-West relations. A West Berlin police sergeant who has been on duty there for almost two years told me, "When the Vopos across the way suddenly start getting tough, a political crisis usually follows within twenty-four hours. And when they relax, you can bet they've been ordered to—by Moscow." The checkpoint is under constant American surveillance, not only by G.I.s but by a closed-circuit television camera, which is installed in a window on the second floor of a building facing the crossing point, and which transmits a continuous view of what is going on to TV screens watched by high-ranking officers at the United States headquarters in the Dahlem section, on the opposite side of the city. The German police sergeant, who has probably never read George Orwell but who has adopted the popular neighborhood term for the camera, said to me, "Big Brother never sleeps."

Near Checkpoint Charlie, I stopped off to do a little sightseeing of a rather special kind. My first stop was at the Apotheke zum Weissen Adler (Apothecary of the White Eagle), a shop that occupies the premises just below the room where the Americans keep the camera trained on the scene of bristling confrontation outside. The shop is a nice old-fashioned one, with porcelain jars arrayed on wooden shelves. When I went in, two elderly women in white coats were standing behind the counter—the proprietor, Frau Rosa Lipinski, and her assistant, a Frau Niekrens. Frau Lipinski, a cheerful, white-haired individual, told me that the shop had been founded in 1696 by one Philip Jakob Spener, who also founded a religious philosophy known as Pietismus. She herself had started work there in 1923, as a laboratory assistant, and in time had come to run the place. Early in 1961, she retired and went to live in West Germany, but then came the wall, which made her successor decide to seek a more promising spot. On hearing of this, Frau Lipinski returned—bringing her friend, Frau Niekrens, with her—to take over the shop again. Now, she told me, she was going to stay there as long as the good Lord would let her.

"Why did you come back when you knew that was there?" I asked, nodding toward the wall, which was just a



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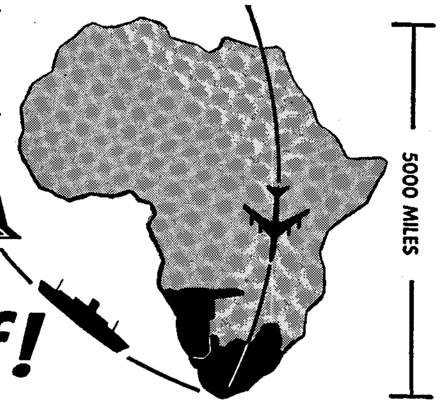

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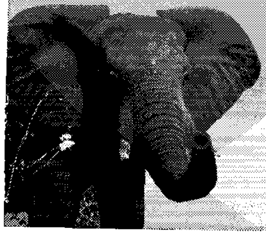

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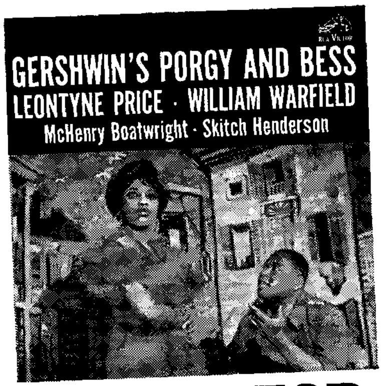
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couple of yards beyond the shop's open door.

"Because I *belong* here," Frau Lipinski replied, in a tone implying mild surprise at my question. "My friends in West Germany said it was suicide to come back here, but we like this place—don't we?" She glanced at her assistant, who nodded emphatically. Frau Lipinski went on to say that the site of her shop had once been among the best in Berlin, and that she still had some of her customers from those days. She also got some business from foreigners on their way to East Berlin, she added, since many of them knew that high-grade drugs were in short supply there. "Of course, we can't afford to hire help, so we have to do everything ourselves," she said. "We moved back into my old apartment, here in the building—on the floor just above Big Brother. The one with the white curtains and the flowers in the windows."

"In the summertime we sleep down here," said Frau Niekrens.

"In the summertime, with the windows open and the Americans playing jazz on their radios all night long, it's hard to sleep," Frau Lipinski explained, adding in a quiet voice, "But I don't blame those young boys. It isn't very pleasant for them to have to look at the wall day and night. Down here, we sleep in the back room, but it's still noisy."

"You ought to go and see Herr Zabel, the men's and women's hairdresser around the corner," said Frau Niekrens. "He is the most isolated of us all, but he wouldn't think of leaving."

To get to Herr Zabel's, I had to walk along a strip of sidewalk that ran next to the wall and that was, in fact, in East Berlin territory, according to the G.I.s at the checkpoint. Though the Vopos watched me intently, they let me pass; I had gathered at Checkpoint Charlie that the East Berlin guards had tacitly agreed not to interfere with people who used that stretch of sidewalk merely to reach the hairdresser's shop. This, too, turned out to be an old-fashioned place, and a clean, comfortable one. On one side stood three barber chairs, and on the other was the ladies' department, equipped with two dryers. I introduced myself to the proprietor—Herr Johannes Zabel, a dignified, white-haired man in a clean white coat—and asked how business was these days. He was busy trimming the elegant silvery mane of a Herr Mahlke, who helped answer my question by saying that he always came to Herr Zabel's to have his hair cut, even though he lived in Halensee, about

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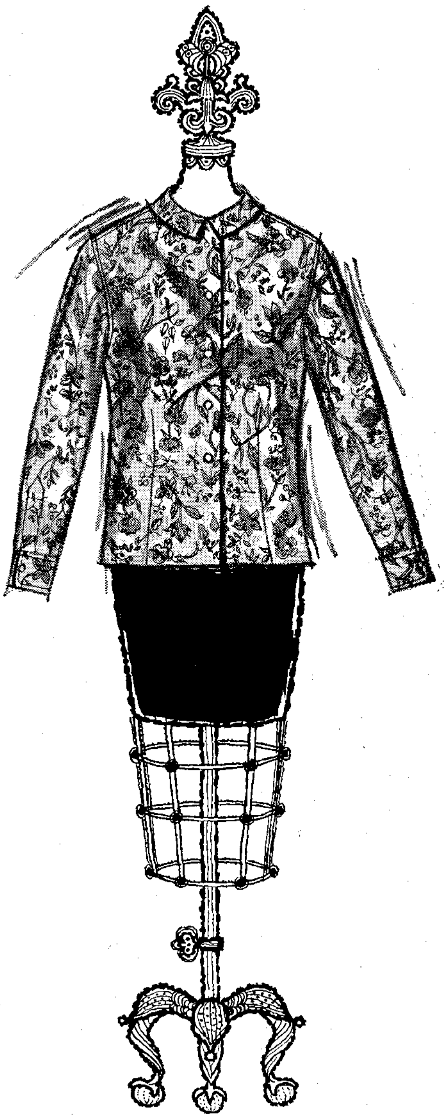

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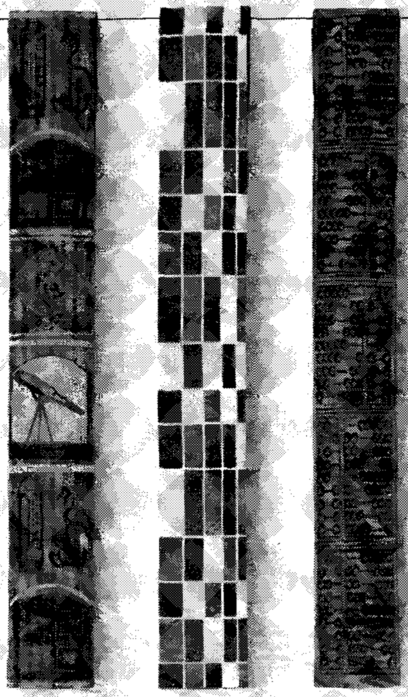

when it's just one hum-drum tie after another

get away from it all with roosters!

rooster

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four miles away on the other side of West Berlin. Many other habitués made similarly arduous pilgrimages to the place, Herr Zabel said, and, despite the wall and despite the necessity for following the sidewalk through hostile territory, most of his women customers still showed up, too.

Herr Zabel turned the chair so that Herr Mahlke could see himself in a large mirror on the wall facing the window. The view in the mirror was certainly unusual. Encircling Herr Mahlke's head was a montage consisting of anti-tank defenses, a section of the wall, barbed wire, and three Vopos in their customary triangle formation—two together out front and one behind them—and the reflection of the whole scene was pocked with bullet holes left in the mirror in 1945 during the Battle of Berlin. Herr Zabel said he would never replace that mirror, and Herr Mahlke, nodding emphatically, said it ought to be declared a national monument.

"Please hold still," Herr Zabel said to his customer. Then, with a glance in my direction, he said, "It's not so bad here, really. Of course, I no longer have the clientele that used to come in here before the war from the Hotel Adlon and the Hotel Bristol, which were a few blocks away, but one gets used to change. One even gets used to the wall. A few days ago, the secretary of the West Berlin hairdressers' guild came in here and told me that he could arrange for me to take over another shop elsewhere in the city, but I said, 'No, thanks. I like it here.' "

"One mustn't transplant an old tree," said Herr Mahlke.

"Unless you hold still, I can't cut your hair," Herr Zabel warned him.

Herr Zabel seemed to be a highly skilled practitioner, and I remarked

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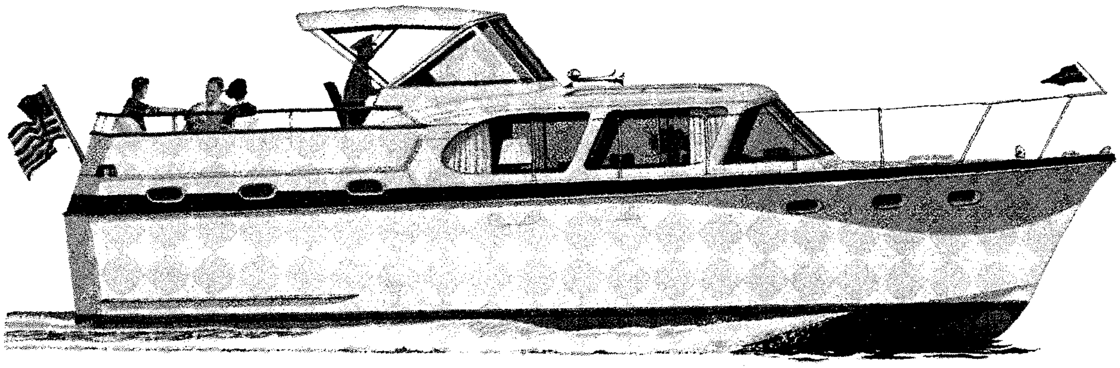
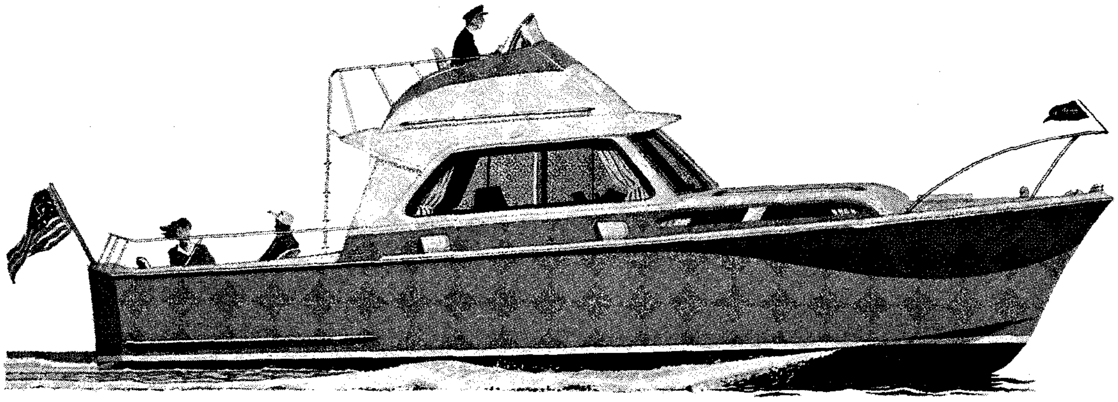
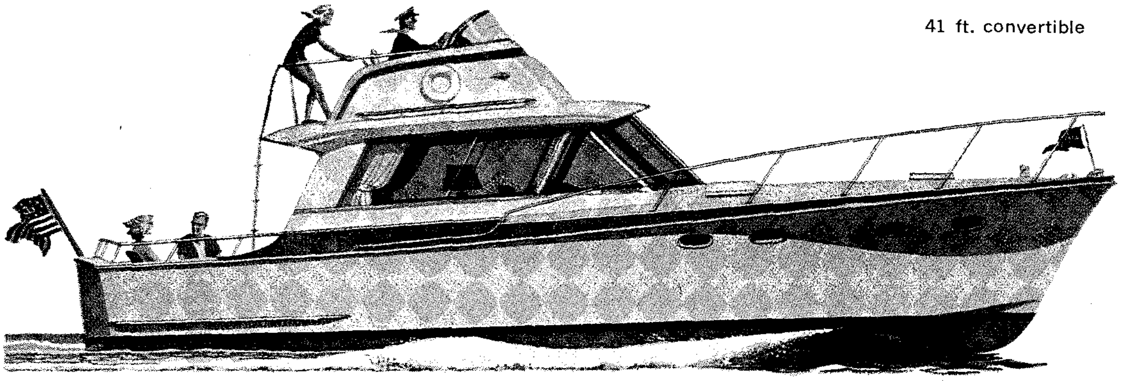


41 ft. double cabin



34 ft. sports cruiser



41 ft. convertible

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So wrote Hank Bowman, contributing editor of Popular Boating, after testing the Hatteras.

This acceptance is due to the material used, fiberglass, and to the *experience* that went into the Hatteras' development.

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J. B. Hargrave, whose business is designing yachts costing $250,000 and up, is the designer. Don Mucklow, considered by many to be the most knowledgeable man in fiberglass boat manufacturing today, supervises production.

The result is a craft that many compare favorably to custom-built boats.

And there's no swelling, cracking, shrinking, leaks, dry rot, loose fastenings, rust or corrosion. You never have to paint for protection.

Jim Gardella, Cove Marina, Norwalk, Conn., who has experience with both wood and fiberglass boats, says about 80% is saved on hull upkeep with the Hatteras.

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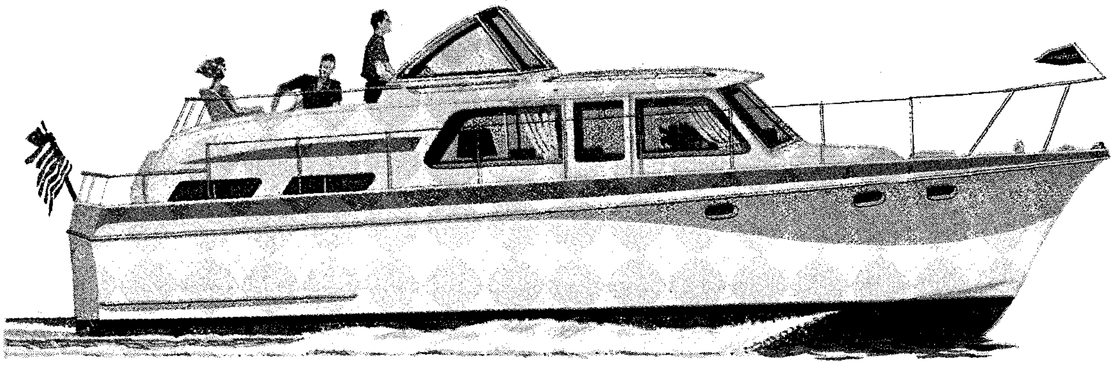
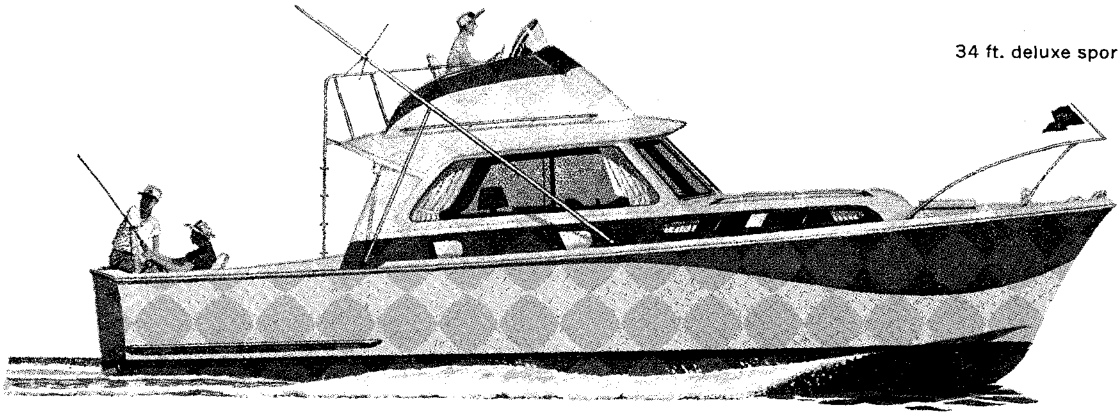
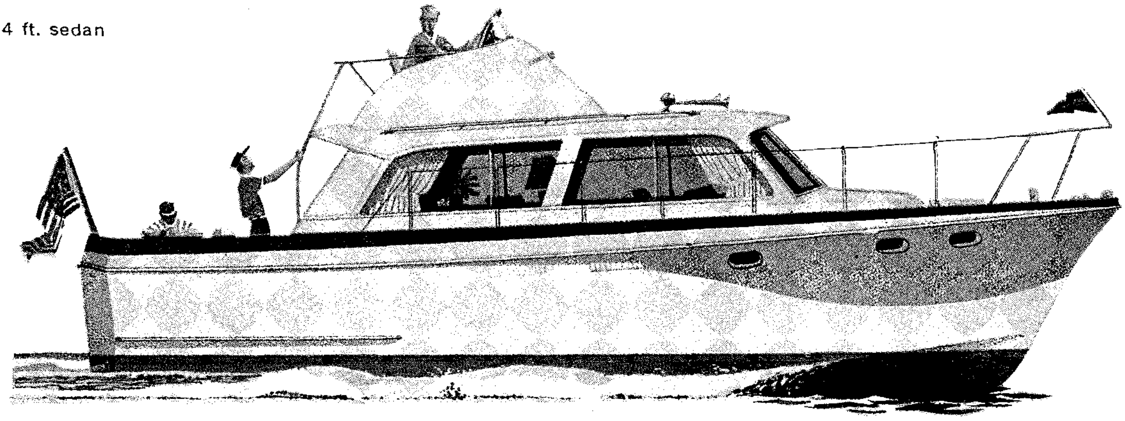

34 ft. double cabin


34 ft. deluxe sports fisherman


34 ft. sedan

Hatteras for every sailor with a sore back

space. And *all* of the inside is usable. (With reinforced fiberglass construction it's possible to eliminate beams, ribs and frames.)

Exceptionally comfortable

Fiberglass permits a hull shape which virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching. Even at high speeds in heavy seas, the molded flare of the hull throws water off in a low flat arc.

The interior is finished in warm Philippine Mahogany. Joining and finishing are similar to that found in fine furniture. (The Hatteras is made in High Point, N.C., a furniture center.)

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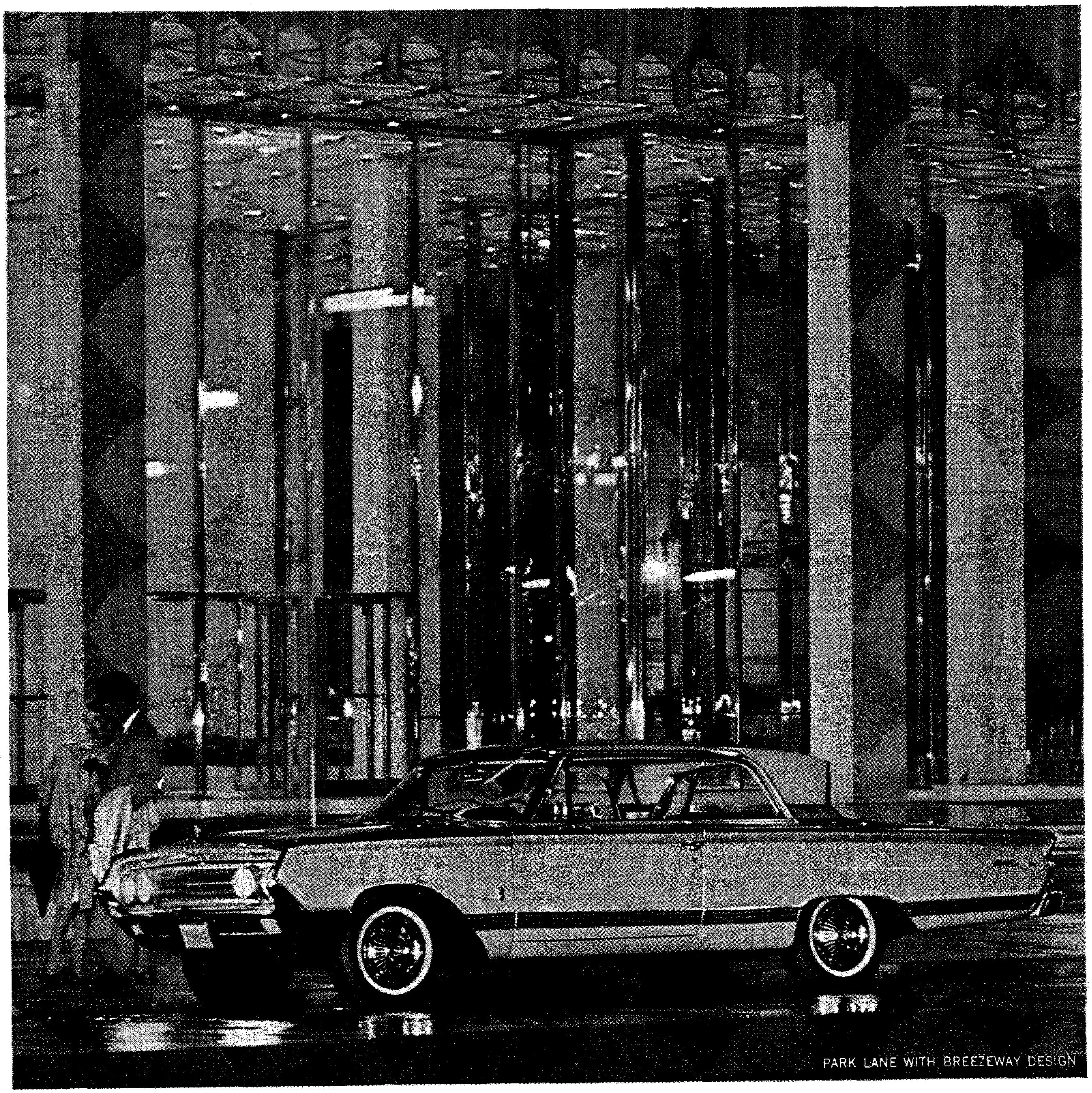

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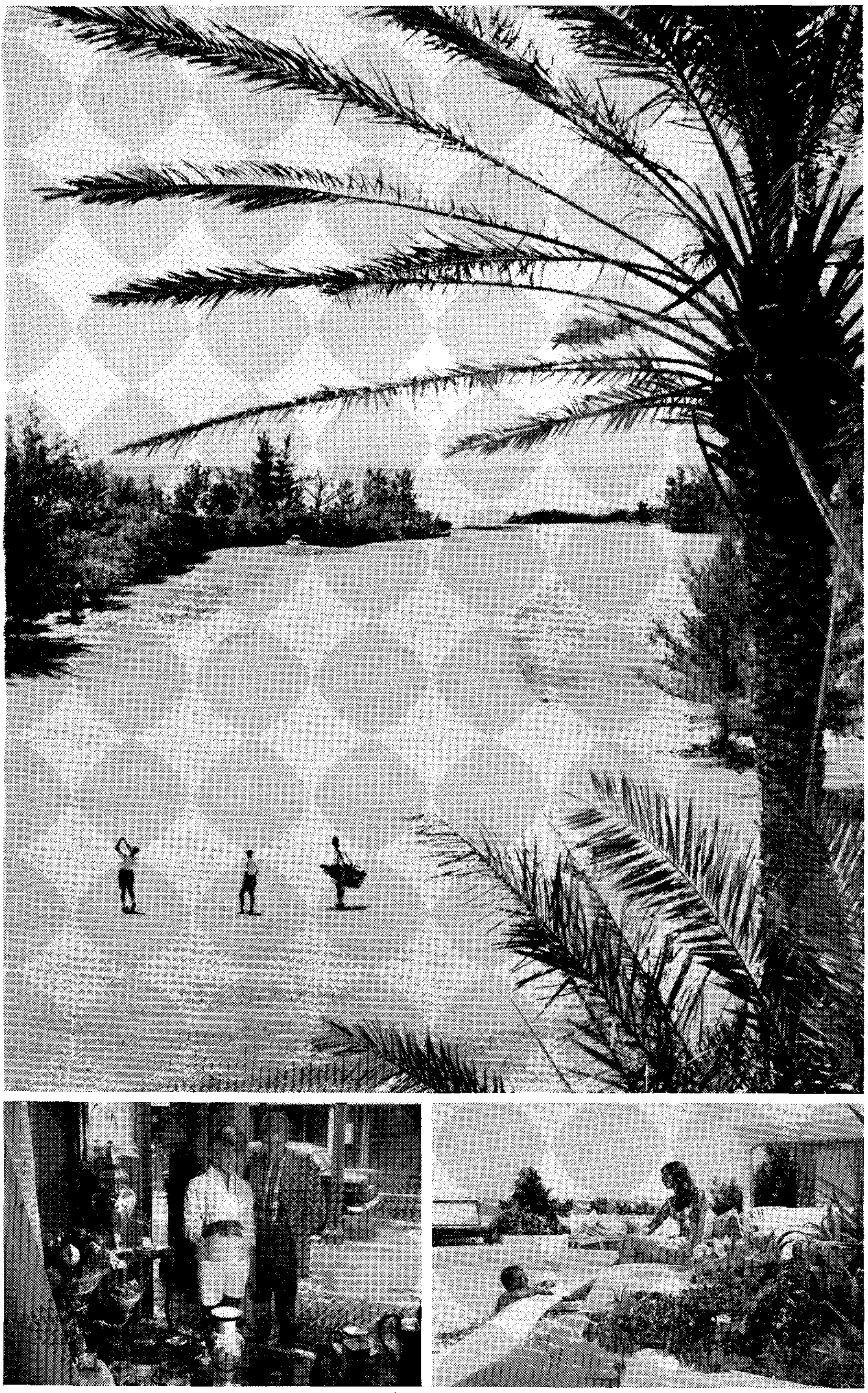
that I was sorry I'd just had a haircut.

"Another day, perhaps," he said. "I hope to be here a long time."

IN the East German parliamentary elections a couple of months ago, better than ninety-nine per cent of the voters voted "Yes" for the unopposed slate of candidates—an outcome that the East German press dutifully called "an overwhelming vote of confidence in Ulbricht." I went over to East Berlin on Election Day, a Sunday, and dropped in at a polling station near Friedrichstrasse. Three supervisors—two men and a woman—were seated behind a long table, on which were the electoral register for that district and, next to it, a ballot box. The voters came in, presented their identity cards, were checked off in the register, received their ballots, folded them, dropped them through a slot in the ballot box, and left. Nothing was said. To vote "No," a voter would have had to cross out all the names on the ballot, right under the eyes of the supervisors; conceivably, he could at least have avoided voting "Yes" by staying at home, but there was a strict checkup afterward, so anyone who tried that had to be prepared to offer an awfully good excuse.

Invariably, when a Westerner walks about in East Berlin, he notices that while the elderly people there seem sullen and withdrawn in the presence of strangers, the younger generation pursues its own course, cheerfully oblivious of who happens to be around, and defiant of the restrictions imposed from on high. The other day, in a music store on Alexanderplatz—where I was just looking, as they say—a teen-age girl brushed past me and asked the clerk for a couple of American jazz records. He told her regretfully that he didn't have them, or any other American jazz records, in stock, but how about some East German numbers? At that, the girl became thoroughly and uninhibitedly indignant. She need not have been so put out, for there are some East German jazz outfits that could hold their own anywhere—among them the Manfred Ludwig Sextett (cool), the Dresden Tanzsymphonie (Dixieland and modern), and Günter Gollasch's DDR Dance Orchestra. Jazz cellars and cafés in East Berlin are jammed every night, and everybody dances the Twist. One hears considerable grumbling because the government ordinarily insists that at least thirty per cent of the music played by East German bands be



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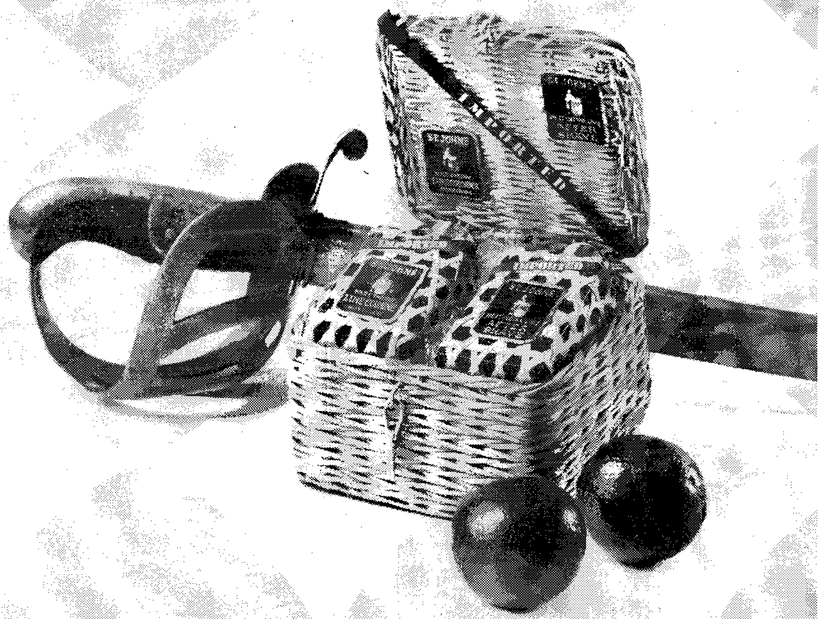

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of domestic composition—the ostensible purpose being to minimize foreign royalties—although, of course, almost none are paid anyway. A Hungarian band at the Café Budapest, on Karl Marx Allee (formerly Stalin Allee), is especially popular, because, not being made up of East Germans, it is "unrestricted" and may play all the foreign jazz it wants to.

A young East Berlin official complained to me that his part of the bisected old capital seemed dark and deserted at night, primarily because "it suffers in contrast to the radiation of West Berlin." However that may be, I've found East Berlin much more alive than it seemed on my last visit here. There are a lot more cars on the streets, and the formerly inactive traffic lights on Unter den Linden are back in operation. (Policemen sit in lookout towers above the street to see that the lights are respected.) The former Stalin Allee has become a no-parking thoroughfare, and a number of parking lots have been opened up in nearby side streets. A greater variety of goods is on display in the stores—textiles, electrical appliances, refrigerators, radios, optical instruments—and food is more plentiful. A shop dealing in butter, meat, eggs, or milk may still sell those commodities only to its regular customers, but potatoes, fruit, and vegetables are readily available to everyone, though I heard doubts expressed as to how long they would be, with the cold weather setting in.

Of all the satellite peoples, the East Germans appear to be the most subservient to the Russians. On recent trips to Warsaw and Budapest, I saw not a single pro-Russian poster, but while the astronauts Yuri Gagarin and Valentina Tereshkova were visiting East Berlin, the city was plastered with sycophantic pro-Soviet slogans, the like of which I haven't seen in any other Eastern countries for years. Even the docile Czechs and Rumanians are showing signs of cautiously breaking away from the dictates of Moscow; in fact, the Rumanians are even beginning to trade extensively with the West, whereas East Germany relies entirely on the Soviet Union for its raw materials. Russia, of course, still has twenty divisions stationed in East Germany. When the Chinese charged that the Soviet Union was sacrificing East Germany's "international" status by leaving it out of the negotiations over the nuclear-test ban, the East Germans dutifully rebuked them, though there is reason to believe that they secretly agreed. In East Berlin, there is a story currently making the rounds about a housewife who goes into a store to buy

PAUL MASSON'S 1964 CHESS TOURNEY!

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Heretofore our competition has featured one problem by George Koltanowski, chess author and international blindfold champion. This year, however, Koltanowski has urged us to go to *three* games for humane and fiendish reasons.

In the first place, he says, no one ever sits down to a sociable evening of chess and brandy and plays only *one* game. No, on these occasions three is about par.

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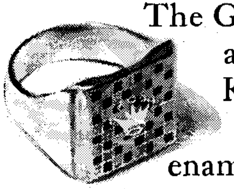

Moreover, *all* entrants will receive the world's first Chess I.D. Card signed by Koltanowski with his "7 Rules For Better Chess."

So go to it: settle down with a bottle of Paul Masson's splendid Brandy and—since your opponent is *in absentia*—one glass. (We have shown three to give you a choice of drinks; so take your choice.)

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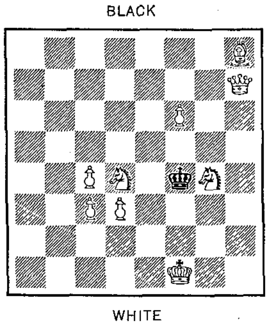

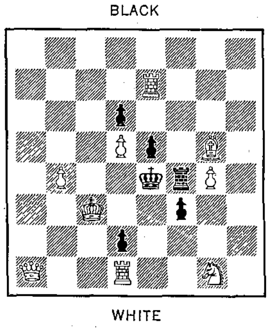

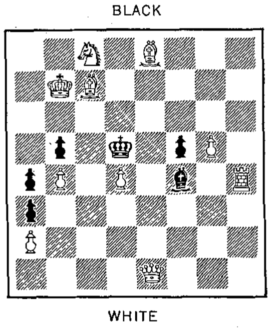

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Here are my solutions: 1st game.________________

2nd game.________________3rd game.________________

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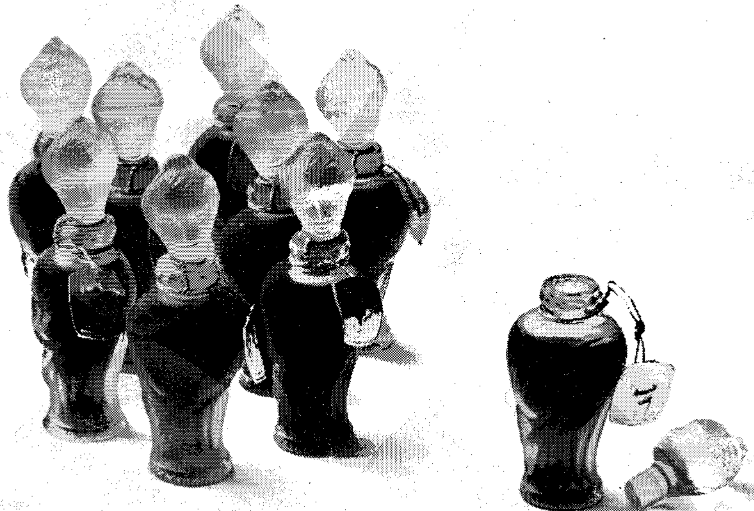

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some tea. "Chinese or Russian?" asks the salesgirl, whereupon the housewife says, "Uh—oh, well, I guess I'd really rather have coffee."

Faced with a future that promises only more of the same, and unable to find emotional relief in any kind of healthy nationalism, such as has bolstered the people's sagging spirits in Poland and Hungary, where even Communists are Poles or Hungarians first, the East Germans present a sorry spectacle. In most current creative matters, they obediently follow the Soviet line, plugging along in a mire of Socialist realism. Deviations do occur, but they are exceptional rather than symptomatic. The experience of one such deviationist—Wolfgang Langhoff, well known in East Germany as an actor, producer, and director—is as illuminating as it is depressing. After becoming manager of East Berlin's Deutsches Theater (the former Max Reinhardt Theater), in 1946, Langhoff was frequently attacked by Communist newspapers for failure to follow the Party line. He finally subjected himself to "self-criticism" and was forgiven, but a few months ago he fell from grace again by producing "Die Sorgen und die Macht," an involved play about two competing factories, by Peter Hacks, a West German who has moved to the East. After the play opened, it was severely denounced by the Party press, and it disappeared from the repertoire altogether a few days after Khrushchev sounded off on the subject of decadent abstract art. Langhoff abjectly confessed that the play "had weakened the fighting power of the Party," but he was fired as manager, although permitted to stay with the theatre as an actor, and a few weeks ago he appeared in Goethe's "Iphigenie," playing the part of King Thoas, whom he portrayed with brilliance and originality as a broken man who feels he has been bitterly wronged. "He gave a performance of sorrow without hope, of absolute finality, of utter loneliness," *Die Welt's* critic reported. The audience, presumably grasping the implications, gave Langhoff an ovation.

Despite such difficulties, however, the East Berlin theatre—I use the word broadly—is quite alive. One evening when I crossed the boundary I had a choice of Verdi's "Nabucco," Robert Kurka's opera "The Good Soldier Schweik," Brecht's "Schweik in the Second World War," plays by Aristophanes, Gorki, Shaw, Goldoni, Zuckmayer, and Lope de Vega, and of an operetta, not to mention a recital by the Russian violinist Leonid Kogan, and

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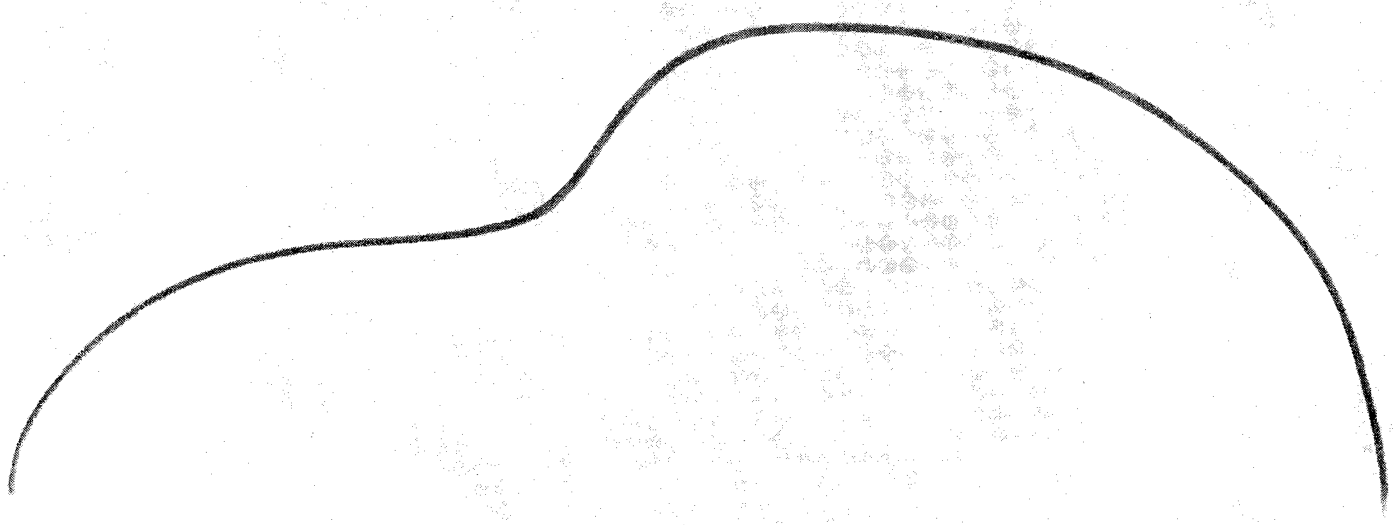

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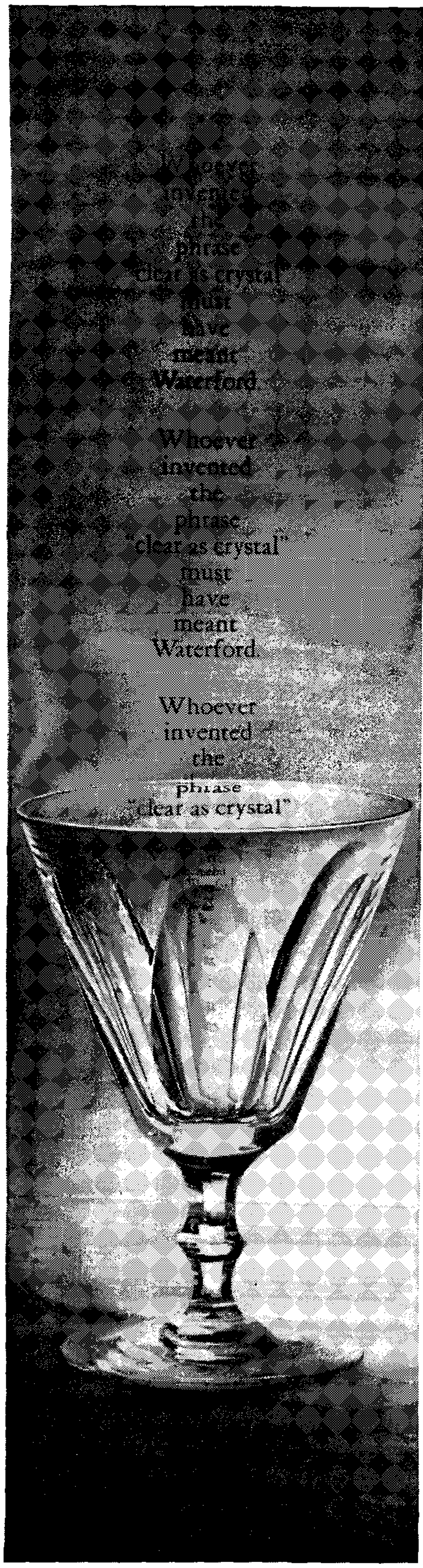
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two plays for children. Not bad for *any* city.

I HAD seen the beginnings of West Berlin's recently completed new concert hall, the Philharmonie, when I was last in the city, and what I saw—and also what I heard about the structure from Professor Hans Scharoun, the architect who designed it—had aroused my admiration and curiosity but had not made me unduly optimistic about the pleasures of concertgoing there. My idea of the perfect concert hall has always been a large auditorium that, despite its size, conveys a sense of warmth and intimacy, and gives one the feeling that the music one hears is *made* rather than merely played. I haven't yet had an opportunity to sample New York's new Philharmonic Hall, but at least I can say that Carnegie Hall, Boston's Symphony Hall, Vienna's Musikverein, and Amsterdam's Concertgebouw come close to the ideal; they have a way of making you feel as if you were sitting inside a large stringed instrument, made by a master centuries ago.

Most of the concert halls that have been built in Europe since the war have proved to be both visually and acoustically disappointing. They give the impression that their designers have tried so hard to be revolutionary and different that they have lost sight of the primary purpose of such buildings. And the most revolutionary and different concert hall of all is the Berlin Philharmonie, whose unfinished concrete shell I visited early in 1962 in the company of Professor Scharoun. What I saw was a shockingly irregular octagonal structure, laid out with no apparent feeling for form, which Scharoun (who, incidentally, is the president of the German Academy of Arts) described as "an excavated valley, its bottom a flat trough and its sides climbing vineyards." This might be an admirable concept for a convention hall or a boxing arena, I thought, but hardly for a place where one goes to enjoy Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony. I came away much impressed by the fertility of Scharoun's imagination but wishing that one of the other arts had been its beneficiary.

I know better today. I did attend a concert at the Philharmonie, because I happened to have nothing to do one evening when an old friend called me up, said he was going, and asked me to come along. And for the first time, I found myself entirely happy in a modern concert hall.

From the outside, the Philharmonie is still not a pretty sight. A strange, naked-looking tentlike structure, painted an

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ugly yellow and devoid of any discernible geometric pattern, it seems to defy one's instinctive sense of order. All over the exterior, bay windows, portholes, casement windows, balconies, platforms, funnels, and promontories appear in the unlikeliest places. One can only guess how some old Berlin Philharmonic subscribers felt when they first saw it. Then, to make things worse, the surroundings are desolate, consisting mostly of weed-sprouting ruins and of empty fields that were once the verdant Tiergarten, with the Berlin wall only a hundred and fifty yards away. There is not a single café, restaurant, or *Weinstube* in the neighborhood for the elated listener to relax in after a concert; instead, he has to get into his car, or into one of the waiting city buses, and ride a half mile or so to the lights and cafés of Kurfürstendamm. People say—and they are probably right—that everything will be much more attractive later on, for the Philharmonie itself will take on some patina; it will eventually have as neighbors a projected Gallery of the Twentieth Century, designed by Mies van der Rohe, and a new State Library, and it will one day be surrounded by replanted Tiergarten trees. In any event, my mood wasn't a particularly hopeful one when I arrived in front of the Philharmonie that evening. Nor did it improve when I found out what was in store—a program of "Music of the 20th Century." I had barely entered the lobby when I began to realize that Professor Scharoun had known what he was up to. The light, shed by large Venetian-style lampions, was soft, the colors were unobtrusive, and the floor, made of soft Sonthofen slate, felt almost like a carpet. It was no cold, hostile lobby of the sort that impels one to check one's coat hurriedly and go on inside as quickly as possible. Like an old square in Siena or Cremona, it was an invitation to mingle and talk or just stand around. Twenty-four slim, graceful white stairways led up from it—in every direction, it seemed—and to find the one that led up to the particular hillside "vineyard" where our seats were was an adventure in itself. As my friend and I, having discovered ours, started up it, we could see people walking up other stairways on either side of us, like fellow-hikers climbing the wide slope of a hill. On reaching the top and walking in through the entrance to our seats, I gasped. This vast hall wasn't the perversely octagonal structure that I remembered. It was a wonderful landscape, alive with the hum of cheerful voices from the surrounding vineyards and with the sound of instruments being tuned up below—

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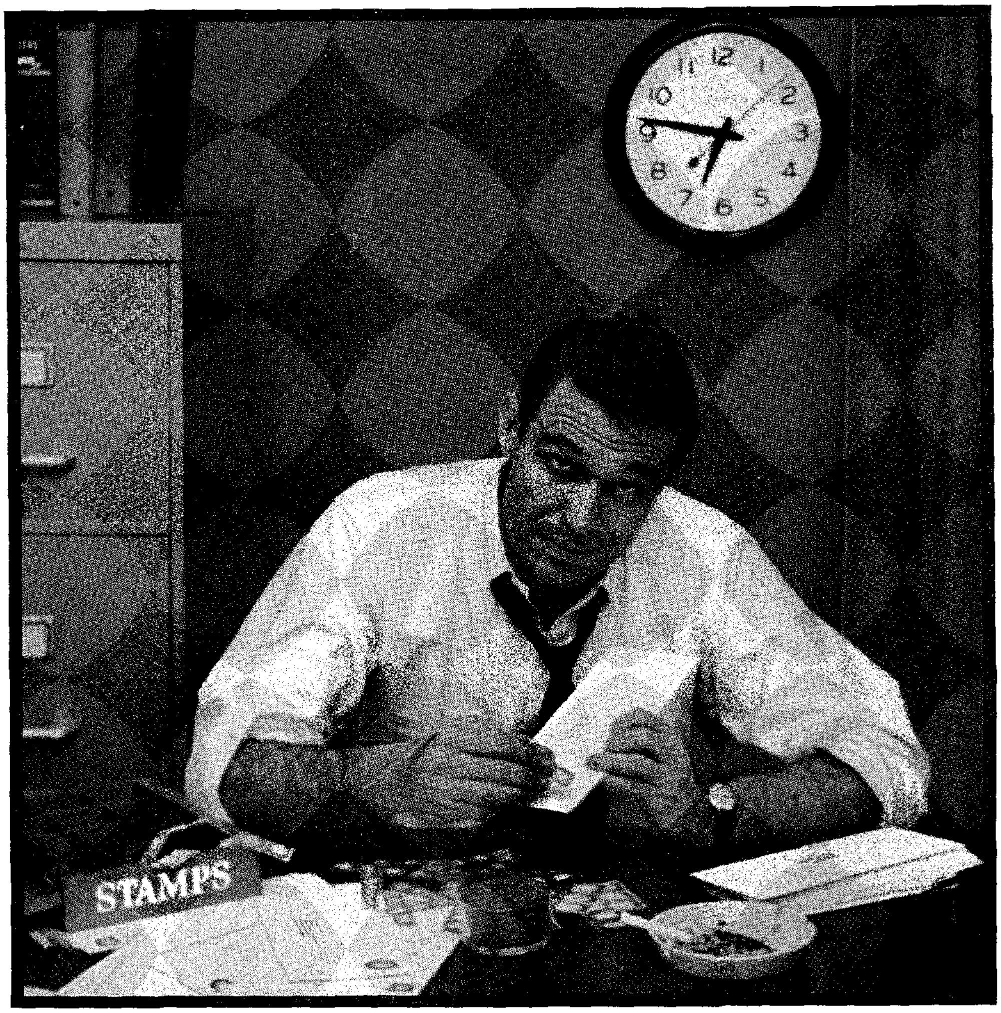

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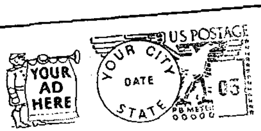

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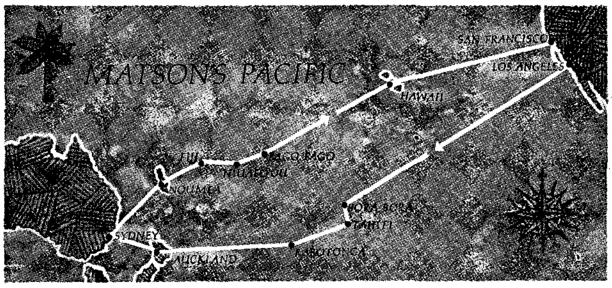

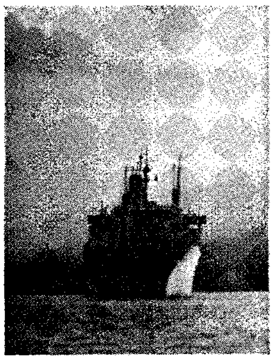

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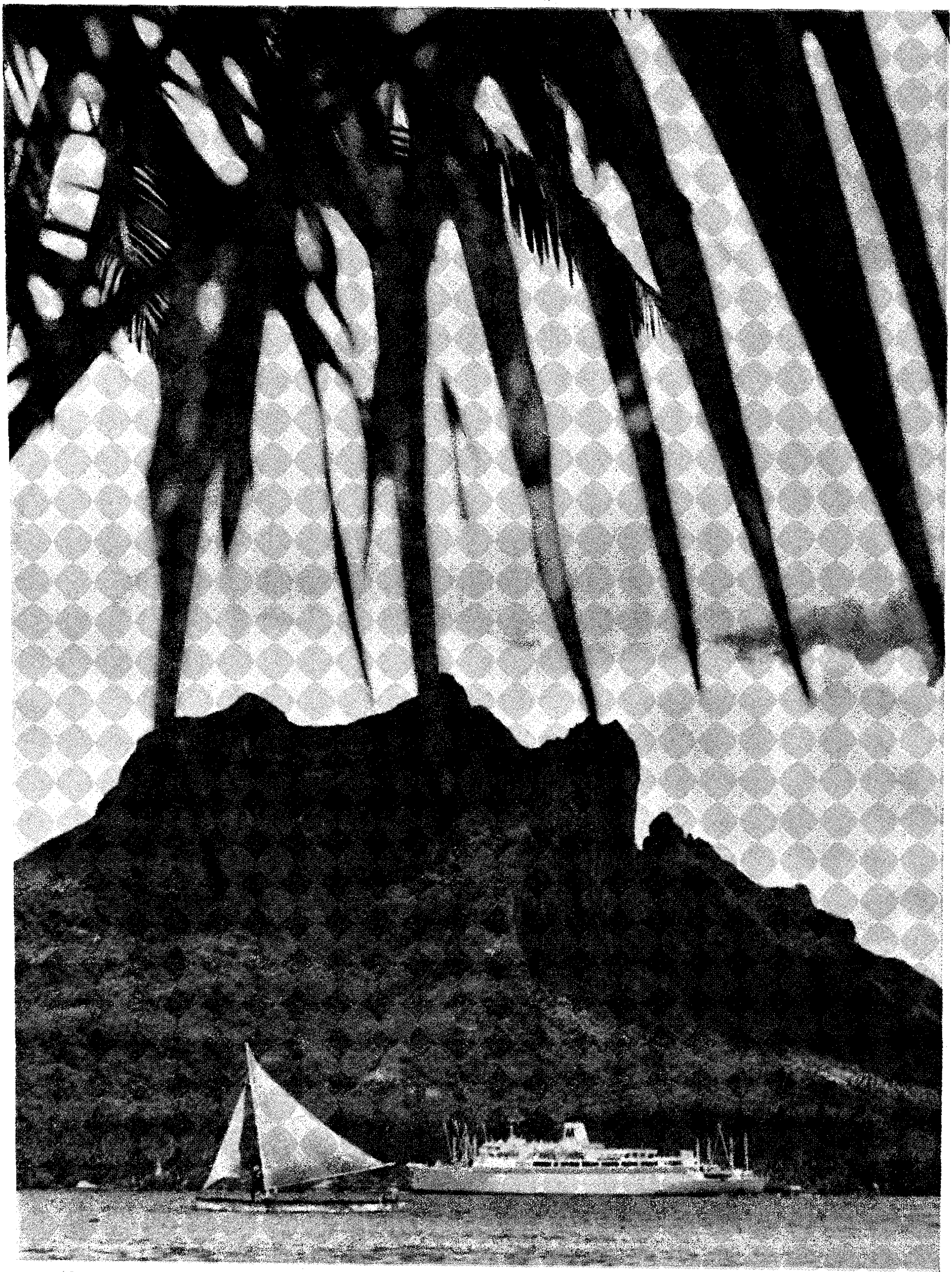

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good warm sound, too, I noticed. The walls were of light wood, the floors had darker carpeting, and the seats were covered with autumn-colored upholstery. I sat down in mine feeling as if I had been there many times before. Twenty-two hundred people, most of whom I could see from my seat, were gathered on the slopes above the flat trough of the valley below, where the orchestra was showing signs of being ready to begin. Even before it started to play, I began to comprehend Professor Scharoun's magnificent vision—first the music, then the audience around the music, and, finally, the landscape around the audience. The hall has no boxes, and, in a sense, it represents architectural democracy at its best. To be sure, some seats are more expensive than others, but the distinctions among them are as diverse as they are among the people occupying them, and even the cheapest seats, high up, are only a hundred and fifteen feet away from the conductor. All the seats are above the level of the orchestra, so the whole audience can see the musicians, and many can watch the conductor's face as well. (The wife of a very famous conductor remarked to me later, "Strange, but in that hall one becomes so absorbed in the musicians that one forgets to look at the conductor.") When the orchestra began to play, I discovered that Professor Scharoun had also achieved the miracle of almost flawless acoustics. The sound seemed to come from everywhere at once—warm and lyrical, in contrast to the dry, sharp sound so characteristic of many of the new concert halls. In the Philharmonie, one can clearly discern the single instrumental voices and the various instrumental groups, and the whole ensemble is beautifully blended. The reverberation time of the hall is approximately 2.2 seconds, which is rather long for people whose familiarity with music derives from high-fidelity recordings but is perfect for the sweeping, romantic sound that distinguishes the Berlin Philharmonic under its permanent director, Herbert von Karajan.

As it happened, the concert my friend and I were attending was conducted not by von Karajan but by Boris Blacher, who is also a composer in the modern style, and he seemed to do a rather perfunctory job of it. Even so, we felt we were getting more than our money's worth, so that didn't matter. The program began with a delicate Post-Impressionist piece, "Studies in Solitude," by the American composer Nicolas Nabokov (who was present that evening and who, when I happened to meet him later, told me, "Wonder-

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ful sound—I was enveloped by it!"). Then, in Ravel's Piano Concerto in G Major, with Gerty Herzog at the piano, and in Scriabin's "Le Poème de l'Extase," the orchestra produced magnificent tone colors—softest pianissimos from the strings, bell-like sounds from the harps, slender arabesques from the woodwinds, and powerful fortissimos from the Philharmonic's excellent brass section. And so the evening went.

As I've earlier implied, Berliners are relatively unsentimental people, but I'm told that at the opening of the Philharmonie, Professor Scharoun, upon being summoned into his valley to take a bow, began to cry, and so did most of the others present, who cheered him for fifteen minutes. He well deserved the tribute. His was a daring dream, which could have ended in catastrophic failure, as designs for concert halls sometimes do, but he brought it off. Furthermore, he brought it off at a cost of only four million dollars—a real bargain compared to some of the new halls on either side of the Atlantic. Clearly, there are still things in this world that money alone won't buy, and fine acoustics are among them. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

For him [Confucius] rice could never be white enough and mince meat could never be chopped fine enough. When the food was mushy or the flavor had deteriorated, or when the fish had become bad or the meat was tainted, he would not eat. When its color had changed he would not eat. When the smell was bad, he would not eat. When it was not cooked right, he would not eat. When food was not in season, he would not eat. When the meat was not cut properly, he would not eat. When a food was not served with its proper sauce, he would not eat. Although there was a lot of meat on the table, he would not take it out of proportion with his rice; as for wine, he drank without any set limit, but would stop before getting drunk. Wine or shredded meat bought from the shops he would not eat. A meal without ginger on the table he would not eat. He did not overeat.—*Selections from the Analects of Confucius in "The World in Literature," edited by Warnock and Anderson.*

So we gather.

•

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[*From the Chicago Daily News*]

THE main problem at Getchell, Pistell said, was to eliminate the large arsenic content from the remaining ore and to burn off the arsenic in such a way as not to pollute the air of nearby communities.

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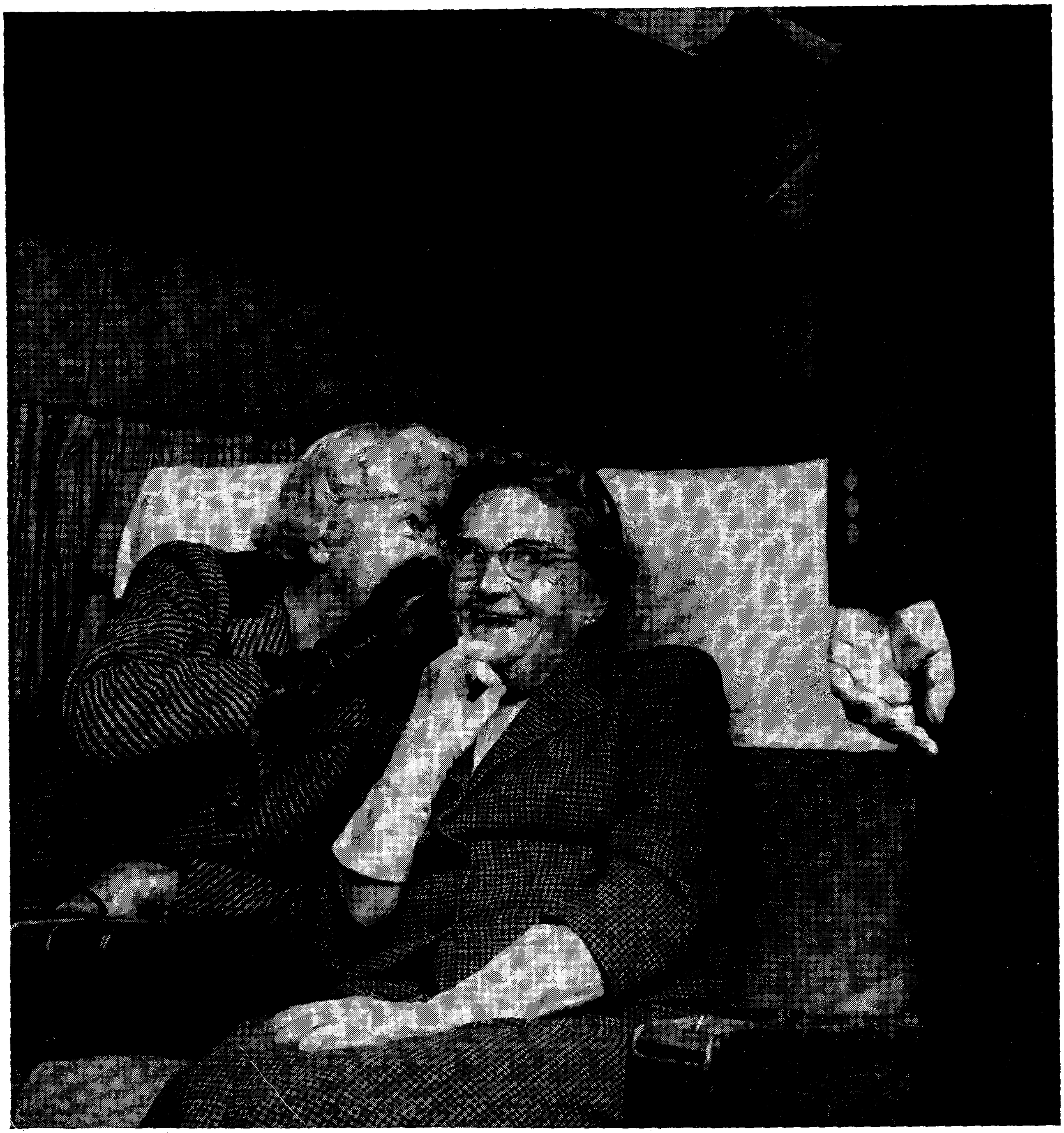

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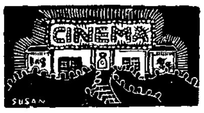
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lively Ghosts

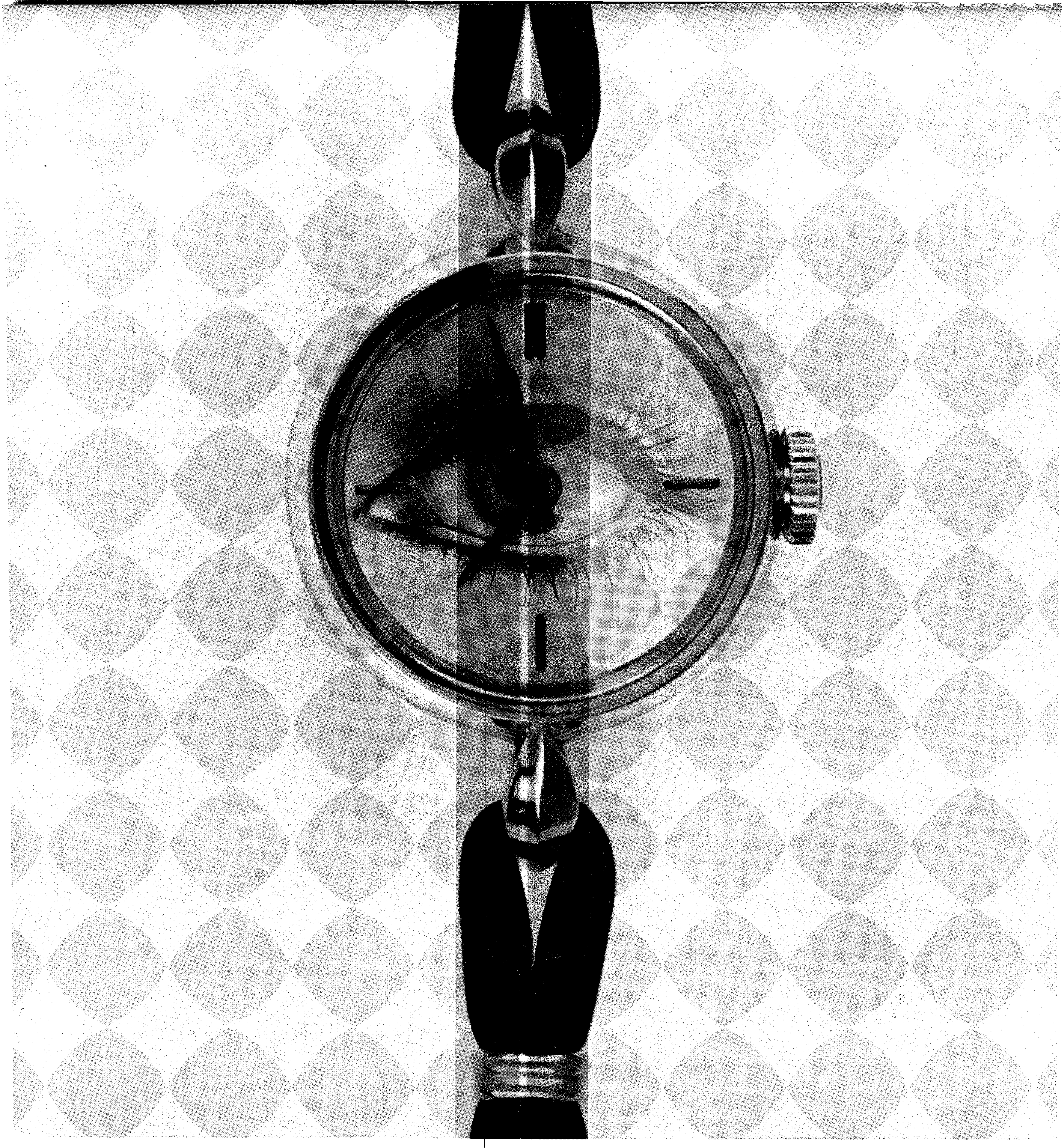
I'M sure most of my contemporaries find it as hard as I do to believe that the Army-McCarthy hearings took place almost ten years ago. The impact of that first, astounding manifestation of the supra-legislative, supra-judicial power of TV—a power so evidently able to be employed, with the superb moral indifference of a toy, to cause either good or evil—remains undiminished in my mind. Moreover, I remember a hundred trifling details drawn from those hours that I spent transfixed before one TV set or another, at home or in bars handy to the office, as the so-called McCarthy Committee (more correctly, the Permanent Investigations Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Government Operations) went its unruly way. Of the state of my private affairs a decade ago I recall only that they were in their habitual agreeable disorder, but I appear not to have mislaid in memory the faintest high-pitched, honeyed note in the inquiring voice of Joseph Welch, the special counsel to the U.S. Army, or the slightest knotting and unknotting of the extraordinary jaw muscles of Ray Jenkins, the special counsel to the Subcommittee, or the least flicker of the little roving, curiously light-colored eyes of Senator McCarthy. It's as if the TV screens of 1954 had possessed, like mescaline, some chemical means of heightening all one's senses without going so far as to induce hallucinations. For the fearful fact was, of course, that what I and twenty million other Americans watched and heard in the course of those long, wandering, lawless hearings was altogether real, with never an imaginary toad or slug to offer us the boon of grounds for disbelief, and the intensity of emotion with which I followed that primitive, preposterous trial by strength of bumbling heroes and no less bumbling villains has preserved to this moment, in well-nigh perfect freshness, feelings of helpless indignation and dismay.



Now two movie entrepreneurs, Emile de Antonio and Daniel Talbot, have assembled, under the inescapable title of "Point of Order!," a brilliant compendium of the famous hearings, and we can all measure our memories against images and sounds that, thanks to the superior technical resources of movie-making, are to be even more vividly experienced today on film than they were when we first encountered them. From the hundred and eighty-eight hours of hearings recorded on kinescopes, the producers have selected ninety-seven minutes of remarkably coherent highlights. No doubt there will be champions of the late Senator to complain that these highlights were chosen to reflect particular discredit upon him; to me they seem the true highlights of the hearings, and it was the Senator himself who took pains that they should display him at his incomparable worst. In any event, no one comes out of the ordeal unscathed, not even the gentle and virtuous Mr. Welch. (His celebrated definition of a pixie caught McCarthy off guard, because it was Welch thinking and speaking on the McCarthy level.) The large cast of the spoiled, wretchedly plotted melodrama—among them Senators Mundt, McClellan, and Symington; the Secretary of the Army, Robert Stevens; Roy Cohn, the patent-leather kid—are all more or less flawed men, this one because he is so obviously inept, that one because he is so eager to gain publicity from a TV turn. "Point of Order!" is a model documentary and should become a precious document of American history. That our descendants will be able to see this dark chapter face to face may well keep them from ever having to repeat it.

AS dreary a little picture as you could hope to skip is "Moderato Cantabile," a French tale about a rich and beautiful young society matron in a provincial town. Feeling unloved, she picks up an employee of her husband's steel mill, who goes on long walks with her and occasionally offers her a nougaty apothegm to chew on, though for some reason they never get around to making love, or even to committing murder or a nice, old-fashioned double suicide. The pretentiousness of their inactivity appears to have escaped the notice of the authors of the screenplay, Marguerite Duras and Gérald Jarlot. The picture, directed with an eye to treetops and running water by Peter Brook, stars Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Even on the rare occasions when she manages to smile, Mlle. Moreau looks as if she were about to burst into tears, and M. Belmondo walks through his part as if he had far more important things on his mind, which I'm certain he did.

—BRENDAN GILL



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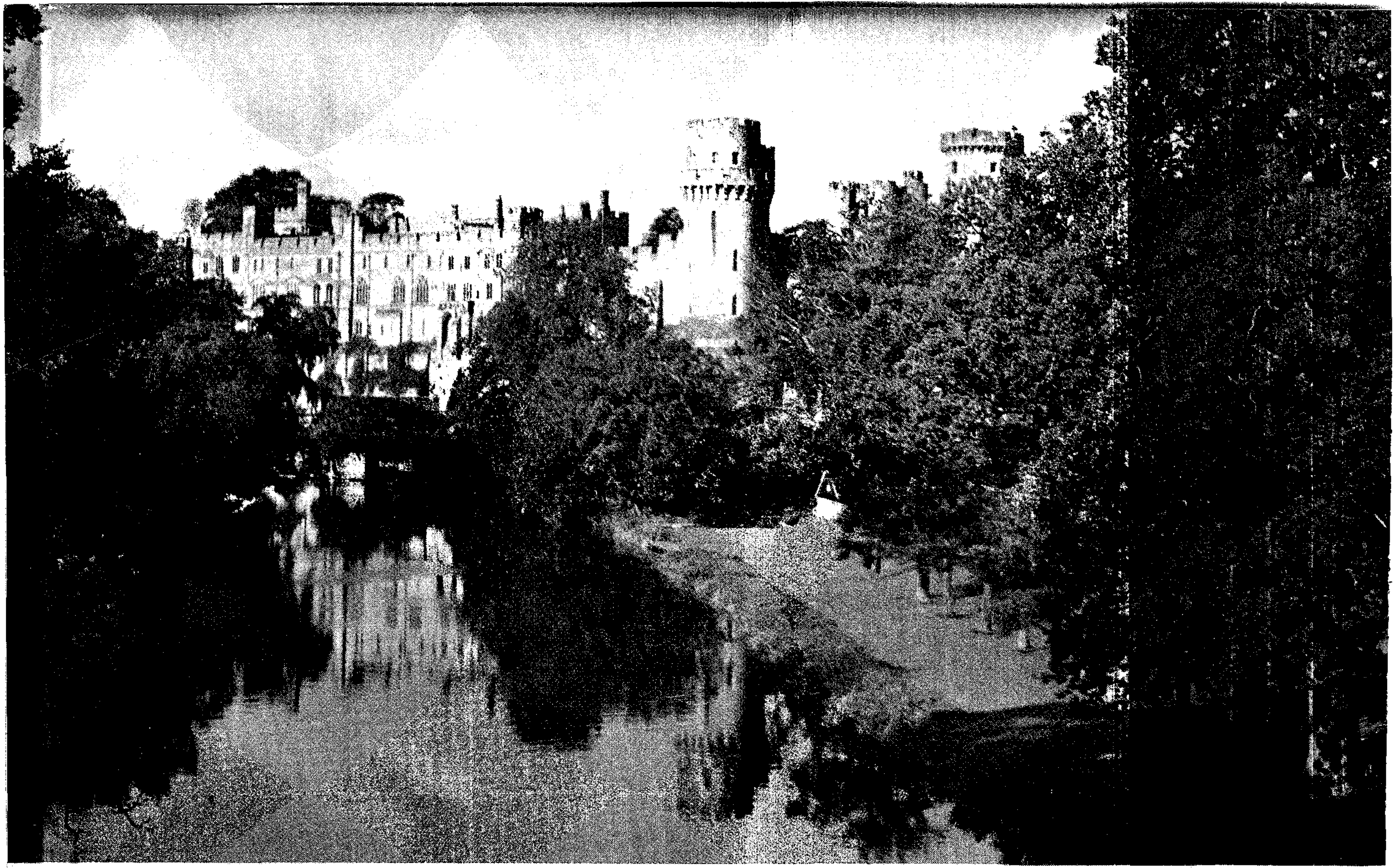


Warwick Castle was the fortress of Warwick the King Maker (see Shakespeare's *King Henry VI, Part II*). Admission is 56 cents.

It's Shakespeare's Year in Britain

Here's how you can join in the merrymaking for less than $14 a day

APRIL 23 is Shakespeare's birthday, and Britain is toasting it with *eight months* of festivals, fetes and pageants. These goings-on happen only once in 100 years. Try not to miss them—you won't get another chance until 2064.

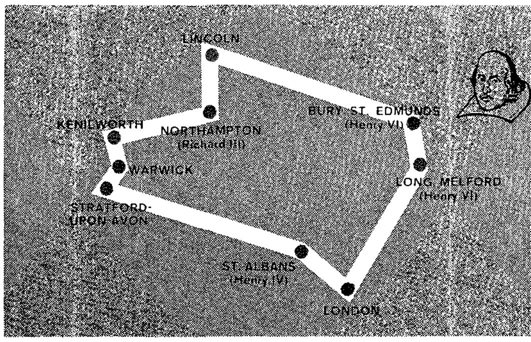
To help you catch the high spots of Shakespeare's Year, take a look at our three small charts. Each shows places Shakespeare knew or wrote about, and towns where you can see his plays performed. Each chart also gives you an idea of what you can see comfortably in 10 days. For a free *detailed* road map, write to one of the addresses below.

When you plan your trip, you'll notice that Britain is tiny—no bigger than Wyoming. You can go to the theatre in London, catch a night train and be in Edinburgh for breakfast.

More good news: even with all the special events, Britain's prices are remarkably low. Bed *and* breakfast in a village inn cost from $3.75. Lunch costs about two dollars. For $3.50 you can enjoy a full-course dinner. Bus or train travel costs about 3 cents a mile. And seats at Stratford's Royal Shakespeare Theatre start at 56 cents.

Add it up. In one day, you can stay at an inn, dine, travel a hundred miles, and attend a festival—all without spending more than $14. For dates, details and tickets, see your travel agent.

Meantime, you can be brushing up on your Shakespeare.


LINCOLN
KENILWORTH
NORTHAMPTON
(Richard III)
BURY ST. EDMUNDS
(Henry VI)
WARWICK
LONG MELFORD
(Henry VI)
STRATFORD-
UPON-AVON
ST. ALBANS
(Henry IV)
LONDON

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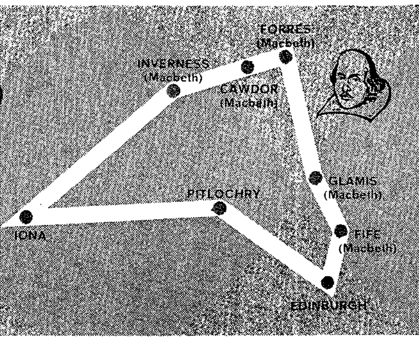
FORRES
(Macbeth)
INVERNESS
(Macbeth)
CAWDOR
(Macbeth)
GLAMIS
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PITLOCHRY
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FIFE
(Macbeth)
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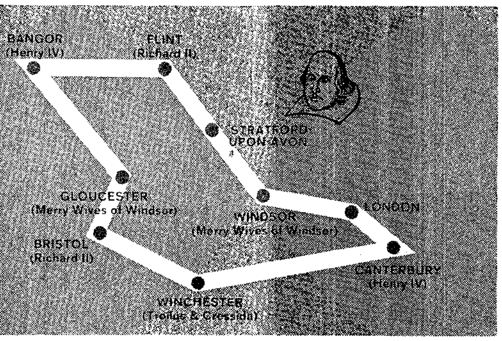
BANGOR
(Henry IV)
FLINT
(Richard II)
STRATFORD-
UPON-AVON
GLOUCESTER
(Merry Wives of Windsor)
WINDSOR
(Merry Wives of Windsor)
LONDON
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

ONE of the easiest but surest tests of a jazz performance is whether or not it swings. Deciding this is wholly intuitive, for no one knows exactly what swinging is. Louis Armstrong and John Lewis and Buddy Tate swing, but Dave Brubeck and J. J. Johnson and Jimmy Giuffre don't. Ben Webster and Pee Wee Russell swing, but Lennie Tristano and Shorty Rogers don't. Fats Waller swung, Jelly Roll Morton didn't. Charlie Christian did, Eddie Lang didn't. Any instrument can swing (the harp and the tuba included), but a whole group rarely swings all together. Sometimes the drummer swings, towing the unleavened after him. Sometimes a trumpeter or a saxophonist swings despite the drummer. Sometimes only half the rhythm section swings. Sometimes a soloist swings for an entire solo, and sometimes for just three bars. But this mysterious process has definite ingredients—sensible tempo (it is almost impossible to swing at terribly fast or terribly slow speeds, or in plain wrong tempos); keeping good, but not metronomic, time; an equal mixture of relaxation and tension (a man waking from a numbing sleep, his muscles like limp suspenders, can't swing, but a nervous man momentarily slumped in a chair might); and the balancing of form and content (superlative technicians often don't swing, and neither do most back-country blues singers). Perhaps swinging occurs when the original is played as if by heart and the familiar is played as if it were original. Although we still look to the drummer as its chief source, there are a remarkable number of unswinging drummers. Most prominent among them are Zutty Singleton, Jimmy Crawford, Gene Krupa, Cozy Cole, Louis Bellson, Max Roach, Art Taylor, and Mel Lewis. Their opposites are Chick Webb, Sid Catlett, Dave Tough, Jo Jones, J. C. Heard, Kenny Clarke, Eddie Shaughnessy, Connie Kay, Joe Morello, Dannie Richmond, Billy Higgins, and Elvin Jones. Those who swing only on alternate Tuesdays are George Wettling, Shelly Manne, Specs Powell, Osie Johnson, Buddy Rich,

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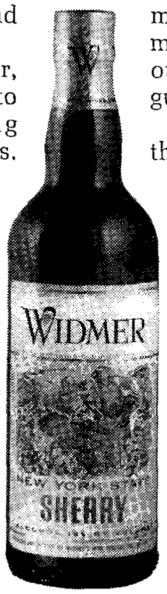

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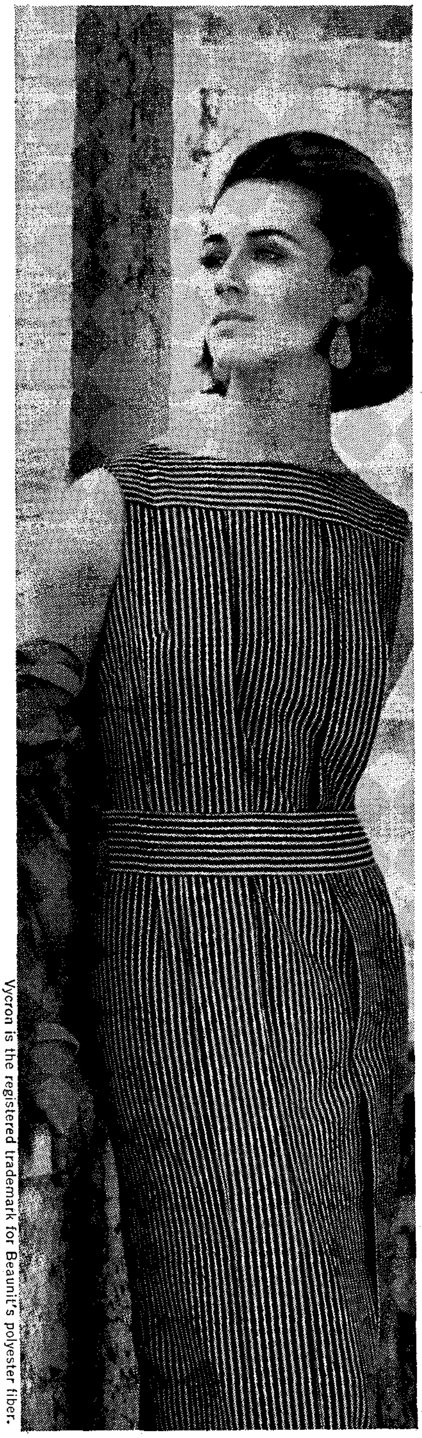

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Philly Joe Jones, and Art Blakey. Of the non-swingers, Louis Bellson is probably the most puzzling.

In the early fifties, when such things still mattered, Bellson was reputed to be the fastest drummer alive. He had, his admirers claimed, outstripped Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich. Everything was in his favor. A small, lithe, good-looking man (speedy drummers, like racing-car drivers, are always handsome), he was ambidextrous, he had a light, fresh, sure touch, and he moved quicker than a chameleon's tongue. He studied his instrument constantly, wrote books on drumming, and made innovations in equipment (two bass drums rather than one). He seemed to galvanize the bands he played with (Benny Goodman, Harry James, Duke Ellington, Tommy Dorsey), and his solos were spectacular. Then, in the mid-fifties, the course of jazz drumming moved for good into the channel excavated by Clarke and Roach and Blakey, and speed and flashiness gave way to polyrhythms and melodic drumming. At the age of thirty, Bellson—the last of the speed-of-light drummers—was an anachronism. Nonetheless, he has continued to appear regularly, either with Pearl Bailey, his wife, or with his own groups, and his style has not changed. Bellson is a good timekeeper and an assembly-line accompanist. He plays in a monotone, depending on a loud, head-on attack rather than on subtle sorties and sallies at the flanks. He uses one large ride cymbal constantly, spreading predictable offbeat clouts around his tomtom, snare, and bass drums. He accompanies pianists and trumpeters in exactly the same way. He smiles steadily while he plays, and is an almost apologetic showman. His solos are long, overbearing, and just about as fast as they look. He is apt to start with riffling strokes on his high hat, broken by occasional offbeats on his other cymbals or on his snare. He switches to his snare, and he flies through a flurry of rimshots (he keeps his snare tightly muffled, so they sound like an axe on live wood), interspersed with rolls and one-two, one-two-three tomtom strokes. He will prolong this pattern (his approach depends on momentum rather than on the unexpected punch), gradually easing in more and more complex rolls, which he distributes very quickly between the snare and one tomtom, as if they were one drum. Suddenly he launches trip-hammer left-hand strokes on the snare (few drummers can match his left hand), while his right hand floats in a lackadaisical half-time

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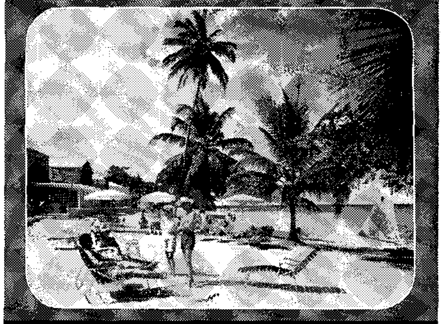

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fashion from tomtom to tomtom, from tomtom to cymbals, from tomtom to snare. But his right hand soon catches up with his left, and, his volume rising, he moves into a steady backandforth, backandforth roar on the snare and the tomtoms. His smile turns to a grimace, he grits his teeth, a vein in his neck bulges, and he begins a fast roll on his bass drums with his feet, stops, starts, stops, and then looses a gusherlike bass-drum thunder, which drowns the piffling cannonading of his hands. Everything vibrates at great speed—hands, feet, head, cymbals, drums. This monolithic noise continues for a minute (his hands move faster and faster), and then, with the listener long since prepared for the summit, Bellson pauses, smiles dazedly, and indefatigably retraces his steps, in hot pursuit of infinity.

The Bellson excursions that I heard one night last week at the Metropole (just before he moved on), with a fifteen-piece pickup group, didn't swing, and neither did his backing up, most of it read from drum parts and done—even the slow tempos—with sticks. His band consists largely of New York musicians—among others, Bill Berry and Ray Copeland (trumpets), Jimmy Cleveland and Quentin Jackson (trombones), Gene Quill and Seldon Powell (saxophones), and Barry Harris and Earl May (rhythm). The arrangements, by such as Neal Hefti, Bill Holman, Marty Paich, Quill, Ernie Wilkins, and Bellson himself, are mechanical and resemble those now favored by Count Basie and Woody Herman. Although Bellson is a static performer, his personality is apparently catching, for the band frequently swung, pulling him along after it. Powell, Cleveland, Jackson, and Copeland soloed enthusiastically and well, but Bellson's solos were nearly endless and unnerving to watch. At their outset, the house lights dimmed and a large spotlight was rolled up just below him, where it peered up through his cymbals like a bird watcher peering through leaves. The eerie effect was like holding a candle or flashlight below the chin in a dark room, and one had the feeling that the next number might include apple bobbing or blindman's buff.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

13. MOVIE—Drama

"Street of Memories," Guy Kibbee, Lynn Roberts. Amnesia victim on Skid Row is befriended by a girl, but when he regains his memory, he forgets her.
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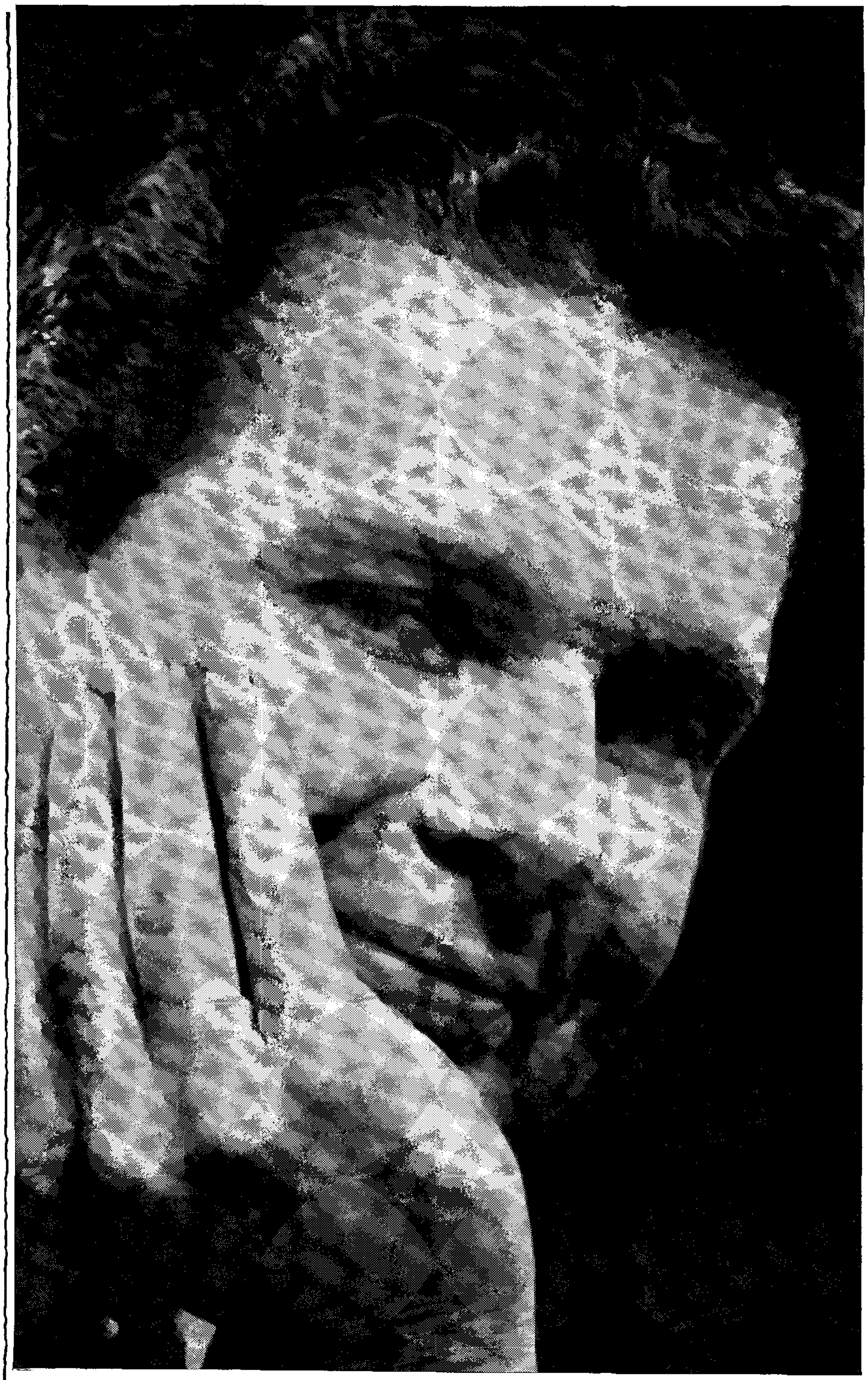

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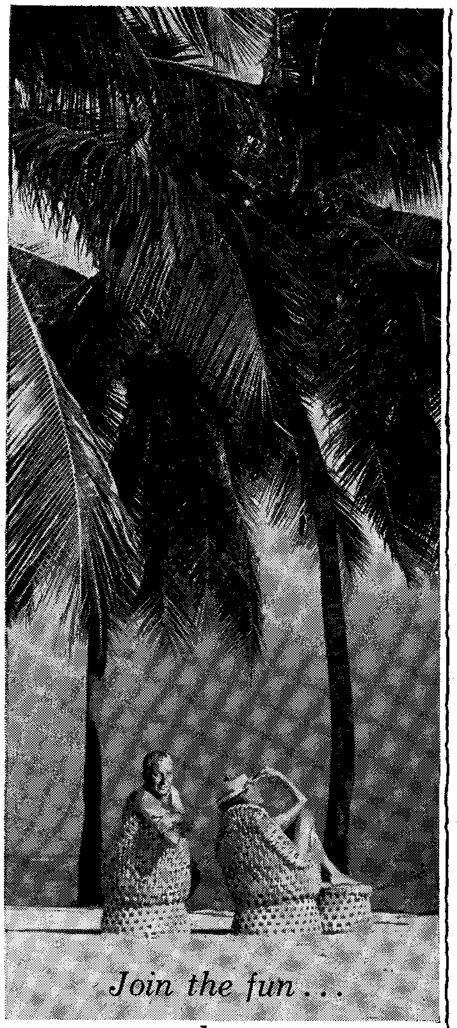

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L'INGLESE

Walpole, travelling in the Alps,
talked of goat trails and abysses.
Powdered wigs make prickly scalps
in a chaise above a crisis.

"The *least* slip," so he wrote to West,
would have tumbled wig and all
into such fog and sudden rest
that— Well, he had no wish to fall.

"But is it possible," he thought,
"the next step is not one too many?,"
while the sweating peasants sought
footholds for their daily penny.

One man's terror, one man's trade.
With milord upon their shoulders
and a long way back to bed,
the porters edged around the boulders.

Came "a cruel accident."
Next day Walpole still bemoans:
When the trail at last had bent
to an almost-road of stones,

he let his little spaniel out
("the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature!")
for its creature needs, no doubt,
or to admire some Alpine feature.

"When from a wood," he wept and wrote,
"a young wolf sprang at once and seized
poor, dear Tory by the throat!"—
and vanished, one must guess, well pleased.

"I saw it but I screamed in vain!"
The prey was seized, the wolf was gone.
What seemed above all else to pain
Walpole, once the thing was done,

was that it happened in full day,
"but two o'clock and broad sunshine."
His "Alpine savages"—for pay,
and full, he wrote, "of sour wine"—

made such commotion as seemed due,
but had their Englishman to bear.
In three leagues Turin came in view
and they could rest once they were there.

ENVOI

Sensibility better suits
the man inside the chaise
than the bearers—ugly brutes—
of those Alpine ways.

Yet the weight falls on all mankind
the day the wolf attacks;
milord had things upon his mind,
they milord upon their backs.

—JOHN CIARDI

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ALL THE PRISONERS DROVE AWAY

BEFORE I was twelve, I lived several years in the Adirondack Mountains, and ski jumping and bobsledding were as familiar to me as my face in the mirror, but fifteen years later I wasn't prepared for the sight of my fellow-prisoners enjoying these sports inside the walls of New York State's maximum-security prison at Dannemora, which is located in the Adirondacks. I was startled the first time I saw three inmates on a bobsled. In the past, I might have pictured them careening around corners in a black sedan, spitting gravel and fire, and the sight of this trio zipping down the ice on a makeshift sled, clutching each other for dear life and grinning as if Eliot Ness couldn't get out of the way, was different. Like all else, though, it came to be routine at Dannemora during the winter months.

I'll have to explain the setup there for winter sports. The northern part of the recreation yard sits on the side of a hill, like tiers in a stadium. On top is a horseshoe-pitching pit that can be filled with water from a nearby spring and allowed to freeze over for skating. Beyond this pit are the handball and basketball courts, extending to the thirty-foot-high concrete wall. By starting your bobsled at the basketball court, you could get a pretty stiff ride down along the west wall and then around a ninety-degree banked turn that shot the sled across a football field. If the sled held together, you'd wind up a ride of several hundred yards in a snowbank conveniently near the prison hospital.

The tier sections of the yard were divided into small lots, or courts, on which two to a dozen inmates of similar makeup would gather, even in subzero cold. Wearing heavy Mackinaws, knit pullover caps, and mittens, some would sit on rough wooden chairs around an oil-drum stove and a pot of coffee and play cards or chess on a homemade table or swap press clippings. Above and below them, the other prisoners, averaging probably a thousand men, would be engaging in various sports, including weight lifting, or just standing around. Some of the guards were posted on elevated "lifeguard chairs" in the yard, and others strolled about among the prisoners.

The atmosphere, as you can see, was informal; this was a psychological necessity for men confined for long and sometimes hopeless periods of time. Inmates were allowed to use shovels, saws, ham-

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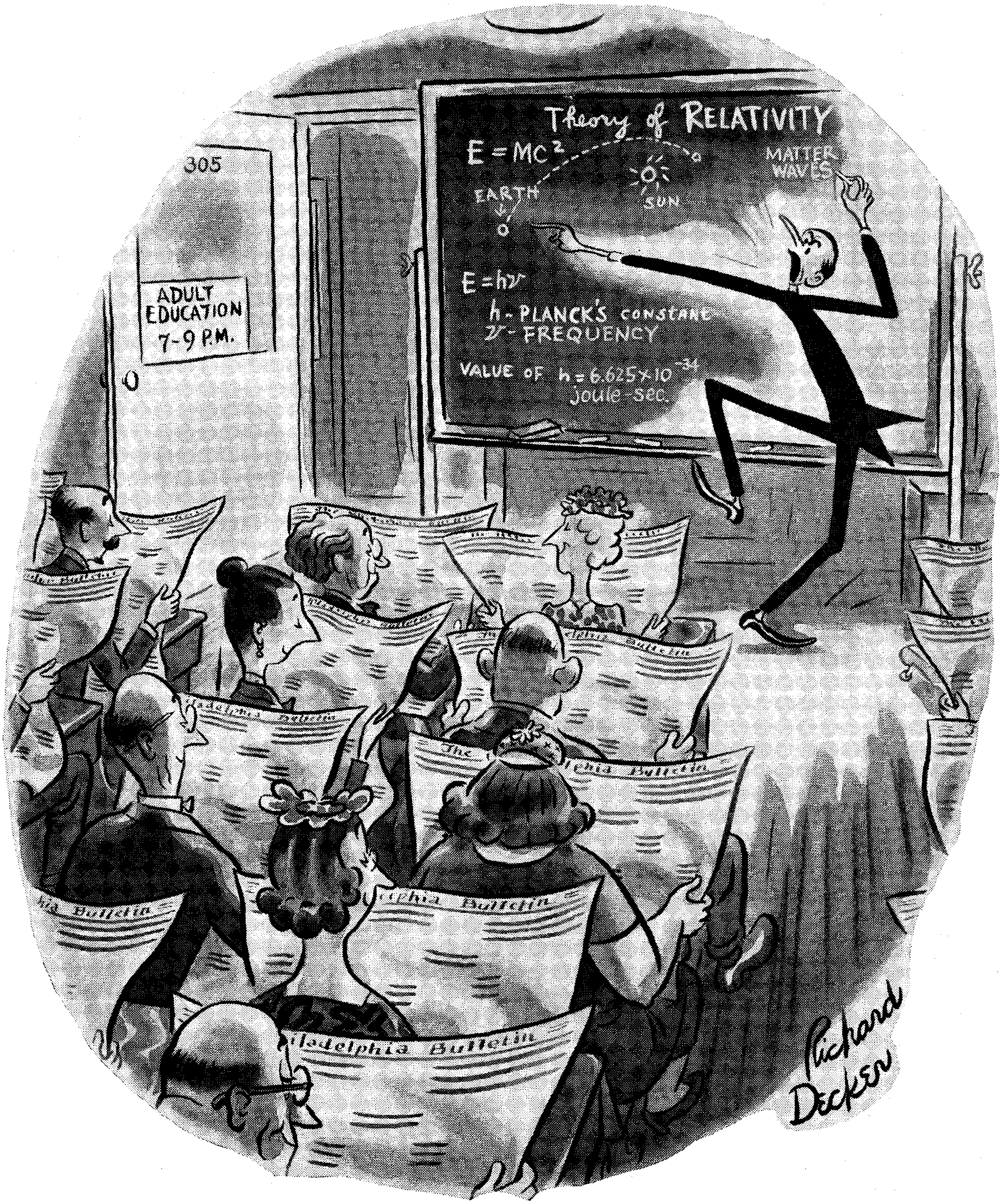
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mers, nails, and other articles issued by the yard control post. Scrap lumber from the woodyard, empty tin cans and lard pails from the kitchen, and wire and strips of metal from discarded pieces of equipment were also used. In this way, bobsleds and skis were built, and courts were provided with basic furniture. Coffeepots, playing cards, magazines, and canned food could be obtained at the prison commissary.

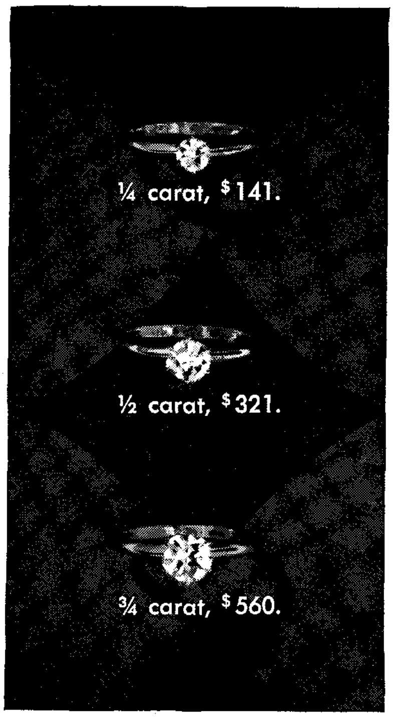
Except when the weather was too cold (thirty below) or when there was fog, we could stay in the yard, unless we preferred to remain in our cells, from three in the afternoon until five-thirty, though early nightfall shortened the recreation time a bit. I shared one of the courts with five other men. (A court was usually "inherited" from a discharged or deceased prisoner, or was purchased from the "owner," like a seat on the Stock Exchange. The new owner would then share it with his friends.) One day after a particularly heavy snowfall, I began kicking and scratching at the huge pile of snow we'd shovelled to one end of the court, wondering what to make with it. My companions weren't a snowman-type crowd, nor the type for "The Thinker," and any prisoner's sentence was too short to detail the elegance of an Anita Ekberg, so I decided on a full-sized Cadillac convertible—with the top down.

Four days later, the other men on the court figured what I was up to and had a pretty good laugh, and they kept laughing until I dug out the driver's seat and put in the steering wheel. Then the laughing sort of trickled off, and it was quite a thing watching them try to get behind that wheel without bringing ridicule down on their own necks. I went on packing and scraping a few more days. There were hydrants in the yard, in addition to the spring, and I soaked whatever I finished so it would freeze: bumpers, grille, wheels, fenders. Soon men from other courts began passing by at regular intervals to check on my progress or comment on this or that item, and some of them just stood around smiling. My five hecklers now looked like a litter of whipped pups, and this wasn't a role familiar to them.

It was Bucky who led them out of the doghouse. He came barrelling over one afternoon, like an apoplectic foreman, and stabbed his finger into a magazine illustration of a Cadillac convertible, shouting, "You forgot the bumper guards!"

"Bumper guards?"

"These!" And he stabbed the page again. "Right here, see?"



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"How about that, now!" I went on packing. "I'll catch them later."

"Never mind, I'll take care of it," he said. Then he yelled, "Bronco, get a pail of water! Sonny, bring over some of that clean snow! One of you guys help Bronco with the water!"

And that's about how it went from then on. We were getting a good likeness, working from magazine illustrations rather than the advice of idle watchers, many of whom knew nothing later than an Essex or a Stutz Bearcat. The windshield was made on the coldest days by pouring water over a mold of packed snow and letting it freeze, layer on layer. When it was thick enough to support itself, the mold was scraped out and the inside of the windshield was rubbed smooth with brass wool. Hot water melted the flaws of rubbing, and the final freeze left the windshield clear enough to see through, as long as your life didn't depend on it; but oncoming traffic was pretty light, so it didn't really matter.

At this time, two former body-and-fender men, who had stood around wincing whenever the water ate away a spot on the car's surface, came up with their own tools: flattened tin cans pierced with different-sized nails, making graters of various kinds—coarse, fine, square, round. The men came hopefully, and I had to take them on. They did expert work; no custom-shop baked enamel ever received more meticulous attention. When we were finishing up, we drew some fairly large crowds, and I half expected to see someone struggling up the hill lugging a battery charger.

Three hundred men must have climbed behind that wheel in the next few days, "Just to get the feel, y'know?" It *was* kind of a kick, when you took in the surroundings—swallowed up in the state's Siberia, five or six of us would be sitting there in the car as if we were parked in front of the Waldorf. The doors wouldn't open, the top wouldn't go up, the radio wouldn't play, but as long as no one tried turning on the ignition, the knowledge of these handicaps merely floated around in the subconscious somewhere—and, dreaming a little, you just couldn't be sure.

EVERYTHING went fine until one day when someone had to ask, "Why don't you go for a ride?" I was silent, wishing the question hadn't been asked, and I guess most of the others standing around felt the same way. Then Sonny, who was sitting in the back seat, said, "Why not?" This was

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about what you could expect from Sonny, who didn't have all his marbles, perhaps, but the crack got us looking back and forth at each other and then to the top of the bobsled run. The car was a solid block of ice, and the runway passed right by our court. Why not? Not a bad question at that. The next day, our answer became a total project.

A ramp from the front wheels to the runway was built and frozen. With the coöperation of the bobsledders, a labor force under a former county-highway supervisor went to work on the runway, levelling the ruts and bumps and watering the whole thing down until the ice was smooth and thick enough to stand the strain. Specifications for this job were provided by an engineer who hadn't bothered coming to the yard for many winters. Using a ruler, pencil, paper, and some not yet forgotten skills, he computed the weight of the car as accurately as possible, the velocity factor at various points along the runway, the G force of the banked turn, the stress between the four ice wheels. At one point while doing this, he threw up his hands and said the whole idea was preposterous—the first jar would split our snow car right across the middle under the added weight of six idiot occupants. After hesitating, he suggested a twelve-inch-thick keel that would support the extra weight. It took us five days to make the keel and freeze it to the bottom of the car.

The distance from our court to the top of the hill was a full hundred yards of fairly steep incline and slippery footing, but the tires were chopped loose from the ground, and a groaning mass of men heave-ho'd the snow car up the ramp and onto the runway. At first there was doubt about which direction we were going in, and Sonny hopped into the back seat just in case; then reinforcements flocked to the runway and gradually checked the car's downward slide, brought it to a stop, and began inching it up the hill. Everyone who wasn't pushing was watching or getting out of the way, and when we reached the top, an hour later, the tower guards, who had looked on sympathetically, seemed pretty well bushed from all our heaving and ho'ing. The snow car was up there, ready.

Below us, the runway looked smooth and solid down to the banked turn, and the football field was clear except for a few men walking about. It should be quite a ride, I thought, and the question now was who would make it. Too many men had worked on the car for any six to claim the right to go, but I felt

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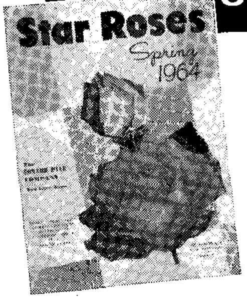

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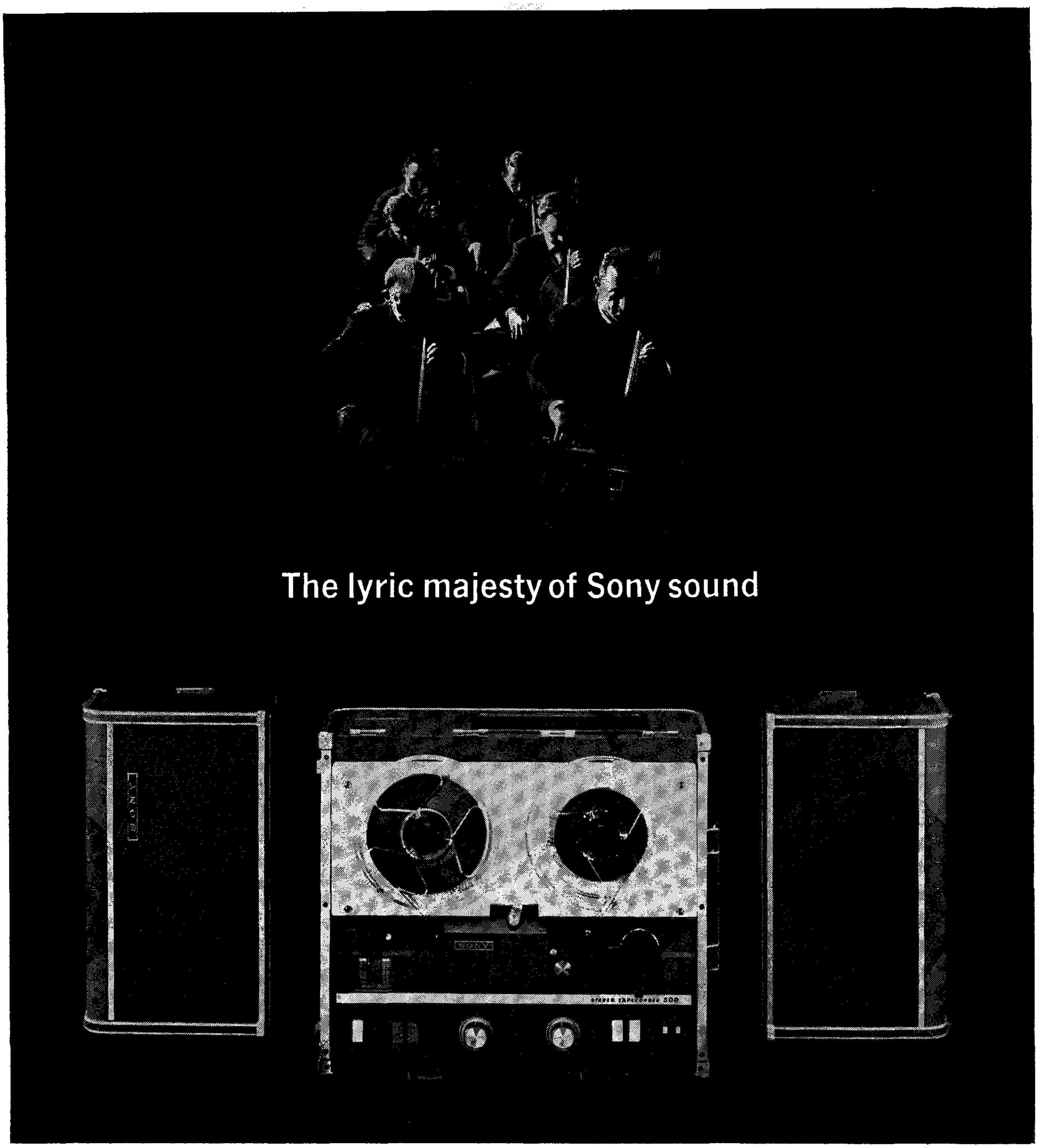

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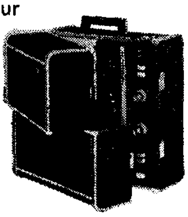

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Conrad N. Hilton, President

sure I'd get a seat. Sonny suggested a free-for-all fight, and the six men left standing could make the trip, and Bucky said sure, right into solitary, and the first time six men ever drove there. We tried a voice vote, and all the ballots turned out "Me." A couple more ideas were kicked around; then it was late and we had to go in.

The next day, my five companions and I sat in the car, still talking the matter over. The view from up there is one of the finest in the Adirondacks, with Whiteface Mountain far to the southwest, and where the forests broke into open fields we could at times see cars creeping along the plowed roads, and I think that now and then we had the feeling we might join them. It almost seemed as if we had the choice. We hung around the car for the next few days, sitting in it, or sometimes leaning on the fenders, until the question of the ride faded out altogether. I guess we would have hated to see the car make *one* trip and sit down there at the end of the field, spent. While it was up there on top of the sled run, ready to go, the men would come around to look it over now and then, and some old-timers would shuffle off, smiling. It was something else to think about, up there.

So we never really got around to driving it away, down the hill, and as the weeks passed into spring our snow car got smaller and smaller, but it didn't seem so bad up there on top of the hill. We hung around it a lot, talking, watching the changing scene in the south, with the white silence giving way to a new green, and our snow car melting down to the size of a child's bowl of ice cream. It was one of the last traces of winter to pass that year, and even as it did, somehow it still seemed ready to go, ready to take us somewhere.

—J. V. WHITEY

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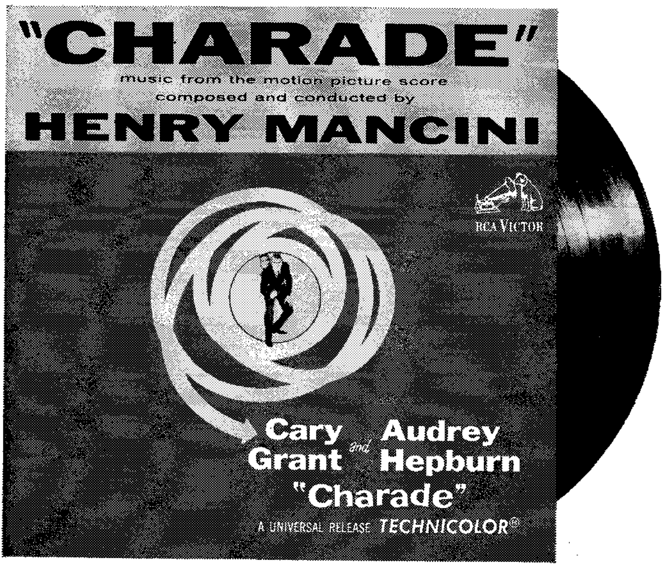
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LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

JANUARY 2

OF all the surprises of the Second Vatican Council—and, beginning with the revelation that the great majority of the world's bishops are progressive, the Council's first two sessions have produced many surprises—none has been more astonishing than the new perspective in which it has placed the papacy. Most Catholics, and particularly American Catholics, had always assumed that once the Pope expressed his wishes they would be carried out immediately. A readjustment of this view turned out to be necessary when it became clear that Pope John XXIII's original plans for the Council were running into procrastination and resistance. (The faithful were also startled to learn that early in his reign, after asking several of the oldest cardinals to relinquish some of their multiple positions in the congregations of the Roman Curia in order to open up a few spots for his own appointees, Pope John was heard to exclaim in amazement, "But they refused, they refused! Never in my life did I think anyone would refuse the Pope!") Many Catholics came to realize, perhaps for the first time, that the Pope's infallibility in matters of doctrine by no means guaranteed him unanimity of support in matters of policy. It took Pope John three years, from 1959 to 1962, to put over his Council. Pope Paul VI had little more than three months, from his election last summer to the opening of the second session in October, to put over *his*. If the second session, which closed on December 4th, has been adjudged something less than a smashing success, it is a wonder that it succeeded as well as it did. Considering the foot-dragging, not to say intransigence, of a few diehards strategically placed on the various commissions charged with preparing the schemata to be presented to the Council for voting, its accomplishments are a credit to the perseverance of the majority, including—another pleasant surprise—most of the American bishops. Over powerful opposition, it managed to get declarations on religious liberty and on the relations between Christians and Jews onto the floor of the Council. It is true that it failed to bring these statements to a vote, but, as Cardinal Bea, head of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, told the Council Fathers on the last day of the debates, "What has been put off is not put away." For this reason, among many others, the third session of the Council, scheduled for next September, will undoubtedly be crucial.

The main achievement of the second session—a substantial one—is the new Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy, one of whose chief effects will be to place the emphasis in liturgical worship on Scripture, as it is understood in modern Biblical theology, and thereby provide a bridge to the Protestant Church, whose worship has always been Biblically rather than sacramentally oriented. At first, as a large number of amendments to the text were being voted on, the Constitution seemed to be moving toward a successful completion. Then, to everyone's surprise, there was a hitch: the chapters on the Mass and on the sacraments failed to achieve the required two-thirds majority. This created a momentary confusion, until it became clear that many Council Fathers were withholding their approval not because they were against the chapters but because they felt that the chapters did not go far enough. Although the schema allowed the use of the vernacular in the sacraments, for example, it required that the essential formulas continue to be said in Latin. (In the rite of baptism, "*Ego te baptizo*" could not be translated into "I baptize thee," even though all the rest could be said in English.) After many bishops had argued that this distinction was contrary to immemorial custom, the restriction was finally removed, and the two chapters then received overwhelming support. Once the new law goes into effect, on the first Sunday of Lent (February 16th), there will be nothing to prevent the saying of the whole Mass in English or any other modern language, if the local bishops and the Holy See approve. (*L'Osservatore Romano*, in its issue of December 5th, ran a boxed notice on the front page, warning against jumping the gun.) At that time, it will be up to the bishops in national or regional groups to decide when the changes, and how many of them, will be introduced in their areas. Although the American bishops issued a statement in Rome agreeing to make "full use of the vernacular concessions granted by the Council," there was an interesting contrast between the individual statements of two American cardinals. Cardinal Ritter, the Archbishop of St. Louis, said that English would be in use in Masses in the United States "shortly after the first of the year, when an English version can be agreed upon at least temporarily," while Cardinal McIntyre, the Archbishop of Los Angeles, said in a message to the people of his archdiocese that "the details of this introduction [of English] will not definitely be determined—nor will they be put into effect—for perhaps another year."

The only other Council document that was formally promulgated was the decree on communications. This was hardly a great accomplishment. Despite the obvious competence of the laity in the communications field, little effort had been made to seek their counsel in preparing a draft of this schema, which dealt with the responsibilities of the press, the cinema, radio, and television. However, it appears that some slight improvements were made in the final text, after the earlier version was pointedly criticized by three American journalists covering the Council—John Cogley, of *Commonweal;* Robert Kaiser, of *Time;* and Michael Novak, of the Boston *Pilot* and the Kansas City *Catholic Reporter*. They circulated a statement itemizing such defects in the draft as its failure to

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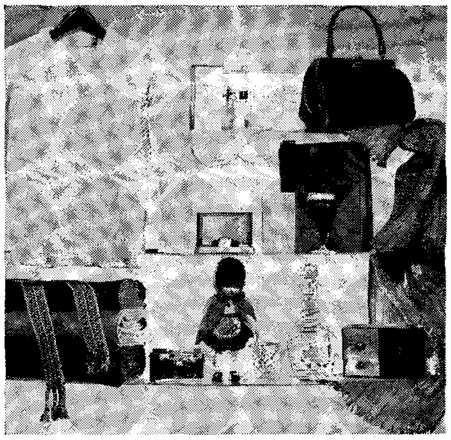

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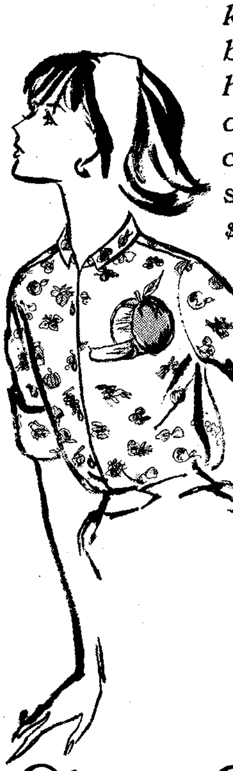
mention the moral obligations of those who supply information as well as of those who report it; its mistake in endowing "the Catholic press with a teaching authority not proper to journalism;" and its error in suggesting that "the state has an authority over mass media, which is dangerous to political liberty everywhere, and in some countries, like the United States, prohibited by constitutional law." When the Council voted on the schema as a whole, it was clear that twenty-five per cent of the assembled Fathers considered it less than satisfactory; 503 bishops marked their ballots "*placet iuxta modum*," or "yes with reservations," against 1,598 who voted "*placet*." (No one voted "*non placet*.") Some of the bishops who voted "*placet*" even admitted that they had not bothered to read the text, which received the most perfunctory discussion of all the schemata at the Council. The decree was promulgated by Pope Paul on December 4th.

In the debate on the schema "On the Bishops and Dioceses," the delicate topic of retirement was touched on. Archbishop Mingo, of Monreale, Sicily, who is sixty-two, said that the recommendation that bishops retire at sixty-five was a good one. "It is a hard law but a necessary one," he said. ("*Dura lex sed necessaria*.") On the other hand, Bishop de Vito, of Lucknow, India, who is fifty-nine, rejected the idea as absurd. "It would be just as outrageous as attempting to change the course of the moon," he asserted. Later, Cardinal Suenens, Primate of Belgium, and one of the leading figures at this session, urged the need for legislation enforcing retirement. "To expect bishops to agree to resign voluntarily is like brandishing a sword in water," he said. "Old age creates a hiatus between the bishops and the modern world. One has only to look around at sees governed by aged prelates." Another subject touched on in this debate was the status and role of auxiliary, or assistant, bishops. The youthful-looking Auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia, Gerald McDevitt, showed a delightful sense of humor at a press conference as he spoke against the practice of giving auxiliary bishops sees that are titular only. "When I was made a bishop, I was given a three-page description of my titular see somewhere in the south of Tunisia," he said. "After reading it, I lost any desire to visit the place. I understand that there is nothing there but a couple of goats and some palm trees." Bishop Caillot, the Coadjutor Bishop of Evreux, France, also spoke against the practice. "No one ex-



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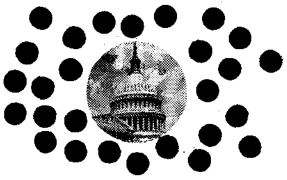

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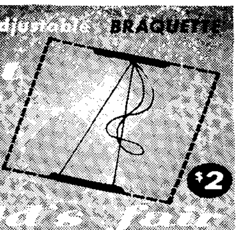

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cept the Benedictines knows where these titular sees are," he stated. "They are usually nothing but ruins." He urged that coadjutors and auxiliaries have title to the see to which they are assigned, and that a resigning bishop be made emeritus in the see he formerly occupied.

Three American cardinals spoke on the subject of episcopal conferences, presenting three different points of view. The issue was whether decisions made by such bodies should be juridically binding or purely moral and hortatory. There was a rather sharp division among the Council Fathers on this point, and at a press conference the American theologian Father Gustave Weigel (whose tragic death in New York was announced last week) put his finger on the basic difference. "The Continental mind," he said, "holds that you do not have any kind of agreement unless it is written down or spelled out in law. The Anglo-Saxon mind, on the other hand, believes that the less law there is, the better—leave as much as you possibly can to the moral sphere." The debate on this schema came to an end with a discussion of the relative size and wealth of dioceses. Bishop Sorrentino, of Bova, Italy, urged that the numerous small Italian dioceses, whose boundaries have not been changed for more than a thousand years, be consolidated, in the interests of greater efficiency. The Lateran Treaty of 1929, between the Vatican and Italy, envisaged a redrawing of boundaries, but nothing has been done because of local pride and resistance to change. Bishop Massimiliani, of Civita Castellana, Italy, on the other hand, put in a strong plea for the small diocese, on the ground that "because of the many bishops in Italy, Protestantism cannot get a foothold." Archbishop Gonzales Martin, of Astorga, Spain, cited the need for a more equitable distribution of ecclesiastical wealth. Some parishes are rich, while others in the same diocese are disgracefully poor, he said. He called this contrast "disedifying," and said that more attention should be paid to "the social function of property."

ON November 22nd, at about 7 P.M. Rome time, when the news broke here that President Kennedy had been assassinated, there was a stunned and incredulous silence. Flags, including the yellow-and-white banner of the Holy See, were immediately lowered to half-mast. Italians of all classes seemed to feel a personal loss, and to feel a need to voice it to Americans, whom they stopped in the street. Pope Paul's messages to the President's widow, his par-

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ents, his successor, and to Cardinal Cushing were all given prominent space in the press here. Special services were held at the Episcopal Church of St. Paul, on the Via Nazionale, and at the Jewish Synagogue. A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. John Lateran on Monday by Cardinal Spellman, assisted by prelates from the American College. It was attended by President Segni and other dignitaries of the government, by the diplomatic corps, and by most of the American colony in Rome. Thirty-six cardinals were present, including Cardinals Bea, Ritter, Meyer, McIntyre, Suenens, Lercaro, Agagianian, Ruffini, Caggiano, Tappouni, Wyszynski, Ciriaci, Pizzardo, and Landazuri-Ricketts. All the non-Catholic observer-delegates to the Council were also present. By special permission of the Pope, the Mass was celebrated at the papal altar. Members of the American armed forces stood guard at the four corners of the catafalque, along with four Italian *carabinieri* in parade uniform. After Mass, Cardinal Spellman approached and blessed the catafalque while the choir intoned the "Libera me, Domine." Then the Cardinal delivered a few brief remarks praising President Kennedy—"that marvellous and exemplary President"—and spoke of "the wave of love for our dear country" that his untimely death had evoked. All Sunday and Monday, throngs of people kept filing into the American Embassy, on the Via Veneto, to pay their respects and sign the registers, twenty-one of which had to be pressed into service, including the one usually reserved for the diplomatic corps. Archpriest Vitaly Borovoy, the Russian Orthodox prelate who came from Moscow as an observer-delegate to the Council, wrote next to his signature, "We have prayed for the peaceful repose of the soul of this great Christian who has sacrificed his life for a great truth: the equality of all races and the brotherhood of all peoples under God. May God receive his soul in peace, and may his memory endure forever." There were many spontaneous sentiments written in the books, such as "To the beloved, great Kennedy" and "To Kennedy, missionary of brotherhood among men of peace and freedom." Beneath one expression of harsh feeling toward the assassin, a nun wrote, "Perhaps we should pray for the souls of both men." Of the many memorable comments on President Kennedy's death published all over the world, one that made a deep impression here was Hannah Arendt's. Writing in the *New York Review of Books*, she coupled his

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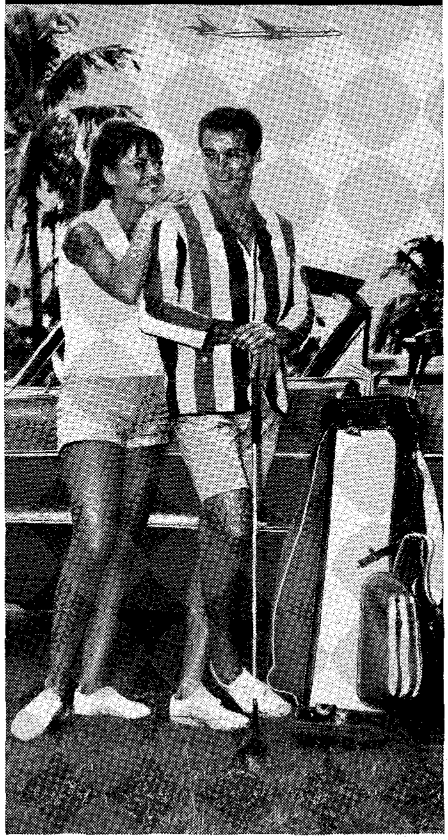

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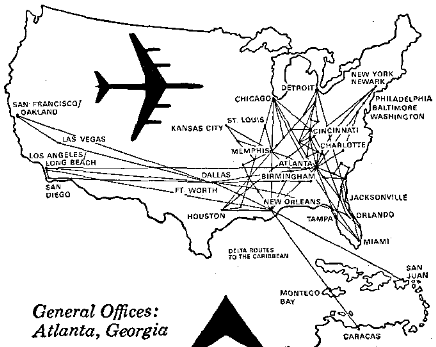

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death with an earlier one during 1963: "There is a curious and infinitely sad resemblance between the death of the two greatest men we have lost during this year—the one very old, the other in the prime of life. Both the late Pope and the late President died much too soon in view of the work they initiated and left unfinished. The whole world changed and darkened when their voices fell silent. And yet the world will never be as it was before they spoke and acted in it."

THE last two full weeks of the Council session, beginning on Monday, November 18th, were devoted to the important schema "On Ecumenism." As presented to the Council, it consisted of five chapters—the first on the general principles of Catholic ecumenism; the second on the practical means of implementing these principles; the third, which had two parts, on the separated Oriental Churches and on "the Christian communities [Protestants] arising from the sixteenth century;" the fourth on the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the Jews; and the fifth on religious liberty, or freedom of conscience. There had been much speculation about the fate of Chapter 5. Of great importance to American prelates, it had been submitted for clearance to Cardinal Ottaviani's Theological Commission last June, but no action had been taken on it. The well-known Jesuit theologian John Courtney Murray referred in the weekly *America* to "the many efforts to block discussion of it." He also wrote:

> The issue of religious liberty is of the highest interest to me both as a theologian and as an American. It is, as it were, *the* American issue at the Council. . . . Through Cardinal Spellman, the American bishops made a strong intervention, demanding that the issue be presented to the conciliar Fathers. . . . First, the text asserts that every man by right of nature (*jure naturae*) has the right to the free exercise of religion in society according to the dictates of his personal conscience. This right belongs essentially to the dignity of the human person as such. Secondly, the juridical consequences of this right are asserted—namely, that an obligation falls on other men in society, and upon the state in particular, to acknowledge this personal right, to respect it in practice, and to promote its free exercise. This is . . . the heart of the matter.

As pressure began building up in favor of getting the document printed and distributed among the Fathers for consideration, Cardinal Ottaviani tried but failed to get the Pope's support for further delay. He was told to con-

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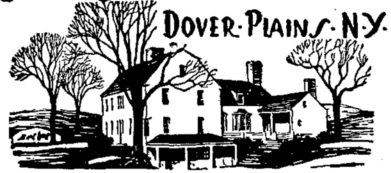

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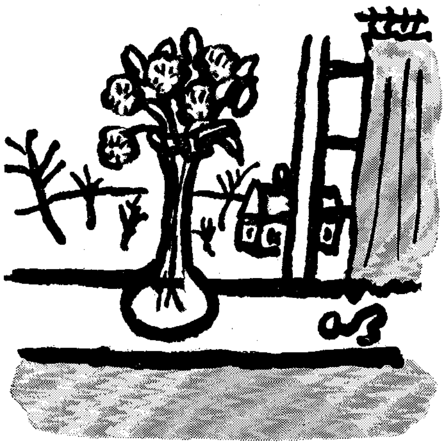
vene his Commission for discussion of the chapter on religious liberty, and to bring it to a vote. At the Commission meeting, Cardinal Ottaviani, who is almost blind, apparently did not recognize the tall figure of Father Murray as he spoke to the members on behalf of the text, though he was obviously interested in his remarks. Cardinal Ottaviani is said to have leaned over to his neighbor, Cardinal Léger, of Montreal, to ask who was speaking so well. The Canadian cardinal diplomatically replied, "*Peritus quidam*" ("Some expert or other"). The next day, when the voting was to take place, Cardinal Ottaviani tried to delay matters by proposing a great many long-winded amendments, all of which were rejected. Finally, the members became impatient, and some of them shouted, "Let us vote! Let us vote!" The Commission did vote, the tally showing eighteen Fathers in favor of releasing the chapter to the Council for debate and five Fathers against, while one ballot was invalid. The document went at once to the Vatican printer, and the following week, when the Council Fathers began the debate on the ecumenism schema, they had the text in their hands.

To start things off, Cardinal Cicognani, in the name of the subcommittee that had prepared the schema, officially presented it as a whole, and then Archbishop Martin, of Rouen, spoke in greater detail about the contents of the first three chapters. On the following day, Cardinal Bea introduced Chapter 4, and Bishop Emile De Smedt, of Bruges, Chapter 5. The remarks of both speakers were received with tremendous applause; in the opinion of observers, there had been nothing quite like this response since the start of the Council. This was taken as a tribute both to the speakers personally—particularly to Cardinal Bea for the part he had played in promoting the cause of unity as head of the Secretariat for



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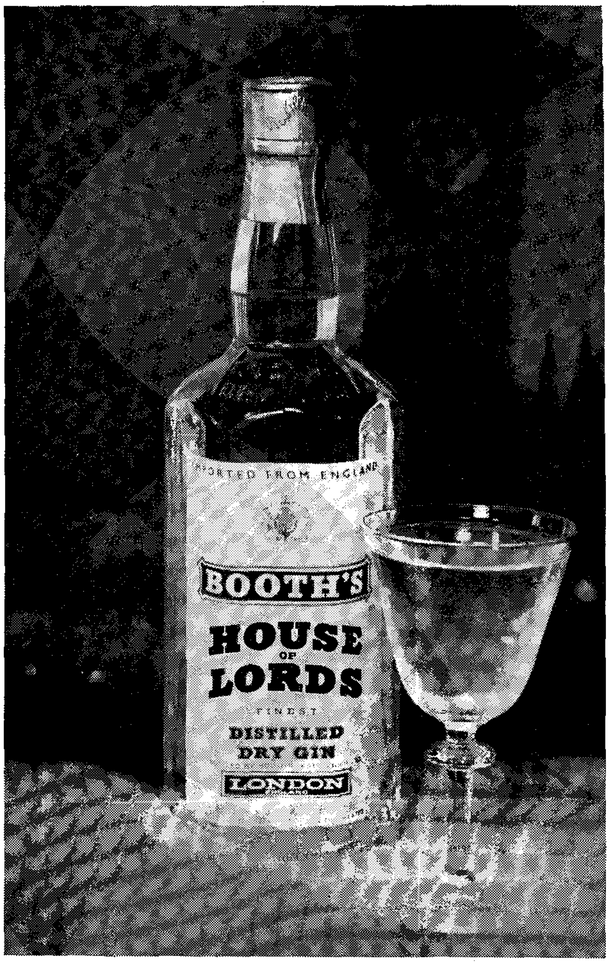

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Christian Unity—and to the ideas that they expressed. Cardinal Bea explained how the fourth chapter—"On the Jews," it was called—had come to be prepared. It had been undertaken about two years before, he said, "at the express command of John XXIII, of happy memory." Early in 1963, the Secretariat had decided to incorporate it in the present schema. Although Cardinal Bea did not say so, it was known that one of the reasons that prompted the Secretariat to urge the inclusion of these two chapters in the ecumenism schema was the desire to have them debated by the Council without undue delay. The text of "On the Jews" was brief, and in effect it absolved the Jewish people of the charge of "deicide" that has so often been levelled against them in popular Catholic works and manuals. Cardinal Bea reminded the Fathers of the intimate theological connection between the Jewish people and the Catholic Church. The reason for stressing all this now, he said, was the "powerful and effective propaganda against the Jews" lately prevalent in some countries, especially in Germany under the Nazis. The purpose of the chapter, he went on, was to "root out of the minds of Catholics any ideas that perhaps remain fixed there through the influence of that propaganda" and to set the record straight once and for all. He also stressed the strictly religious nature of the statement, saying that the Council did not wish to "become entangled in those difficult questions regarding the relations between the Arab nations and the state of Israel, or regarding so-called Zionism." The text, which was released to the press, received the approval of Jewish religious leaders throughout the world.

In his exposition of Chapter 5, Bishop De Smedt made it clear that the Council's pronouncement on religious liberty should refute, completely and finally, the charge of "Machiavellianism" made by critics who maintain that the Catholic Church demands religious liberty when it is in a minority but refuses to respect such liberty when it is in power. The document before the Council, he declared, affirmed the right of every individual to the free exercise of his religion according to the dictates of his conscience, without coercion by the civil authority or any other authority. Religious liberty is a sacred gift of God, he said, and the act of faith itself must be entirely free. One of the remarkable things about the Bishop's exposition was a historical résumé he offered of the "process of evolution both

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in the doctrine of the dignity of the human person and in the Church's pastoral solicitude for a man's freedom." Even though the repressive measures of the past had to be understood in the light of the times, he pointed out, they were not to be condoned. In conclusion, he observed that a statement on religious liberty was earnestly desired by many Protestant communities, by many universities, and by the world, and he expressed the hope that "it would be possible for the Council to deal with this question before the end of the present session. . . . Our Commission is prepared to work day and night toward this end."

There was indeed a nagging uncertainty over whether both Chapters 4 and 5 would actually be debated at the session. Most of the American bishops, because of their great interest in tolerance in the United States and in the traditional American stand on separation of church and state, were anxious to have a test vote, particularly on Chapter 5, with as much time for debate as possible. Some ultra-conservative Council Fathers, on the other hand, were fearful of the implications of debate, distrustful of the language of the chapter, and opposed to making any concessions to liberty; such concessions, they claimed, could be distorted by Communists and used to undermine the authority of the Church. Cardinal Tappouni, of Antioch, sounded the first negative note—a note that would be repeated by almost all the other Oriental prelates. After objecting to the lumping of the Orthodox Church and the Protestants in the same chapter, "because the relationships of the two to the Catholic Church are radically different," he asserted that "to treat of Judaism and religious liberty in this schema is out of place and most inopportune." Ecumenism was concerned with the unity of Christians, he said, and it was inappropriate to take up the matter of relations with non-Christians. The latter should be mentioned, if at all, "by accident," and no more attention should be given to one group of non-Christians than to another. The good intentions of the Fathers would, he feared, be misunderstood in the Arab press. Speaking for the American bishops, Cardinal Ritter said that the schema was the answer to the need expressed for an *aggiornamento*, or updating, of the Church and that its presentation marked the end of the Counter-Reformation. "We are happy that Chapter 5 deals with religious liberty," the Cardinal said. "Without a declaration of this kind by the Council, there can be no joint discussion. The

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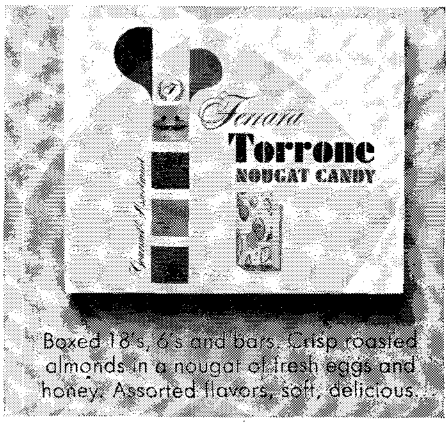

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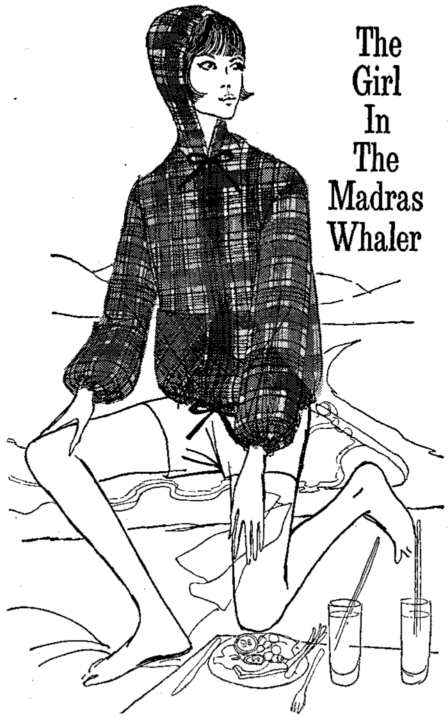
door will be closed to any real dialogue with those outside the Church." He added that the declaration should not, however, be motivated by expediency, for it proceeded from such solid theological principles as the absolute freedom of the act of faith, the inviolability of human conscience, and the incompetence of any civil government to interpret the Gospel of Christ, with the consequent independence of the Church from civil authority in the accomplishment of its mission. The text, as he saw it, should clearly affirm the validity of the sacraments and orders of the Oriental Churches, and should be cleared of "any expressions offensive to Protestants." Like any other living movement, he added, ecumenism was subject to dangers—it could become sterile, through excessive intellectualism, or it could easily degenerate into indifferentism. This, he concluded, was why the Church needed a *vade mecum*, or practical directive, to provide the necessary safe guidance.

The splendor of the Church was that of truth, said Cardinal Quintero, of Caracas—not only of revealed truth but of historical truth. "It is therefore necessary to recognize the responsibility of Catholics for divisions in the Church," he went on. "It would be desirable if, in the spirit of Pope Paul VI's opening speech, the Council would make a declaration acknowledging the faults of Catholics with respect to unity, asking pardon of the separated brethren, and affirming at the same time that the Catholic Church does not feel the least resentment for whatever it may have had to suffer in its turn."

Speaking last on that day, Patriarch Maximos IV declared that the schema deserved more than mere assent: "It is the first to combine doctrinal profundity and a pastoral orientation, and it serves as an excellent basis for discussion." He listed its positive features: it avoided useless polemics and false proselytism, it marked the beginning of a dialogue on truth and unity, and it breathed the theology of the Church that was traditional in the East. Among its negative aspects, he asserted, was the chapter on the Jews, which he called "completely out of place." Since ecumenism is "a family problem," he said, time should not be wasted in speaking of non-Christians, "unless we are to run the risk of offending the separated brethren." He added, "If we are to discuss the Jews, then we should likewise take up the question of Moslems, among whom we must live in a minority." After reciting an Arab proverb—"The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man receiving blows has a different outlook from the man who only counts them"—he concluded by saying that he hoped a permanent dialogue could be established between Catholicism and Orthodoxy.

The next day, Bishop Elchinger, Coadjutor Bishop of Strasbourg, described the schema as a "grace" and a "blessing" of God. His argument went like this: If progress is to be made, we must frankly recognize the faults of the Church. While the Church is holy, God has entrusted His gifts to sinful men—to vessels of clay. It is important to recognize, for example, that the Reformation did not wish to destroy the unity of the Church; the reformers were anxious to declare a number of truths which they believed had become obscured. It is wrong to reject as totally erroneous certain assertions that contain a part of the truth; in fact, Catholic rejection of Protestantism has been too sweeping and indiscriminate. "It is not sufficient to remain content with Catholic truth," he said. "We must continue to seek the truth which we shall never possess in its entirety, which amounts to saying that the definitions of the faith are always capable of being perfected. Finally, we have often made the mistake of confounding unity with uniformity."

Archbishop Heenan, of Westminster, speaking for the bishops of England and Wales, accepted the schema "joyfully," and his speech was clearly a notification that, whatever the sins of the past, the British Catholic hierarchy intended in the future to foster dialogue and the ecumenical movement. "We declare that we are prepared to do anything, outside of denying the faith, to obtain the union of Christians," he said. "We desire fuller and more frequent dialogues with all Christian denominations." Many observers recalled that in the nineteen-twenties it was the opposition of the Catholic hierarchy in England that compelled Lord Halifax to go over to Malines, Belgium, to conduct conversations with Cardinal Mercier on the possibility of a reunion between the Anglican and Roman communions.

On November 21st, after further discussion of the schema on ecumenism as a whole, the Moderators suddenly announced that the Council would proceed to an immediate vote on accepting "the first three chapters only" as a basis for discussion. Archbishop Felici, the Secretary General, said that the voting on Chapters 4 and 5 would take place "in a few days" ("*proximis diebus*"). At any rate, an overwhelming majority of the Fathers were in favor of accepting the

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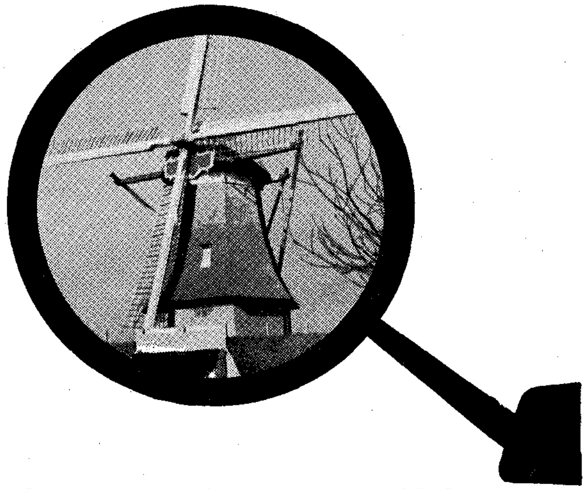

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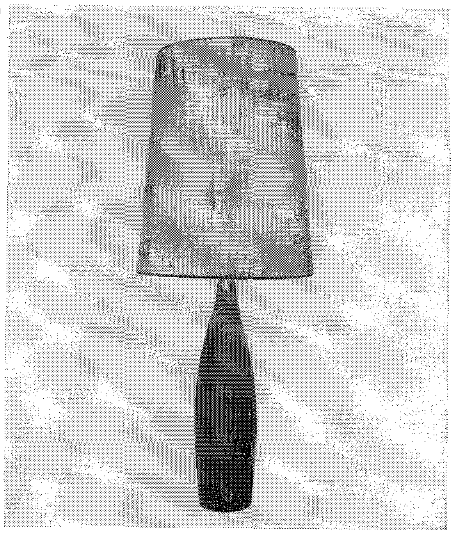
first three chapters as a basis for discussion—1,996 for, 86 against.

During the final week of debate on ecumenism, Auxiliary Bishop Stephen Leven, of San Antonio, Texas, and Bishop Charles Helmsing, of Kansas City-St. Joseph, Missouri, both made notable speeches. In his address to the Council, Bishop Leven said, "Every day, it becomes clearer that we need a *dialogue not only with* Protestants but also among us bishops. For there are some Fathers who . . . speak as if the whole doctrine of the freedom of conscience due every man, so clearly stated in 'Pacem in Terris,' were offensive to pious ears. They prefer to blame non-Catholics, whom they have never seen, for errors, rather than instruct the people in their own dioceses." Then, in a series of *ad-hominem* remarks addressed to the ultra-conservative minority, he asked, "Why are they so afraid that the effects of ecumenism will not be good? . . . Why isn't there an active and functioning Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in their parishes? . . . It is not our people [in the United States] who miss Mass on Sunday, refuse the sacraments, and vote the Communist ticket. It is not we who make little of the well-known and often repeated desires of Pope Paul VI and John XXIII. . . ." He concluded on a more harmonious note: "Venerable brethren, let us put an end to the scandal of mutual recrimination. Let us proceed in an orderly way with the examination and study of this providential movement called ecumenism." Some American prelates were delighted that these things had been said, and others were regretful.

As for Bishop Helmsing, he spoke out against the failure of the text to use the term "church" in connection with the Protestants. "It is only common decency to refer to people the way they want to be addressed," he said. "As long as the word 'church' has various meanings, there is no good reason for withholding it from those bodies which prefer to call themselves 'churches,' and use of the term would go a long way toward promoting more fraternal feelings." Finally, as a kind of afterthought, he suggested that the vote on the acceptability of Chapters 4 and 5 for discussion be taken on the floor that morning. There were many pointed questions at a press interview later that day about what the American bishops might do if, as seemed likely, there should be no vote at all on these chapters. It was asked why, if the minority had not hesitated to lobby against the vote, the American hierarchy had not lobbied more ener-



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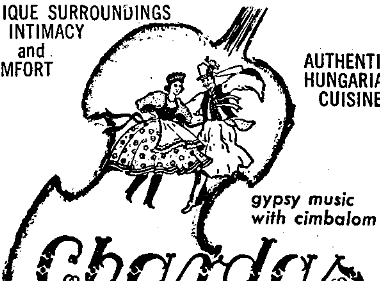

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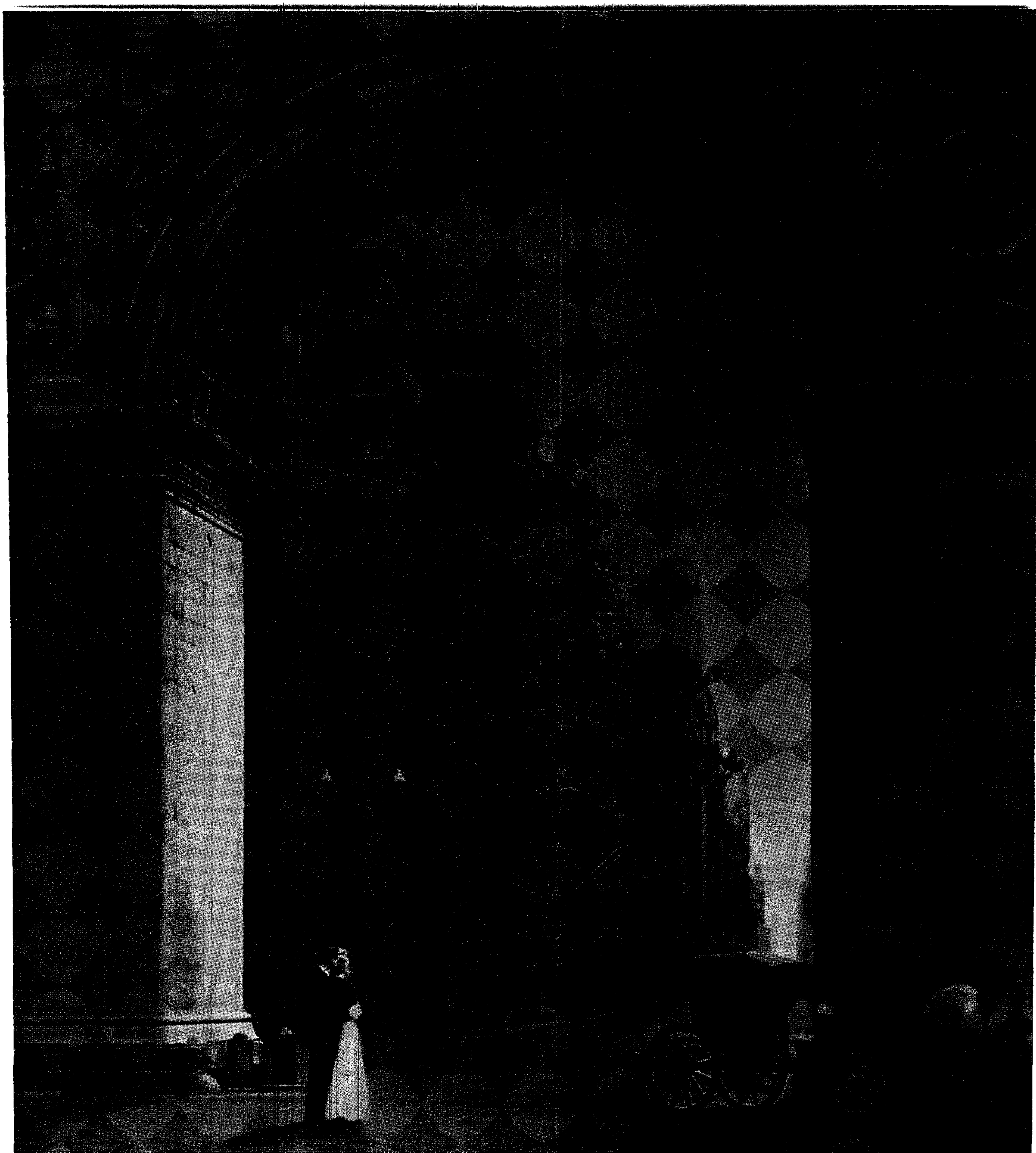

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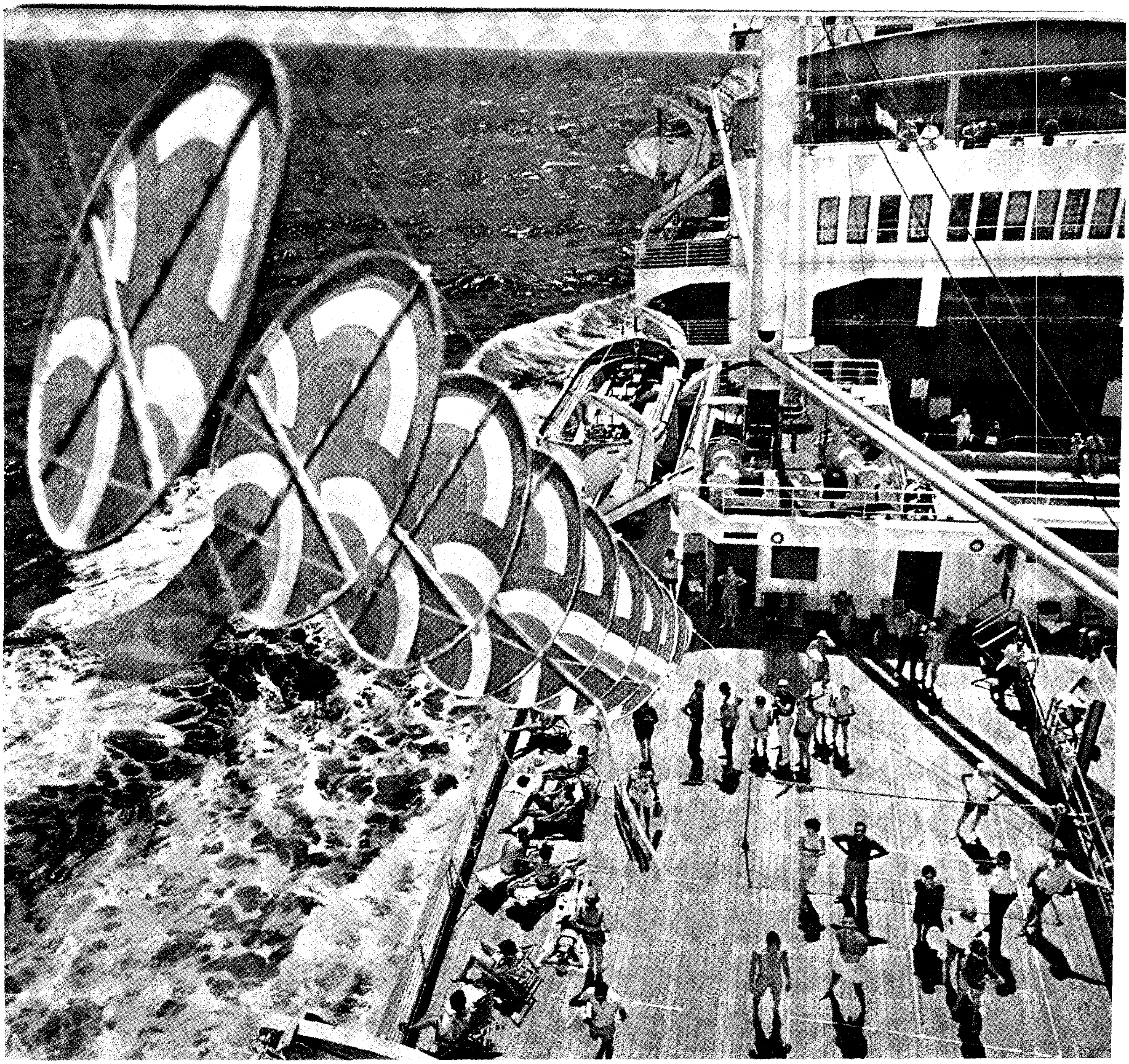

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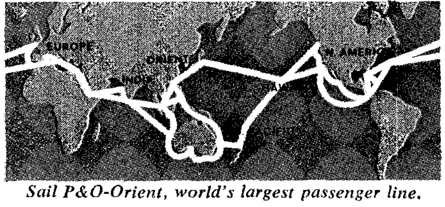

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getically on its behalf. The only answer was that the American bishops did not wish to seem to be bringing pressure to bear if there was any possibility of a vote in the normal course of events.

An important speech was given during the final week by the renowned Protestant theologian and observer-delegate Oscar Cullmann, of Strasbourg. Apparently, permission had been asked for him to use one of the larger aulas in Rome, but the Secretary of the Congregation of Seminaries, Cardinal Pizzardo, resolutely refused to allow him to speak in the Gregorianum, the Angelicum, or the Biblical Institute. Finally, Archbishop Weber, also of Strasbourg, placed the auditorium of the French church in Rome, St. Louis-des-Français, at his disposal. The hall was packed. Monsignor Willebrands, of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, introduced the speaker, emphasizing "what Catholic theology owes to his work." Then Dr. Cullmann rose. "We are living in the time of the Holy Spirit," he said. "This is the basis of all ecumenical dialogue. The Church is the anticipation of the Kingdom, but it is not yet the Kingdom. The dialogue between the Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches, which differ in their emphasis upon the 'already' and the 'not yet,' cannot but be fruitful. . . . The World Council of Churches and Vatican Council II are both signs that schism is not destined to last forever. The history of salvation advances, in spite of our imperfections and our sins." Another Protestant observer-delegate, Professor Kristen Skydsgaard, of Copenhagen, had previously praised the work of the Council, saying that although it had seemed unbelievable a few years ago

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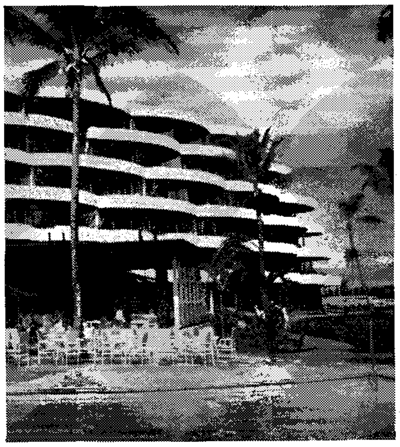

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that the Roman Church would ever change, it was now "in the process of reforming itself." However, he said, he was waiting for "a prophetic voice in St. Peter's to point out the limitations of the Church as an institution." And he concluded, "We all desire unity, but when this unity becomes a reality no one church will be victorious. Rather, they will all be conquered, so that Christ alone may conquer." He had remarked earlier in his speech that it would be a mistake for Catholics to suppose that any considerable number of Protestants looked upon the Roman Catholic Church with "nostalgia," or desired to "return," pure and simple, to the bosom of a church that they still regarded as defective. The churches must sit down and talk over their differences as "equals," and as "equals" be reunited, he suggested, and the suggestion was taken up in the Council, on the last day of debate, December 2nd, by Bishop Tomasek, of Buto, Czechoslovakia, who asked that representatives of the Catholic Church and all the major Orthodox Churches sit down at a "round table," with no presidency. This in itself, he said, would mark a great step toward reunion.

The opposite, cautious, reluctant, hesitant point of view toward ecumenism was voiced on the same day by Cardinal Ruffini. Little had been heard from the minority in recent days, but Cardinal Ruffini now more than made up for this lack. He warned against misconceptions about ecumenism "that might arise from unscholarly magazine articles"—referring, no doubt, to expositions by such Council experts as René Laurentin, Jean Daniélou, Yves Congar, Karl Rahner, and Gregory Baum that have appeared in such publications as *Commonweal*, *Figaro*, *Le Monde*, *La Croix*, and *Stimmen der Zeit*. Such misrepresentations "could mislead and confuse priests and faithful," Cardinal Ruffini said, and in their place he offered his own strait-laced, unswervingly conservative juridical definition of "Catholic ecumenism," based on an unshakable conviction that the Roman Catholic Church has nothing to learn and nothing to be sorry for—that if mistakes have been made, they have been made by "disobedient sons," and not by the Church itself, which is infallible and indefectible. His whole program was summed up in the terse words "We strongly hope that our separated brethren will again embrace the Catholic Church of Rome." It was sobering, perhaps, for the Fathers to hear once again the voice of Roman *intransigenza*,

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in case they had been lulled into a false sense of security by the many positive things said about ecumenism.

At the conclusion of the debate, Cardinal Bea summed up the impressions of the Fathers with regard to the schema on ecumenism, saying it was regretted by many that there had not been time to discuss the controversial Chapters 4 and 5, dealing with Catholic attitudes toward the Jews and with religious liberty. "The ancient saying applies: *Quod defertur non aufertur*," he said, and then repeated those words, not only to leave no doubt in anyone's mind that it was the intention of the Council leaders to conclude the matter at the next session but also to quiet rumors that had been circulating for some days to the effect that the conservative minority had succeeded in "burying" what it considered a dangerous document on religious liberty. The Cardinal also observed that the delay, while regrettable, could be put to good use, for it would give the Fathers time to reflect on important issues and enable them to come back with more concrete proposals next fall. Unfortunately, because the aged Cardinal was speaking slowly, he was cut off before he had time to deliver the last few sentences of his discourse. He paused, and the Moderators apparently thought that he had concluded.

A solemn, or public, session of the Council on Tuesday, December 3rd, commemorated the fourth centenary of the closing of the Council of Trent, and was marked by a prudent, low-keyed address by Cardinal Urbani. The contrasts between Trent and the present Council might indeed have been exploited by a more mischievous speaker. Trent, in the minds of many, represents the "triumph of the Church" over Protestantism, and it has long been looked on by Protestants as an insuperable obstacle to reunion. Cardinal Urbani carefully avoided saying anything that might offend the Protestant observer-delegates, who had, however, decided, along with all the other observers, to stay away en masse. The Cardinal's success in straddling the fence can be measured by the lack of any interest in his talk by the conservative *Il Tempo*. The newspaper preferred to focus its headlines on another incident of the day, which occurred after the morning session. A story headed "Request for a Schema Against Marxism" made much of a petition, originating among certain Brazilian prelates, for the third session of the Council to consider a separate schema condemning "the errors of Marxism, Socialism, and Communism

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in their philosophical, sociological, and economic aspects."

TOWARD the end of his address at the closing of this session, on December 4th, Pope Paul uttered words that the assembled hearers could scarcely believe. He announced that it was his intention to go to the Holy Land early in January as a pilgrim. He would visit the shrines sacred to all Christians, he declared, for the sake of peace and reunion. "We are so convinced that prayers and good works are necessary for the final, happy conclusion of this Council," he said, "that, after careful deliberation and much prayer, we have decided to become a pilgrim ourself to the land of Jesus our Lord." As astonishment grew, he continued, "We shall see that blessed land whence Peter set forth and to which not one of his successors has ever returned." Then, in words carefully weighed for every ounce of meaning, he asserted, "Most humbly and briefly, we shall return there as an expression of prayer, penance, and renovation to offer to Christ His Church, to summon to this one holy Church our separated brethren, to implore divine mercy on behalf of peace among men, that peace which shows in these days how weak and tottering it is, to beseech Christ our Lord for the salvation of the entire human race." Finally, the Pope imparted his blessing and left the basilica. —XAVIER RYNNE

•

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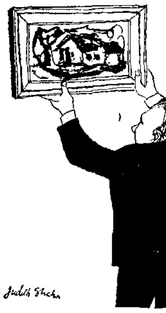
THE ART GALLERIES

The Passage of Time



I WAS away a good part of last year's art season, so I missed the early blooming of pop art, as well as a good deal of the developments in Hard-Edge Abstraction—which latter, when I left the scene, was more a name used to describe a few aberrations from Abstract (or Fuzzy-Edge) Expressionism than an established method. I've a feeling that I'm going to be able to catch up on things in a hurry, though. We Americans are nothing if not impetuous. Once we start on something we go all out, or whole hog. We give it both barrels, the full treatment, and I was only the least bit taken aback to find myself confronted this week, so soon after my return to action, with no less than three exhibitions composed of works in one or the other, or both, of the two styles.

Two of these—"Four Environments by Four New Realists," at the Janis, and the more coyly titled "First International Girlie Exhibit," at the Pace—are group shows, and fairly major undertakings, while the third, at the De Nagy, has Peter Forakis, a hard-edge man, going it alone. I thought the one at the Janis was the most freely inventive and so the most entertaining; and entertainment, in the broadest sense, is the stuff of which pop art, particularly, is made, while hard-edge, to its disfavor, is apparently—on such small evidence as I have now accumulated—being drawn into the same channel.

I must add, with the full realization that I may be getting crusty as the years go by, that I wasn't truly carried away by any of the shows. A good deal of my reaction is based on the feeling that we seem to be coming, disappointingly, to a rather barren full circle in art, with echoes everywhere. To be categorical, there are echoes of Dali in Gerald Laing's "Starlet No. 2," in the Pace affair, and a little more subtly in a couple of others of his, in all of which he adopts Dali's imitation of the method of reproduction known as Ben Day, in which the shadings of a drawing are reproduced by more or less scattered groups of small black dots, according to the relative lightness or darkness of a

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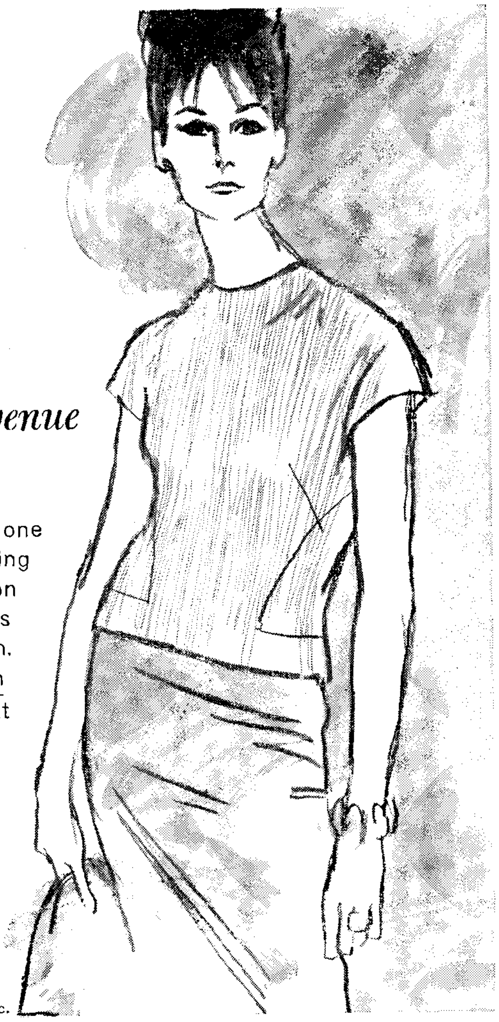

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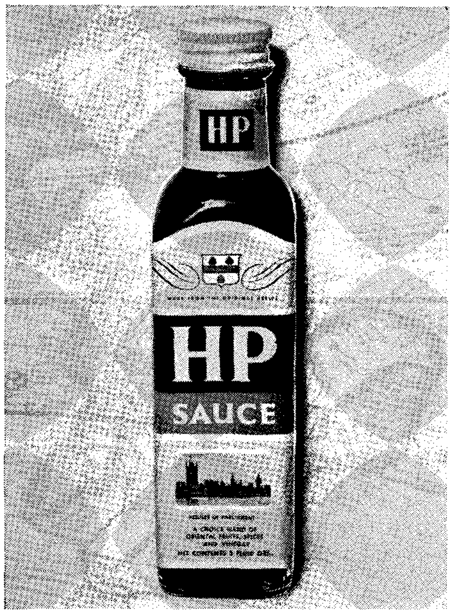

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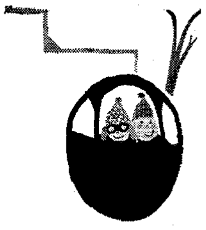
particular area. The only trouble is that Dali, using the device as a takeoff for some of his double-image effects, did it better. Sears, Roebuck creeps in as an influence in Herb Hazelton's aggressively chaste bra-and-pantie-clad semi-nudes, posed in just the same bland, innocent attitudes as the examples in the women's-wear section of the annual catalogues. But, again, Sears does it better, if only by reason of a greater massing of effect. It gets—to the delight of farm boys—at least twenty pantie-clad girls to a single page, while Hazelton has only two in the whole exhibition.

Elsewhere at the Pace, there's a Beardsleyesque touch (again, echoes) in "Nude with Pears," by Ben Johnson—the nude wearing a large, plumed black picture hat, for heaven's sake, and the pears floating above, in the air. In addition, there's a sort of down-to-earth triptych by Marjorie Strider, called "Brunette on Silver Ground," in which the main feature is that the breasts of the three identical girls are projected from the otherwise flat canvas in startlingly high relief, much like those of Jayne Mansfield or similarly endowed ladies as seen in the photographs in the men-only kind of magazine.

There are, too, some venturings into an area close to real fantasy, in the form of Mel Ramos's and Roy Lichtenstein's variations on cheap magazine "cover art" ("Wild Girl," "Wonder Woman," "Aloha," and so on), which, having more weight satirically, seemed to me to have more value artistically. The best piece in the show, I felt, was Tom Wesselman's "Great American Nude No. 44," with the nude—really nude, too, this time; as I recall, the only actual one in the collection—portrayed on a canvas that is also embellished with a real wall phone, radiator, and open door. But in general I think the showing is mainly valuable as a support for my favorite slogan, "Bring Back Old-Fashioned Burlesk."

THE collection at the Janis, as I've suggested, is brisker, brighter, and on the whole more imaginative. Again, though, there are echoes. In the midst of all the lights flashing on and off (I never in my life saw so many electrified paintings before in one gallery), the lengths of stovepipe, the constructions on the ceiling, and so on, right down to the little stencilled metal plaques marked "Vantage Point" placed here and there (can one say like place cards?) on the floor among the exhibits—in the midst of all this I kept asking myself, Didn't the Surrealists, away back in the nineteen-thirties, not to mention the Da-



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daists, a decade earlier, do the same thing, and do it better?

Specifically, there are echoes of Giacometti in James Rosenquist's untitled construction numbered 7 in the catalogue, a kind of suburbanite version of Giacometti's "The Palace at Four A.M.," complete with light bulbs and, for good measure, suspended from the ceiling, as there are sly references to some of the dribble painters in the same artist's "Capillary Action II." They don't stint on costs, these New Realists. George Segal's "Cinema" consists simply of a section of a brightly lit blank theatre marquee, with the word "CINEMA" over it, in neon, and with the life-size figure of a workman, in plaster, posed before it in the act of racking up the title of tomorrow's offering, beginning with the letter "R." There is drama there, and metaphysics, too: in sum, who knows what the morrow holds for us? But though it must have cost quite a bit to get this message across, the work is far outstripped in this regard by Claes Oldenburg's "A Bedroom Ensemble," which in the gallery is set off—like one of those "decorator" rooms in department stores—in a room by itself, with a chain across the doorway, so one may peer in but may not enter. The exhibit consists of a king-size (or whatever size it's called) bed, two bedside tables, a dressing table and chair, and a chaise longue, or settee. The last is upholstered in a strident zebra-striped design, the other articles are painted a bilious green, with marblings, and the whole display reproduces what Sears (to go back to sources again) would call a Bedroom Suite—and what the majority of us customers would call a "suit." The only particularity about the Oldenburg entry is that all the components—bed, tables, couch, and so on—are rhomboidal in plan instead of rectangular, and *that*, obviously, must have taken quite a bit of doing, in the

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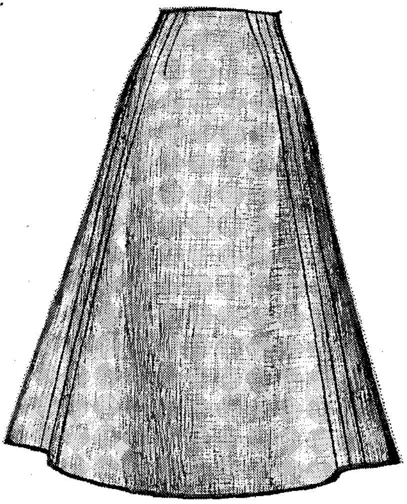

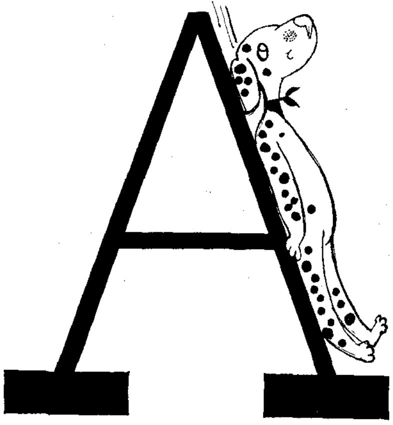

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way of carpentering—and financially, too. One can hardly help asking, Was it worth it?

About Forakis, at the De Nagy, I'm afraid I must be a bit cavalier as far as space goes. His was a comparatively inexpensive production, with no neon effects or other plugged-in lighting. (It occurs to me that the upkeep of some of our avant-garde works of art, with the drain they put on the light meter, may be something to be counted in along with the original cost.) It was an honest try, in which the main preoccupation was with the producing of a series of small panels, which could all be rearranged (as with Orozco's anti-war panels, at Dartmouth—another echo) to create different formal patterns. But the color, where color is used, is a bit harsh, and the design a trifle awkward, and I liked him best in such pieces as "Two Eagles" and "Too Eagles," done in plain black-and-white, and striped and chevroned in pattern.

Again comes the question Was it worth it? It is followed, inevitably, by the further Was what worth what? Was it worth Oldenburg's time, and money, to take all that furniture apart, saw it down at angles (if that is the way he did it), and then reassemble it piece by piece? He seems to have thought so, and I cling to the notion that if an artist is willing to waste *his* time on some puzzling concoction, we, as spectators, should be willing to spend some of our own time trying to figure the thing out. On the face of things, there appears to be slight chance of selling the ensemble, except to someone living in a corner suite of the Flatiron Building, so if protest is what is involved, as I take it to be, it is clearly something the artist feels strongly about. The difficulty is that the only way I can view it is as an illustration, maybe a trifle heavy-handed in manner, of the statement "It's a cockeyed world, isn't it?" Again, in effect, that is what the Dadaists were already saying a generation ago. And again, in general, it seems to me, they got the message across in a more high-spirited and less labored fashion.

MEANTIME, as one of those cautionary reminders I am always issuing, aimed at myself as much as at anyone, it should be recalled that the Impressionists (a group of whose works, and a handsome group it is, too, is now on view at the Rosenberg), when not regarded with rage as perverters of the sacred canons of art, were viewed as blithering idiots throughout most of their careers, and their rewards, consequently, were minimal. But the odd

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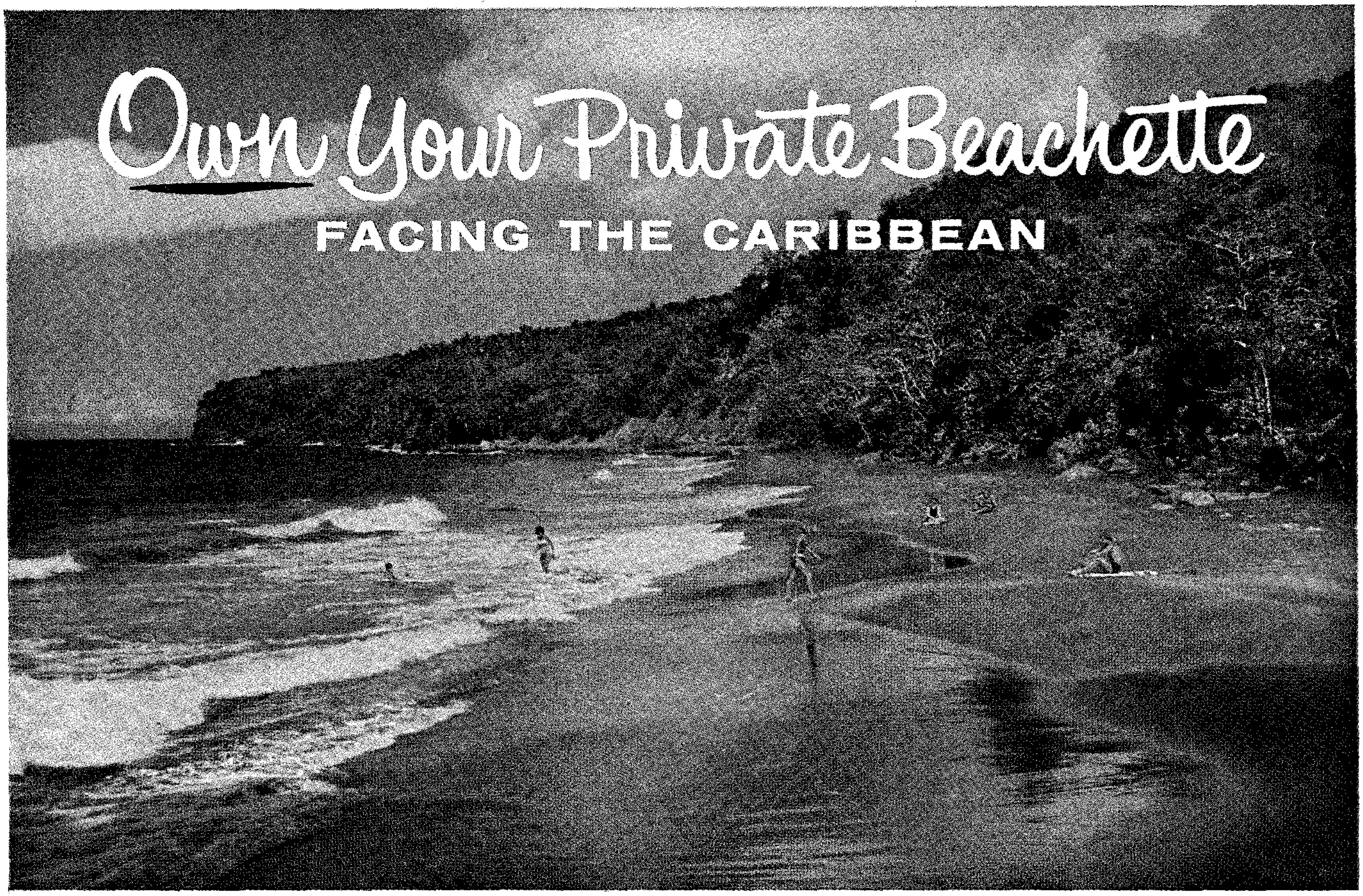

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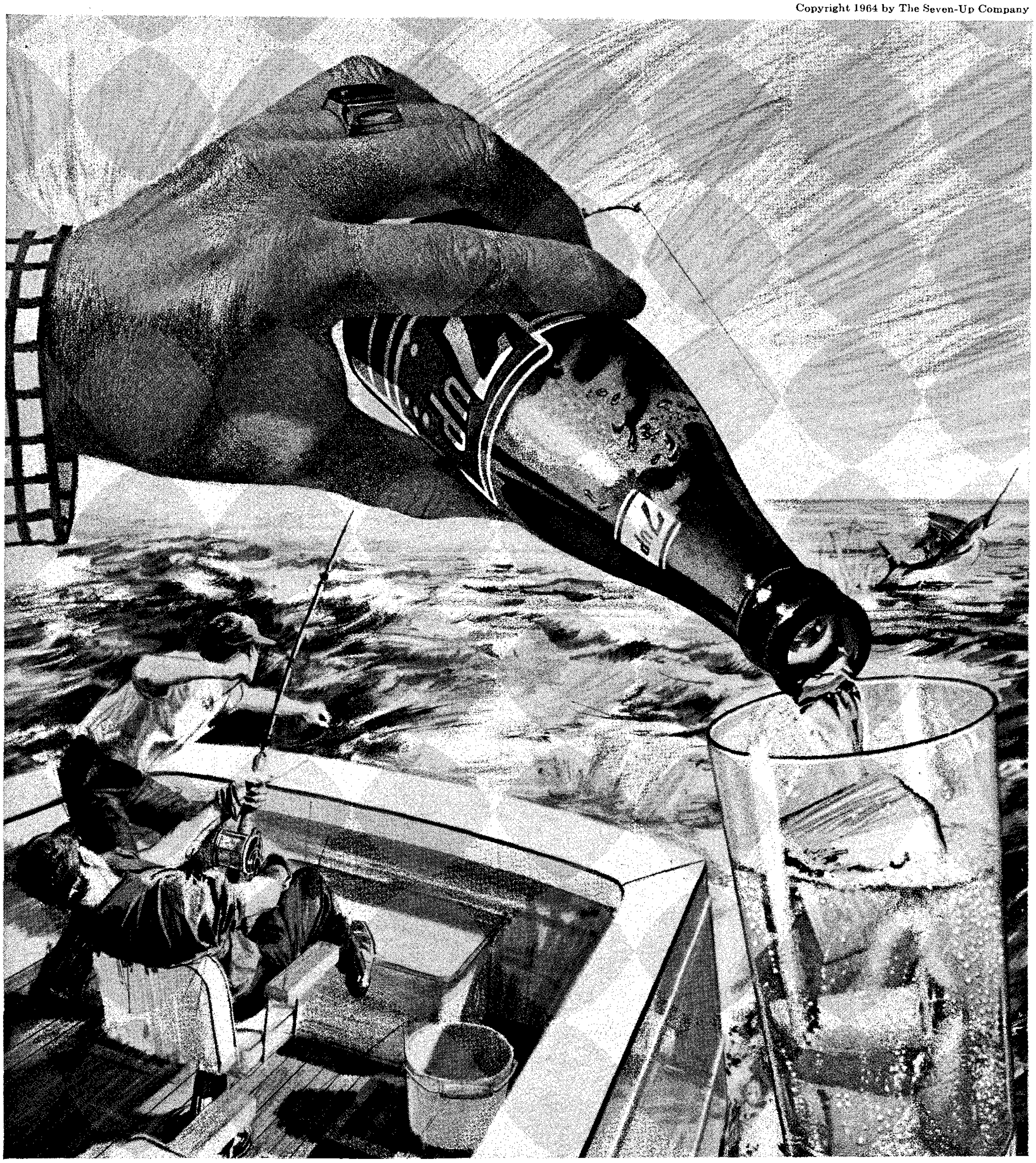

thing about art, if it's any good, is that once the artist manages to get his work across that invisible gap between rejection and acceptance, all the qualities that caused the rejection seem to melt away, and succeeding generations are left wondering what all the shooting was about anyway. Appropriately, Monet, who came closest to being starved out entirely, is the one who stands out in the show, as he is coming now to do more generally—with, among others, a fairly early, sparklingly sunny "View of Vétheuil" and a very late diptych, nicely interrelated, called "Wisteria, Part I and Part II." For that matter, though, almost every piece in the collection—which runs through nine other leaders of the movement on its way from Boudin to van Gogh—is a gem. Or so it seems to us all now, anyway.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

THE NEW (BUT NOT ENTIRELY UNFAMILIAR) ARMY

[*From the European edition of the Stars & Stripes*]

I would like information concerning the shipment of "Go-Karts." These sport items are sold at our EES but at Transportation they claim the Army will not ship them to the U.S.A.

This hardly seems fair as we are encouraged to buy U.S. goods from our EES, but yet we cannot ship the go-carts home. Are we to leave them overseas or sell them to foreign nationals?

At Transportation, they claim they are considered POVs, yet we cannot register them and drive them on the road so how can they be POVs?

In the newspaper, it states they may be shipped disassembled. Yet, at Transportation they say this also is not allowed.

To state a case, a friend of mine was told by one person at Transportation he could not ship his kart, and by another that he could. He disassembled his kart and sent the motor by parcel post and he was given a claim check for his disassembled, crated kart to be sent hold baggage. Now, Transportation will not ship his kart and my friend has already rotated to the States. He has 60 days to claim his kart or it will be sold at property disposal.

There are a great number of us who own go-karts and we feel it is unfair that we cannot have our karts sent back to the States. We are willing to disassemble them if this will classify them as a toy and so make it easier to ship.

Is there an AR stating the shipment of go-karts is allowed?

—Name Withheld by Request

EDITOR'S NOTE: USAREUR Hq replies: Para 8000, Joint Travel Regulations, prohibits the shipment of any type motor vehicle as household goods. The go-kart is included in this provision.

However, a go-kart is not considered a motor vehicle under the provisions of para 2, AR 55-76 since it is not primarily a passenger-carrying vehicle. Therefore, it cannot be shipped as a motor vehicle.

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BOOKS

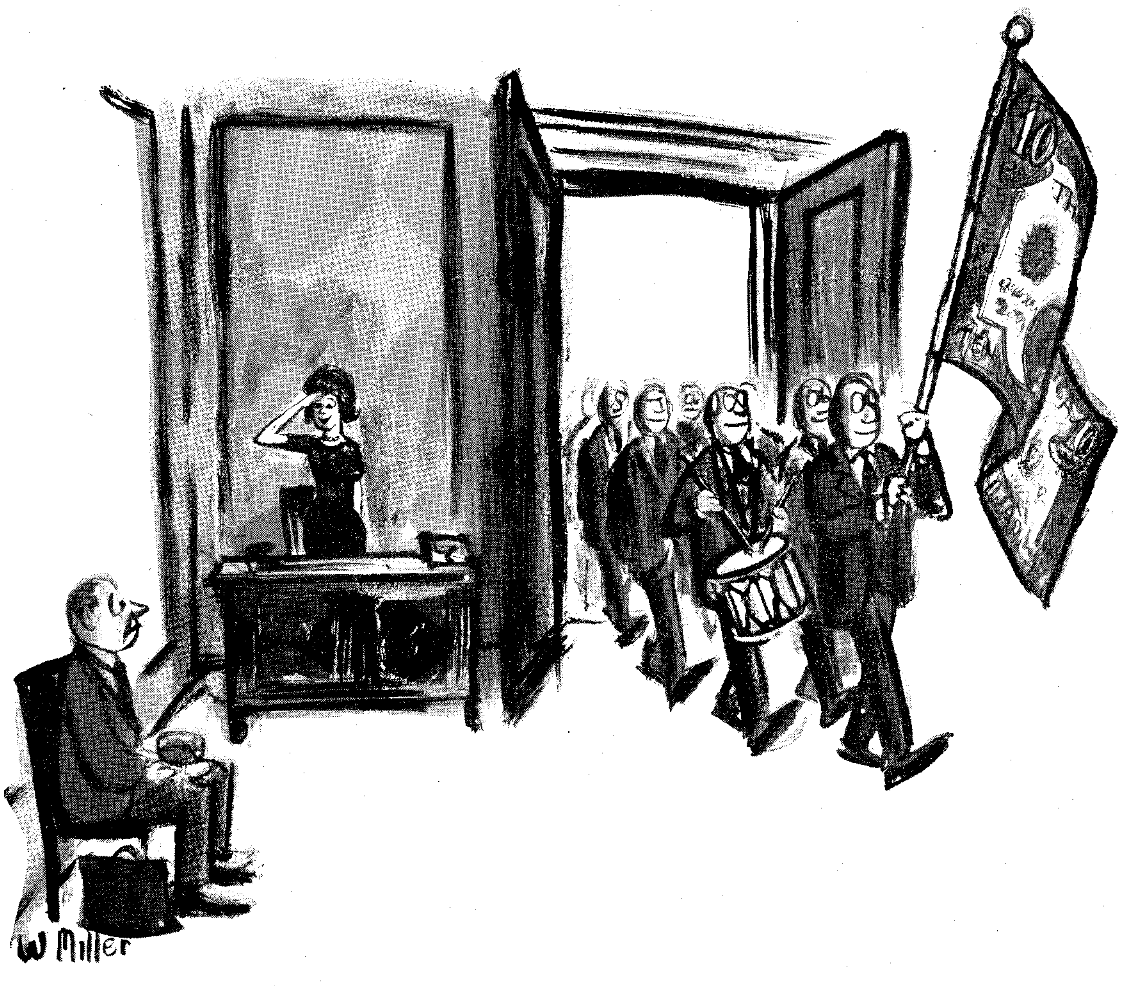
Glimpses of the République des Lettres

ONE day in France, a young intellectual in Holy Orders took the pulse of his times: "We have stopped reading, we have not the time. Our mind is solicited simultaneously from too many sides: it has to be spoken to quickly as it passes by. . . ." That was Félicité-Robert de Lamennais, writing in 1819. During the intervening century and a half, we have not reversed, to put it mildly, the trend his words indicate, which, he goes on to say, may make "coherent thought impossible [and] may alone be sufficient to weaken, and in the long run utterly to destroy, human reason." Assailed by swarms of what Lamennais would call quick speakers, trained to read faster and faster if we must read at all, we are summoned to replace personal effort and experience by all the various types of gadget, including the ubiquitous digests and those short cuts advertised as "passports"—passports to knowledge, to taste, to "gracious living."

Still, human reason continues doggedly to defend itself, and occasionally, in a moment of inspired irony, it even succeeds in disposing of the enemy by using his own weapons. Apparently it is possible to speak quickly and yet stimulate long reflection, to dangle in rapid succession before the onlooker or reader a series of insights so alluring that, once glimpsed, they beckon irresistibly to closer, more leisurely acquaintance. Last year we had the Auden-Kronenberger book of aphorisms, an international galaxy of brilliancies designed to immunize almost anyone against complacency and fanaticism. And now there is a new compilation, Norbert Guterman's bilingual "A Book of French Quotations" (Doubleday), chronological, historical (going from before the Chanson de Roland to Camus), and utterly Gallic. It is inconceivable, at least to a Francophile, that anyone unfamiliar with French literature should come away from these quotations without an urge to put at the top of his agenda a personal and more thorough exploration of the domain suggested by them, and even readers coming upon one old friend after another in the French pages of the text will often be reminded that nobody ever knows everybody or everything worth knowing—just as in a fascinating, oft-visited city there are always corners still to be discovered.

Indeed, a book like this can be likened to a good travel book—say, one of Freya Stark's explorations of Asia Minor, or Norman Douglas's "Siren Land." No substitutes for actual travel, these through their own quality whet, entice, and then increase gratification when the voyage is made. For such a book to be successful, the author must have a wide range of interests, not scanting the light in favor of the lofty, or vice versa, and convincing the reader that he has had a fair picture of the whole, with proper accent on special features. In "A Book of French Quotations," lightness ranges from a crack by a sixteenth-century surgeon (Ambroise Paré)—"I treated him, God cured him"—to a few airy words by Colette that are her most concentrated paean to the senses: "Those pleasures so lightly called physical." Pascal, Descartes, and their emulators provide the lofty, and those two great French specialties—aptitude for incisive comment, and a bold felicity of poetic eloquence—inevitably dominate the whole.

Reading French writers is like travelling in France: the variety is great, but there is never a break in continuity—tree-lined roads, breathtaking cathedrals, battlemented castles, villages nestling amid well-tended fields. Even contemporary hangars and factory complexes retain a distinctive character. Amid it all you know you have crossed no border; the general impression is of a peculiarly graceful fusion of past and present, of nature and man. "Landscape is the background in the picture of human life," wrote Bernardin de Saint-



"You can see Mr. Elsworth now. The board of directors' meeting is over."

Pierre. He said that in a book about the Indian Ocean, but the voice is that of a Frenchman speaking of France. Feeling for nature looms surprisingly large in the pages of this new anthology. There is more of it in French literature, even from earliest times, than we tend to remember from Charles d'Orléans' "*Le temps a laissé son manteau/De vent, de froidure, et de pluie*" and Ronsard's passionate protest against the destruction of an old forest, where he sees the blood of the wood nymphs being shed as the trees are felled. It rises to a mystical level in the lesser-known Racan, who speaks of the waters of a stream as "*vous qui toujours suivez vous-mêmes fugitives*," it permeates La Fontaine, and the theme of spring near Paris (the French have always had touching illusions about the charms of their climate) inspires the frivolous Saint-Amant to an astonishing metaphor: "*Le soir et le matin la Nuit baise le Jour*."

Even within this most "French" theme, l'Amour, there is great variety: not all writers by any means are content with sensuality, cynicism, and persiflage. Not that there isn't a great deal of these—like Marguerite de Navarre's "The malady of love kills only those fated to die in the course of the year," and Toulet's "Love is like those second-rate hotels where all the luxury is in the lobby"—but there is also (and long before the age of Romanticism, with its tendency to overstatement) a readiness to face the reality of love as a shattering experience, often fraught with unforeseeable pain and yet a source of the highest exaltation. In the sixteenth century, Maurice Scève writes that "all the sweetness of love is steeped in bitter gall and deadly venom" (echoed in the early lines of Baudelaire: "All beings we love are vessels full of gall, which we drink eyes closed"). La Rochefoucauld, than whom no one has written more cynically, also knew that "there is only one kind of love, but there are a thousand different imitations of it."

Condillac wrote of maxims that "they are like a light that suddenly illumines a large area," and I was happy to find one of the most striking examples of such a maxim in this collection. It is a line from the first French psychological novel, "La Princesse de Clèves," written by a friend of M. de La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de La Fayette: "Passions can lead me on, but never blind me." It seems to me that this resolve to participate in life to the full but to retain one's lucidity comes closest to condensing into a few words what is the

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most broadly characteristic feature of an attitude toward love, and, more generally, toward existence, that is so closely associated with the French spirit. Mme. de La Fayette's words are the formulation of an ideal. This ideal can—and did, occasionally—degenerate into cynicism or bravado, but from Montaigne and Pascal onward, through the moralists down to Proust and Valéry, it inspired the fearlessness of thinkers and social reformers, the sharp psychological analysis of novelists, and the boldness of poets.

For all the intellectualism that this implies, French literature as a whole has not fallen into mandarinism. It has remained in close touch with life and society. The role of a Zola, a Romain Rolland, or a Camus in the affairs of his time is a peculiarly French phenomenon. Nowhere else in the world are writers so conscious of their importance, nowhere else do they see so much of each other, or form so proud a "*république des lettres*." Nevertheless, this is far from being a republic of writers without readers, and when living writers refer to dead ones, as they often do, they can assume that their readers share in their own preoccupations, in their sense of historical and literary continuity. When Stendhal, weary of the tyranny of classical rules, cried, "Who will deliver us from Louis XIV?," literate Frenchmen caught the allusion to Joseph Berchoux's humorous, anti-Davidian "Who will deliver me from the Greeks and Romans?" The full implication of Paul Valéry's "I don't much care for museums. There are many admirable ones, but no delightful ones" rings a bell only when we go back to the seventeenth century and remember what La Rochefoucauld said about marriages: that there are good ones but no "delicious" ones.

Stendhal said of the novel that it is "a mirror that strolls along a highway." Much the same might be said of "A Book of French Quotations." It differs from many another such compilation in that it can be read for pleasure, not merely consulted for reference. And as it strolls down the centuries of French literature it reflects many good things—and many delicious ones.

—Francis Steegmuller

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Candle in the Sun, by Marguerite Steen (Doubleday). George Ginever, an internationally known English playwright, asks his wife, Blythe, for a divorce and quickly discovers

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why she has been so complaisant about the lack of passion in their long-enduring, chilly marriage. George also discovers that Blythe is against the divorce, and that it is not going to be as easy as he had hoped for him to marry his new love, a ravishing American actress named Lucian. Miss Steen's work is easy to read, because her story moves along very quickly and everyone in it is loaded with money and self-esteem. The scene is New York and London, and the time is the present.

TAKE HEED OF LOVING ME: A NOVEL ABOUT JOHN DONNE, by Elizabeth Gray Vining (Lippincott). The love of John Donne's life was his boss's niece, Anne More. Her father was a rich, ambitious knight, and her uncle—Donne was his secretary—was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. John and Anne married in defiance of these worthies, and he lost his job. Their life was poverty and a new baby a year. She died, he entered holy orders, and there Mrs. Vining closes her tale of the all too lucky lover who became a harassed husband. Judicious quotations from Donne's poetry make his hard-luck story bearable.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON, by Robert Murphy (Houghton Mifflin). A fictional account of several formative months—early summer to late winter—in the life of a young female peregrine (or wandering) falcon. The author's purpose is to evoke in us some sense of what it is like to be a wild, predatory bird capable of almost stratospheric flights and two-hundred-mile-an-hour dives. This is, of course, an impossible task, but Mr. Murphy is sufficiently gifted with restraint, empathy, and a knowledge of falcons gained through sporting falconry to come exhilaratingly close to bringing it off. Illustrated with drawings by Teco Slagboom.

GENERAL

"DEAREST EMMIE": THOMAS HARDY'S LETTERS TO HIS FIRST WIFE, edited by Carl J. Weber (St. Martin's). Professor Weber's good introduction makes an uncommunicative correspondence comprehensible and poignant. Hardy's seventy-four short letters, written between 1885 and 1911, deal sensibly and patiently with trivial arrangements—what train you take, what train I meet, and so on. Behind their equable dullness lie Mrs. Hardy's contempt for her husband, his awareness of it, and his unwillingness to separate himself completely from a woman he had once

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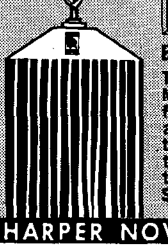

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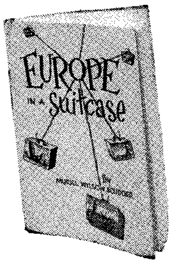

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Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

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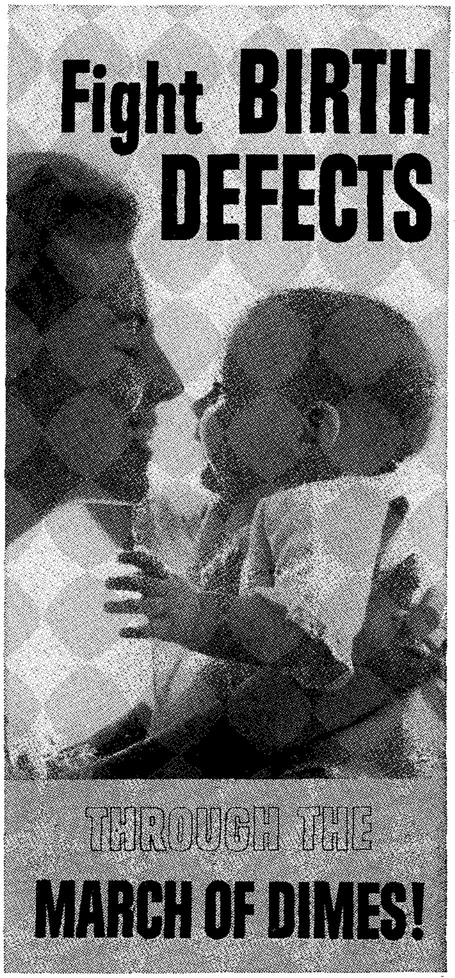
loved. The sorrow in these letters is not heightened by rhetoric, and the wretchedness is concealed by decorum; they are not art but portraits of the artist as an English gentleman.

Young in New York: A Memoir of a Victorian Girlhood, by Nathalie Dana (Doubleday). Mrs. Dana, who was born in 1878 to the rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, the Reverend Cornelius Bishop Smith, and his wife, née Mary Wheeler, recalls her youth. Her parents had inherited money as well as their suitable position in society. Her affectionate family, their settled life, their intellectual and moral certainties, their solid houses, and their plentiful staff are the stuff of which our twentieth-century middle class makes dreams of cozy wistfulness. Mrs. Dana gets it all down—the successive redecorations of the family parlor are especially entertaining—but what she has to tell us is that the security implied some serious limitations. A middle-class girl who wanted an education had to fight for it, and though her parents eventually let her study music, and even, when she was in her twenties, visit drawing rooms where Socialism was mentioned, her youth was a struggle. Mrs. Dana's retrospect has more than charm; it has a narrative—the story of a liberation.

Decision-Making in the White House: The Olive Branch or the Arrows, by Theodore C. Sorensen (Columbia). This short, excellent, crisp book, which grew out of two lectures given at Columbia by President Kennedy's Special Counsel, describes the institution of the Presidency in the middle of the twentieth century. The author talks about its size, its means of learning and doing (a President has lots of good advisers, but, Mr. Sorensen thinks, they all want too many conferences), its powers, and its limitations ("A President's authority," he says, "is not as great as his responsibility"). We have all heard that being President is a hard job; Mr. Sorensen explains just what kind of hard job.

And Tyler Too: A Biography of John and Julia Gardiner Tyler, by Robert Seager II (McGraw-Hill). A stunningly successful study of the tenth President (the first to succeed from the Vice-Presidency on the death of a President) and of his second wife, a New York beauty young enough to be his daughter. The author disagrees with the Tylers



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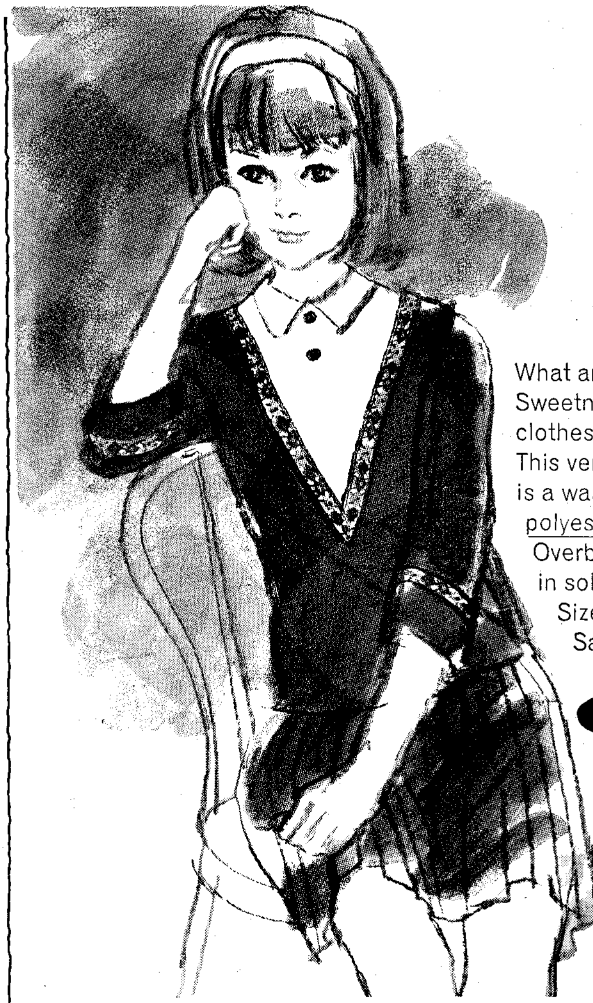
(they were dedicated rebels in the Civil War) and disapproves of many of their values (Julia's family were as shamelessly acquisitive as only the very rich dare to be), but the couple and their kin, their friends, and their enemies were active, passionate, bossy, important people, and Mr. Seager has used an abundant variety of original sources to bring them all to life.

THE BEST KEPT SECRET, by John Purcell (Vanguard). The construction of the first atomic bomb—the subject of Mr. Purcell's history—was an immensely complex enterprise, involving a union of scientific, political, and human elements that could have come about only under the extreme pressure of war (many of the scientists who worked on the bomb, themselves refugees from Europe, were convinced that the Germans were well ahead of them), and it is unlikely that any single book will do full justice to the subject. Mr. Purcell is a journalist, and the best parts of his book are the most journalistic—the atmosphere surrounding the dropping of the first bombs on Japan; the lengths to which people on the project went to keep it secret; the descriptions of people and places. His book is weakest on ideas. The treatment of the nuclear physics of the bomb is vague and unclear, and the moral questions, which were deep in the minds of the scientists most responsible for the work, are hardly discussed. Reading a book like this makes one aware that one is in the presence of a great historical event, and it also makes one wish that more of the people who were actually there would write about what happened and how they felt about it.

SOCIALISM REËXAMINED, by Norman Thomas (Norton). After more than forty-five years of preaching and teaching, Norman Thomas is not much less peppery as a critic of the whole social scene than he was in 1917, when he campaigned for Morris Hillquit's election as Mayor of New York. For reasons that this reëxamination fails to explain, he still insists on calling his vision of a better America in an improved world "Socialism," although history, in his lifetime, has changed the word's meaning. (Mr. Thomas enjoys talking about having had "enough training in theological casuistry, Christian and socialist, to find my way under the general umbrella of Marxism"—meaning, roughly, that he's not a



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There are no Boswell papers in our business, but a study has recently been completed that should impress investors and prospective investors in the twentieth century as much as the Boswell papers are pleasing aficionados of the eighteenth century. The study we refer to was undertaken by the Graduate School of Business of the University of Chicago and involved both detective work and research, both tracking down hard-to-find information and sifting and interpreting it, both collecting and processing mountains of statistics with the help of both human beings and IBM equipment.

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Marxist but he doesn't want anybody else to say so.) In any event, even if one discounts the author's irrepressible delight in shocking the fat cats, his catalogue of complaints is, as always, stimulating.

JAMBO: AFRICAN BALLOON SAFARI, by Anthony Smith (Dutton). The author and two equally foolhardy friends decided that they wanted to photograph game in East Africa from the gondola of a hydrogen balloon. When, after overcoming endless obstacles, they managed to do so, it turned out to be a desperately dangerous and not particularly efficient procedure. This account of their adventures is wonderfully entertaining, and the reader finds that the most solid armchair begins to sway a little. Color photographs.

AMERICA COMES OF MIDDLE AGE, by Murray Kempton (Little, Brown). A mere handful (a hundred and fifty) of the columns that Mr. Kempton wrote in his twelve years with the New York *Post*. The pieces deal mostly with labor and race, and with politics and politicians, though there are a few excursions into general culture—mainly sports made class-conscious. Kempton's originality sometimes looks suspiciously like the new sentimentality—i.e., nonconformity at any price—but when a column succeeds, it's funny or usefully reflective, or both.

NOTE: "An Education in Georgia," Calvin Trillin's report on the undergraduate careers of Hamilton Holmes and Charlayne Hunter at the University of Georgia, which first appeared as a series of articles in this magazine, has been published by Viking.

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Photograph caption in the Arlington (Mass.) News & Press*]

Another major step was taken in the beautification of Arlington Center over the weekend when the trees which lined the top of the Old Municipal Parking Area adjacent to the Boston and Maine railroad were cut down.

The trees were taken down to make way for a parking lot in the area.

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DEAR MR. S——:

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We once tried to grow our own tomatoes, and you should have seen *them.*

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